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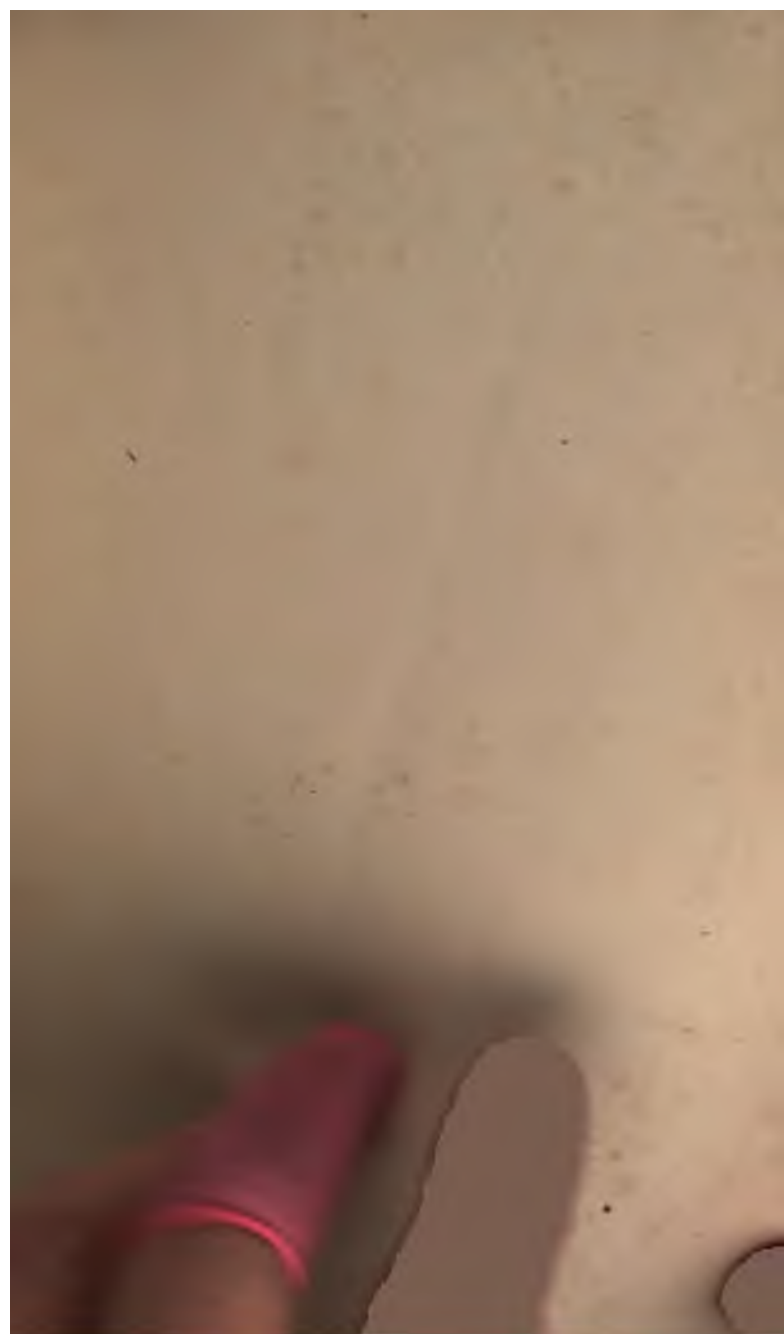




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LONDON:
HENRY CREMER, PRINTER, CORNHILL.

THE PREDICTION.

CHAPTER I.

Away from the home of his forefathers flying,
Gall wasting his heart, guilt wrinkling his brow ;
Disease, and the riot of passions undying,
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THE OUTCAST.

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“ No matter,” was the laconic reply.

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visible impatience, as he threw himself on a seat, silenced all further interrogatories.

The landlord had scarcely made his exit when a boy, apparently about sixteen, entered, bearing on his shoulder a small portmanteau. He stopped abruptly in the door way, his conciliatory grin vanishing at the unprepossessing aspect of the stranger, and he scarcely dared to supplicate for the gratuity to which his services as Kerry Lazaroni entitled him.

The stranger, roused from reflection by the appearance of the lad, took the portmanteau, flung it into a corner, and then, resuming his seat and his meditations, left the astonished Tade to ruminate on his chance of a donation. The boy plucked from his curly head his brimless caubogue, scraped his foot, pulled his forelock, and stood—like a bewildered traveller, who seeks 'mid the barren waste some friendly track—scanning the stranger's stern features, in search of sympathy—"No aisy walk to come round him," thought Tade, "though the blind side of the ogre is purty plain too; was it a crow, I wonder, that cogged his peeper?" After waiting several minutes without receiving note or observation, Tade found himself reduced to the alternative of quietly resigning his reward, or attempting the hazardous experiment of disturbing this cogitative gentleman. Thrice did he venture to hem—The stranger

preserved his awful silence—Tade sighed, “copper or silver?” thought he; “copper if I vex him.” He sought an excuse to speak, cast a rapid glance round the room; quick as thought he stooped, untied his trusty thong, seized the slipshod brogue it had begirt, and with well directed aim sent it flying to the opposite wainscot.

The stranger started, astonishment, anger and confusion crimsoning his sickly countenance—“Divil take the mouse!” cried Tade, crossing the room with most sublime composure, “she’s ’scaped sure!—no she a’nt, she a’nt,” he vociferated, triumphantly, as he picked up his brogue, beneath which lay the quivering victim. Twirling it by the tail, he capered in extacy, ejaculating, “Your Honor’s quit of her any how, she’s dead, dead as a December fly!”

“Leave the room,” said the stranger, angrily, “begone!”

The boy grew lachrymose; he laughed lest the tears should fall, yet still he lingered. The stranger’s anger waxed to wrath; he stamped furiously. Tade slunk towards the door—“’Tis well if even copper comes, at last!” he sighed, then turning round, with most deprecatory look, scratched his head, and whimpered, “Your Honor wouldn’t remimber me in no way?”

“Remember you!—how?—for whom?—for



THE
PREDICTION.

"Consternation and astonishment fall upon the lonely one."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



L O N D O N :

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

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to the very twist of his mug; rolling his dead light to scare us—and the face o' the Turk, full o' dints as a sponge! What a beauty you are indeed, to be holding your crest so high!"

"Only pitted a taste," observed Jerry, who was evidently much mollified by the guinea, which he chucked into the air and caught again with grinning delight, "time's rubber will smoothen 'em soon." He lazily spanked his whip, still looking after the stranger—"A fine presence of a man Tade, straight as a tower, treads like a noble!"

"A noble!" cried Tade, "I'se warrant ye his nobles come to ninepence."

"Faith but I hope his guineas wo'n't," said the other, again drawing forth his prize.

"God help your foolish noddle!" ejaculated Tade, in a pitying accent, "he tossed the likes of it to me, though it an't so big. I'd care as much for a cherry stone; they'll both turn into copper."

"Copper!" roared the other.

"Sure as you're alive," said Tade; "why man, he gave the landlord two, for three poached eggs and a pound of bacon, with as much salmon as would swim upon a sixpence; now do you think any one would give raal goold away after that fashion?"

"Let's try," said the driver, "Dan Shine's shebeen stands quite convanient, only a quarter

of a mile out o' your way; let's ax for a noggin o' nate, and see if he'll give us the change?"

"What'll Gran say?" muttered Tade, "'tis sunset soon."

"Yerrah don't bother us wid your gran'mother," said the gentle Jeremiah, "I'm dry as a drumstick; one noggin 'twixt two is nothin', the bastes will carry you clane to the turn, you'll skim the cliff like a crow, and then the way is as clear as confusion."

With more reluctance than he chose to lay open to his comrade's sneer, Tade resumed his seat upon the bar, absolving his conscience with the reflection that if indeed 'twas goblin's goold he held, Dan Shine might as well bear the scald as his grandmother.

The stranger, who during the conversation we have just detailed, had been sauntering onward in the main road, and casting at intervals enquiring looks behind, as if observing the movements of the loitering pair, no sooner perceived the chaise returning towards the town, bearing with it the object of his disquietude, the shrewd though simple-minded Tade, than he rapidly retraced his steps, and then turning into a path, which diverged from the direct road, and wound round a wooded eminence, he eagerly began its ascent, but before he had proceeded many yards, he stopped, threw down his valise, and leaning against a tree,

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"Ileen!" said a deep melodious voice.

The woman started, turned, surveyed the stranger with wild and palpitating earnestness, then cast a prying, anxious glance around, but finding nothing to rest on with gladness, her eyes drooped with disappointment. Utterly unmindful of the intruder, she resumed her former attitude, and, with the unconscious sob of sorrow, again bent a fixed look upon the fire; but the form which her fancy had pictured in the dying embers had disappeared, and unable to pursue her visionary contemplation, she fretfully addressed the stranger with the single monosyllable "Well."

Rest, and a cup of water were demanded in ruder accents.

She pointed to a corner where stood an earthen pitcher, covered by a broken wooden bowl: the stranger, filling the latter, satisfied his thirst; then, drawing forth the skeleton of what had once been a chair, he quietly seated himself near the casement, and appeared to emulate the taciturnity of his companion.

"'Twas the death cry!" at length she muttered, as if replying to some unuttered suggestion of her imagination: "let me strive to recollect the tone." She rested her elbows on her knees, leaned her forehead upon her linked fingers, and seemed lost in thought.

"Ileen!" was repeated, in the same mournfully melodious voice.

The instantaneous transition from deep abstraction to feverish anxiety again took place in the woman's countenance; she sprang from her seat, and with head projected, hands clasped, closed eyes and suspended respiration, every sense absorbed in one, appeared as if awaiting the call to final condemnation; gradually the strained nerves relaxed, the hands dropped heavily, the pent breath exhaled in a lengthened sigh, and she would have fallen, had not the stranger started from his seat and supported her.

"Ileen, my poor Ileen!"

The voice now at her ear thrilled to her heart, all torpor vanished, each sense became doubly acute, the dilating eye flashed even with the fire of youth, she sank on her knees, and again sent a piercing glance around. At length her gaze rested on the stranger.—"Mock me no longer!" she cried, beseechingly, with the accent and wild fervor of her country, but in language entirely free from the vulgar yet expressive idiom which so peculiarly distinguishes the peasantry of Ireland, "mock me no longer; if a demon has indeed assumed his voice to call me hence, I am prepared."

Her words awakened all the stormy passions of her impetuous visitor; he paced the little apart-

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the mouth its well set pearly teeth, but the once smooth and healthful cheek was seamed and hollow, the hair, whose black and glossy wave had once clung around a fair and open forehead, was wiry, thin and tinged with gray. Yet the dignity of his form remained unaltered; tall, graceful and commanding, even the ignorant rustic had discerned that St. Elmour was a gentleman.

Ileen continued to weep, and her companion, oppressed by the feelings her last words had awakened, scarcely tried to sooth her. At length as if from sudden recollection, she exclaimed, "And my poor Peggy, Charles—and the child—and—"

"They are well," said St. Elmour impatiently; "the Sweeneys perished with the wreck—Ileen, we have both to hear the tale of sixteen years, but not with equal call for fortitude.—Tell me—" he stopped abruptly, and again hurriedly paced the room.

Could it be supposed that the Peggy so tardily enquired for by Ileen was her only child, and that while even the voice of her foster-son was capable of awakening the most acute sensibility, her daughter should have been mentioned with such comparative indifference? Yet so it was, nor will those who are acquainted with the devoted, enduring attachment of the Irish nurse to her foster-child, deem this an exaggerated picture.

Ileen seemed fearfully to anticipate the enquiries of her mutable interlocutor. St. Elmour suddenly stopped before her, and exclaimed—"But whence this ruin, this wretchedness?"

"Can you ask?" demanded she, impetuously, and dashing the tears from her furrowed cheeks, "can you ask? he who hunts to the death, the dreadful death, the heir of his house, who broke his sister's heart, who—" she paused—"do you think that he who crushed the flower would spare the weed?"

"Broke his sister's heart!" faltered St. Elmour, "my mother!—Fate thy last shaft is sped! I now am iron.—But you, Ileen," he continued, smothering his emotion, "how did you incur his vengeance?"

"How!" she exclaimed, a smile of triumph flashing through her tears, "did not I save you from his fury, balk his malice? did I not give him taunt for taunt, when in defiance of his orders I burst through those who would have kept me from my mistress? There he stood," continued Ileen, the varied intonation of her voice marking the influence of each ungovernable passion which impelled her rapid utterance, "there he stood, like the father of mischief, waiting for the soul of a hopeless sinner. The dying saint fixed on his face her glassy eyes, 'Henry,' she whispered, 'brother, one word, one hope of pardon for my misguided

child ! Let him endure years of penance, visit him with heaviest punishment, but a glimpse of final mercy, brother, a look of pity to soften the agony of my death struggle !' She closed her long blue fingers on the cross I had placed within her hand, and trying to raise it towards him, her look might have softened a devil ; but this prince of devils snatched from his sister, his only, his dying sister, the christian's pledge of pardon, and, kissing it, he vowed that vow, which fell on her ear like the doom to redeemless woe. Her heart burst—your mother's heart burst," repeated Ileen, falling on her knees. There was something of ferocity in her fixed look upward, as she slowly and emphatically pronounced—"May the deadliest dregs of the cup of bitterness be his portion !"

St. Elmour had listened spell bound by the frightful story, gazing at the impetuous narrator, unable to wipe the dew of horror from his cold, damp brow. Twice he essayed to interrupt her, but his words were indistinct, and sunk to imperfect muttering. Ileen rose—"Heaven knows," continued this changeful being, in a mournful tone, "I would have given my life to save the boy, for he loved me, and had any other hand—" her eyes filled with tears—"he was good—he was good," she repeated ; "his father may well mourn him, and I would have joined in the lament, but for the

rage, the fierce, murderous rage—fool!—madman!—did he think by revenge to raise the dead? Charles,” she continued, approaching St. Elmour, “avoid him; you may kneel, implore, weep, grovel; years have not changed him, he will spring on you, seize you with the gripe of hellish triumph, nor quit his hold till you writhe in the agonies of a disgraceful death!”

“Implore!” cried St. Elmour, “I? I—whine and pray and fawn and palter?—Think you my soul is branded too?—Dare you even glance at such debasement?—Better at once denounce the destroyer of him you so pathetically bewail.”

“Your words,” said Ileen, “are sharper than the penances of sixteen years—” she paused, St. Elmour was silent,—“I nursed your cousin,” she continued, “but I did not feed him with my life, as I fed you; he came between you and your hope; I hated him, and once—” she shuddered, then rapidly proceeded, “the boy grew, his winning ways, his gentle spirit, his open heart, his thousand kindnesses conquered even me; I was forced to love him, and I did, I would have died for him,—but for you,” she shook her head reproachfully—“for you I would live, have lived through years of pain and woe; to save you I would stand upon that awful—”

“Cease, cease,” interrupted St. Elmour frantically, “forgive me Ileen; I was maddened by

your picture of that man's malignity; but you at least it shall no longer reach; I have ample wealth, and in a brighter land Ileen—"

She grasped his hand, "Wealth, Charles—bestow it, but not on me. There's one will always share with poor Ileen his hard-earned morsel; I will not touch a scantling of your dross,—wealth, comfort, happiness for me! no Sir, never!—What! lose the labour of sixteen years—live through the eternity due to unattoned-for crime?—Misery, misery till death, alone absolves me."

"Crimes!" repeated St. Elmour, "your senses are disordered Ileen, you have been too powerfully excited; another time," added he soothingly, "we will speak of this, and of my adventures since we parted; I meant to ask for shelter here, but I fear—"

"Fear what?" enquired Ileen, rising with alacrity, "that I could not provide a pillow for that head, I am not quite destitute."

"To-night, my kind nurse, I merely require rest, for I am, indeed, weary—but not there—not there," he pointed to one of two doors on the left, which opened into inner apartments.

"Think you I could enter there, and keep my senses?" said the foster-mother, emphatically—"Charles, Charles, vaunt as we may, guilt will wring the proudest."

Her words were checked by the angry flush of

her companion, "I must look to the fire," she added, abruptly turning to the back door of the cottage, "the turf is near at hand, I will return soon."

St. Elmour stopped her; "Ileen," he said, "your communication has nearly anticipated all I would have enquired into, but—does my sister live?" Ileen answered in the affirmative, and seemed eager to depart. "There is yet another question, and you must answer it—I will know where she is buried."

"Who?" demanded Ileen scoffingly, "your mother?"

"No!" answered St. Elmour, wildly, "one whose memory is dearer to me than mother, sister, country—"

"Or life, or fame, or heaven!" slowly and bitterly added Ileen; "all-judging Providence, can this be possible? The cause of woe, such woe, more dear to you than the saint who died for you, the sister whose youth you withered!—she dear! she! no doubt, no doubt you prize her precious legacy, banishment, deformity, disgrace, death, a shameful death—merciful heaven! When in the fearful hour of darkness I am haunted by horrid dreams, when I would kneel and pray, pray to be relieved from the weight of that leaden hand which presses on my heart, a grinning phantom seems to mock my struggles, the monstrous weight sinks

heavier, I gasp, I writhe—it is the deadly touch of Beatrice. Oh! hers was the cunning tongue that blasted the mother's hopes, and broke the widow's heart—name of evil omen! why did I speak it?" Ileen sank exhausted.

St. Elmour, who had not dared to interrupt this angry torrent, too well acquainted with the untamed extremes of her vehement nature, which his own so closely resembled, devoted in love, deadly in hate, now approached her, and with feigned composure said, "But that I think misfortune has maddened you, Ileen, and that I know you sheltered that angel when cast off by those who should have guarded her, I would not thus have heard her basely slandered. Still I am firm to my purpose; you shall point out her grave, you shall relate to me every circumstance of her death, if possible repeat her every word, describe her every action, every look; whatever she may have been to others, she was true to me."

"Indeed!" muttered Ileen, with a tone of peculiar meaning.

St. Elmour heeded her not, but continued, "Other losses are as nothing in comparison; could I this moment choose between her restoration and all you so ardently covet for me, titles, honors, distinction, I would forfeit them for her."

"That you have already done," said Ileen,

bitterly; "Charles, you shall be satisfied, but not to-night; we may be interrupted. To-morrow you shall hear this pleasant story; if the tale sting you, blame your own wilfulness."

St. Elmour's searching eye expressed suspicion, and his flickering smile contemptuous incredulity. "Be it so," he said, in an under tone, "you may procrastinate, the better to deceive; I shall see through the coloring which hatred will fling upon, your narrative.—The heat is oppressive," he added, aloud, "I would breathe the cooling air."

"For mercy's sake, do not venture near the castle," exclaimed Ileen, anger lost in apprehension.

"You forget my metamorphose; that, however, is not extraordinary; twice to-day I had forgotten it myself."

"The dusk deepens," she remonstrated, detaining him, "your features cannot be discerned, and had you but this moment entered, I must have known that figure."

"I will be cautious," said St. Elmour, "indeed I will." Ileen, but half satisfied by this assurance, opened a door opposite to that by which her foster-son had entered, and disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

With hearts of mirth,
Our rights of birth,
And spunk lit up by whiskey ;
A fig for the pride
And pronokum beside,
Would snub us when we're frisky.

MUSING on the communications of Ileen, St. Elmour wandered heedless of her warning, and unconsciously entered the rough pathway which had led him to the cottage. He had pursued it for some time, unmindful of its thorny impediments, when the sound of approaching footsteps arrested him. He paused and listened. Though not in the same track with himself, some person was evidently drawing near, as hastily as the intervening obstacles would permit, and in a few moments a voice on the left exclaimed, "Sure I'm not in the right road, am I?—Well now, is n't this a poor case? To think I should be after blinding myself between Jerry, Dan and the noggin!—Sour luck to you," continued the speaker, apostrophising

something or somebody, "sweet bad luck to you! I must be luggin o' you through the brustles, must I, an' laving myself behint."

St. Elmour advanced a few paces; an opening in the trees gave to his view a boy, who was dragging through the brushwood, the luckless mark of vituperation. The lad was within a few paces of St. Elmour and directly advancing, though in a different line, to the spot where this latter stood, yet as his head was turned towards the object he so vehemently rebuked, St. Elmour escaped observation.

"Purtect our benighted wits!" ejaculated the youth suddenly and in a voice of alarm, "what's that—what's that?" His fears were evidently excited by something which was, or which he fancied was pursuing him, for his legs and looks took opposite directions, the former bearing him forward with surprising celerity, the latter cast in glaring apprehension behind, nor did his speed or his gaze relax until he stumbled over the root of a tree a little behind St. Elmour, and fell directly across the path, completely intercepting the retreat the latter would have made to the cottage, on recognizing the unlucky Tade. A large dog, of the greyhound species, now sprang through the trees, and snuffing the prostrate youth, gave most lively and noisy indications, by pawing, licking and barking, of joyous recognition. The boy, still re-

cumbent, appeared to receive, with reciprocal delight, the caresses so warmly bestowed, and shouted in extacy as the dog, now crouching, now whining, now curvetting, performed all the antics by which these faithful quadrupeds evince affection. Tade meantime rolled himself on the ground in an agony of bliss : " And was it you, Donny," he said, with reproachful fondness, " was it you that skeered poor Tade and tumbled him ? Where war you then all day, my darlint ? "

" Out of my way," sullenly interrupted St. Elmour, who, foreseeing that there might not be a speedy termination of these tender reciprocations, now thought it expedient to demand a free passage. The astonished Tade, rising slowly, first resting on one knee, then gradually elevating his entire person, while he peered at St. Elmour through the uncertain light, now exclaimed— " Wisha then a happy death to your honor ! 'tis yourself sure enough—faith an so it is," added he, in seeming satisfaction at the certainty of his conclusion.

This unlucky salutation did not tend to propitiate the person addressed, who, without reflecting that his question might well be retorted, in a loud voice demanded, " Why are you prowling here at this hour ? "

The dog—which had been suspiciously watching the movements of the stranger, now and then

glancing enquiringly at his master, as if eager for signal of attack,—not relishing the angry look and authoritative tone of St. Elmour, commenced a low ominous growl, which, swelling gradually, burst into a loud and yelling bark—"Whisht Donny, whisht my prince, whisht a voorneen," said Tade coaxingly, clutching the dog as St. Elmour—almost ashamed of his irritation—hastily passed him. The pertinacious boy, only stopping to stroke the ruffled hide of royalty and resume his burthen, followed.

St. Elmour proceeded quickly to the cottage; the fire had been replenished during his absence, but, not seeing Ileen, he was about to fasten the entrance door, when it was rather rudely pushed against him, and Tade, trailing his pack and pursued by Don, entered.—Although objects were clearly discernible without, yet within the apartment every thing was indistinct, from the opaque obstructions in the narrow casement. The fast increasing gloom was but partially relieved by the bright turf fire. St. Elmour, as the boy entered, retreated to the darkest corner, hoping his persecutor would speedily depart, but the latter, advancing creepingly, peered round the little chamber, and detected the lurking guest. "Snuggin' yourself up you are," said the now daring youth, "come out of your hole, my honey-comb, or I'll give you a hidin' in earnest; back to the Tawney's,

my blinker, you'll catch nothin' here but a thump or two."

"What means this intrusion?" said St. Elmour, rising.

"This what?" bellowed Tade, "spake English man; may be you're thinkin' I'm on the watch for another guineen, 'cause I come draggin' your wallet along—not a bit of it my jewel; for the matter o' that a hint in time saves many a crime, if you repint the token, here it is again, all in Dan Shine's hogs, Jerry Sweeny's to the fore, an knows I only squeezed a noggin out of it." Tade extending the hand which held Dan Shine's hogs, was approaching St. Elmour, when the latter, scarcely comprehending the boy's meaning, and provoked at what he considered meddling impertinence, in an angry tone, bade him begone—Tade gave a lengthened whistle in one key, and Don recommenced his portentous howl. "Why then it is playing us the second part o' the tune you treated us to at the inn a 'blow?" said the intoxicated boy, "where did you learn the word of command avick? among the Tawney's may be—lave it off—lave it off a lanna, 'twont serve your turn in Kerry at all at all; shew us a bone an we'll beg, give us a blow and we'll bite—our blood's up too—any cock will fight on his own clearing."

At this moment Ileen appeared with a light; she stopped suddenly in the doorway, her hand

resting on the latch, and gazed in amazement and displeasure on the sturdy boy, who, with pert inclination of the head, puckered lips, and arms a' kimbo, stood fronting St. Elmour, his looks and attitude breathing defiance and disdain. "Begone! indeed!" he repeated, "for what I'd be very glad to know? That's my thanky, is it, for braking my neck after you with this rowly powly here!" he lifted the object of his late invective, in which St. Elmour recognised, with some surprise, his own portmanteau: this he now remembered having left on the spot where he had stopped to gaze at the scene of early days—"But," added Tade, disdainfully casting the valise upon the ground, "he's a fool that serves a mule."

"And dare you," said Ileen, at length giving utterance to her wrath, "dare you thus insult—" she checked herself, "any one beneath my roof?"

"Bad manners to him," cried Tade, "wasn't it he began it?"

Ileen trembled with passion, "Boy," she exclaimed, "begone!"

The stripling burst into loud and uncontrollable laughter; he held his sides, tears rolled down his cheeks, as he shouted forth, "I b'lieve they're for playing Paddy Blake with one another, 'begone,' says he, 'begone,' says she." The urchin's countenance and manner were so irresistibly comical, as he first mimicked the stranger's authoritative

tone, then, turning his head aside, gave it a well-imitated echo, that even the stern features of St. Elmour relaxed into something like a smile, while Ileen, quite unable to comprehend the cause of such impertinence, sat aghast, her eyes fixed on the incorrigible boy, who, twirling the block on its nether edge to comfortable proximity of the fire, quietly seated himself, and seemed in no humour to comply with any command which might tend to his removal.

During this scene, Don, whom a looker-on would not have considered the least intellectual of the party, was squatted on his haunches, with low, lengthened growl and most menacing corrugation of brow, observing the progress of affairs. Now, however, finding his master peaceably established, he dropped for the present his belligerent manifesto, smoothed his bristled brow, extended his fore paws, nuzzled his snout between them, wagged his tail, and glanced triumphantly around; then, turning on his side, projected his stiffening limbs, and with a satisfied snort resigned himself to repose.

St. Elmour addressed the boy in a milder tone, "I will reward you for your trouble, if you promise to depart instantly."

"Maning I should be off; keep your breath to blow your stirabout, I wo'n't," said the barefaced youth.

St. Elmour was proceeding to enforce obedience,

when Ileen, now quite overpowered, covered her face with her apron, swayed her body with a melancholy movement, and began a mournful plaint in her native tongue. Her grief effected what her rage could not; Tade, almost sobered, and quite repentant, indignantly jostled St. Elmour, and rushing to the old woman, flung his arms round her neck, and sobbed forth—"No, gran'mother, no a voriah, Tade will never lave you, for love nor lucre. The wide world has no heart for you—who cares? Tade only sticks the faster; he'll work, beg, starve with you gran'mother, but he'll never lave you,—you wouldn't bid me go, would you?" he uncovered her face and wiped her eyes.

"There's poison in your breath, boy," said Ileen recoiling.

"I'll never take a taste again till the day of my death," resumed Tade coaxingly, "'tis that glowering gommul yonder that muddled and miffed us."

"Hush, he's a friend, brings news of your mother," said the pacified Ileen. She hurried to St. Elmour—"Charles," she whispered, "it is Peggy's child."

Down on his knees dropped the blubbering boy: "Heaven and Father Karwin shower mercy on my bewilderment," he exclaimed, "and put the

pinance on the pint which Dannil, may be, slipped into the noggin—sure enough 'twas that blinded us, an' hindered us quite from knowing your Honor. "Fair words and flummery slip down fleetly," added the prevaricating suppliant rising and looking valiantly around, "I'd like to see the spalpeen would dare to say black's the white of your Honor's eye."

Ileen, wishing to divert the last random shot, cried hastily, "It is too late, Tade, for Mr. ——" She looked at her guest—"Vanesk," said St. Elmour,—“for Mr. Vanesk to seek a lodging elsewhere; besides I wish to hear more of your poor mother; couldn't you make up something—”

"Never say another word Granny," interrupted the now willing boy, "I see clare through an through your mind already; you'll bestow him your bed, I'll bestow you my sheepskin, and be off in a jiffy to fetch some fallings for myself."

St. Elmour, agitated and exhausted, gladly retired to the humble apartment which had been prepared for him, Tade departed to gather the leaves for his 'shake down,' on which he soon established himself, with Don for a coverlid. Ileen alone during the weary night kept, unrefreshed, her thoughtful and melancholy vigil.

The next morning St. Elmour, after a long and secret conference with his foster-mother, departed—her extraordinary and almost incredible tale

had at once changed the colour of his destiny. He embarked for Italy from the nearest sea port, and Ilcen was left

“ To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
“ To seek her nightly shed and weep 'till morn.”

CHAPTER IV.

Would you be slovenly and prodigal?
Or finical, precise, methodical,
And scrupulously economical?

QUERIES FOR MATRONS.

It may have been about six or seven years after the occurrence of the events detailed in the foregoing chapters, that as Doctor Elwin, the resident physician of Killarney, was returning homeward from his morning round of visitation, he heard himself loudly hailed from behind. Turning hastily to greet his challenger, he extended a ready hand to a handsome young man who, flushed and panting, stopped unable to speak, having pursued the doctor through miry streets, with impetuous speed, to the evident detriment of his yellow topped boots and green hunting frock.

“How now Harry?” said the doctor, with a friendly smile, “why so hasty and vociferous? A few paces would have brought me to my house,

you might have followed at leisure, saved your breath, and given us the pleasure of your society; it was only this morning that my wife expressed her surprise at your long absence. Have you been on the mountains?—But come in, come in, for if you are not tired, I am.”

“No, no,” replied the young man, laughing, “that is the very thing I wish to avoid. Heavens! how I should quail beneath the reproving eye of Mrs. Elwin, as she would glance from me to the muddy model of my clumsy crepida on her new Kidderminster.”

“Nonsense, nonsense,” said the doctor, smiling at this lively picture of his wife’s particularity, “all invention to excuse your incivility—come in, I will ensure you a friendly reception.”

“A warm one, you mean,” retorted his animated friend, “no, no, I am not to be thus taken in. He was flying off. The doctor caught his arm,—“But you have not said why you pursued me so resolutely.”

“Hang it,” cried the other, “I had almost forgotten;”—he fumbled in the various pockets which his habiliments contained—“surely I have not lost it!”

“But what is it?” enquired the doctor.

“A letter, which that mean dog Morris, judging of you by himself, thrust into my hand as I was stepping into the coach at Cork; the prosing

drone was beginning an apologetic speech, I looked at the superscription, promised to deliver his despatch, ordered the door to be shut, and drove off in the midst of his harangue. Confound it," added the volatile youth, "here it is at last. To think that fools will put one in a ferment to save their correspondents a few pence, in the hope that themselves might be similarly spared."

"Patience, patience Harry," said the placid doctor, as he leisurely pocketed his letter, then shook hands and parted with his giddy friend.

We shall leave the good physician quietly seated in his study, to the careful adjustment of his spectacles and calm perusal of his epistle, while we endeavour to make our readers better acquainted with his and his lady's characters.

Doctor Elwin at fifty was exactly the same in constitution, manner and disposition, as Doctor Elwin at twenty-five. Even his person betrayed but little alteration; his smooth, broad forehead, bright, intelligent eyes and cheerful smile won confidence, even before experience of his genuine philanthropy induced esteem: mildness, urbanity and benevolence were his chief characteristics, benevolence perhaps too incautiously exercised. Kindliness of heart is often accompanied by one error, credulity. A well told tale, embellished by a little romance, a musical voice, pleasing exterior and plausible aspect, would at any time beguile the

doctor to favor those who, were they not gifted with such fortuitous advantages, might have been more closely sifted, and, on stricter examination, discovered to be worthless. He was often the dupe of imposition, often consequently the object of raillery; but his good nature and good temper were alike invincible, and he continued to pursue that line of conduct most congenial to his principles and sentiments, not courting applause and careless of censure. Early in life he had married the pretty daughter of an English clergyman, whom he had met with accidentally while visiting a friend in Suffolk. Mrs. Elwin endeavoured to compensate for her scanty portion and mediocrity of intellect, by unvarying attention to pecuniary matters and domestic arrangement, above all by unwearied solicitude for the preservation of every article in her neat and well-furnished mansion. Her particularity, it is true, sometimes annoyed her family, and often excited the mirth of her visitors; on the whole, however, she was a good bustling sort of body, attentive to the comforts of her household, but always on the watch lest any one should intrench upon her peculiar prerogative of legislating as she chose in the culinary and cleansing departments of her establishment, in both of which she was ably assisted by her Suffolk *suivante* and *femme d'affaires* Priscilla Crumpet, who had accompanied her lady some five-and-

twenty years since to Ireland, and had maintained her post to the annoyance and mortification of each successive subaltern member of the doctor's household. Mrs. Elwin was by no means an uneducated woman, but her mind, contracted by perpetually pondering on trifles, could find no room for matters serious or important. She sometimes amused herself by imitating and ridiculing the brogue of her neighbours, while they, in return, commented as freely and facetiously on the extravagant use she permitted herself of her favorite liquid—reader, do not start, it was not a liquor, but a letter of which she was so prodigiously enamoured, invariably affixing it, in the true Anglo-Saxon cacophony, to what should have been the terminating vowel; and thus her provincialisms, fostered by habit and by constant communion with the inflexible Priscilla, maintained their ground as firmly as that favorite.

For some years the peace, economy, regularity and neatness of Mrs. Elwin's establishment had not been interrupted by children. At length a son and two daughters increased her cares and her husband's pleasures; not that Mrs. Elwin was wanting in affection for her offspring, but she wished to regulate them by her own mechanical measurement; provided they were orderly she cared nothing for their being intellectual, and while she sought to render them puppets, her

husband endeavoured to make them rational beings.

The two daughters, Lucy and Emma, were sitting with their mother in the drawing-room when Doctor Elwin entered, an open letter in his hand.—“My dear Ellen,” he said, addressing his wife.

He was interrupted—“Bless me! Doctor Elwin, where can you have been? what shoes! ring Emmar, order your father’s pumps, and tell Biddy to come directly and brush off these footmarks.”

The patient doctor submitted quietly to be unshod, but stipulated for slippers.—“My feet are swollen, my dear, you would not have me suffer martyrdom?—I have received rather a troublesome commission, Ellen, and shall require your assistance.”

“Troublesome!” repeated Mrs. Elwin, “I have fifty thousand matters to attend to this morning, and cannot possibly undertake any thing troublesome.”

“Well, my dear, you will spare me one of my girls.”

“Pray then take Lucy, for positively she keeps me in a fever; I fidget every time she dips her pen in that unlucky ink.”

“What are you studying child?” asked the doctor, affectionately stroking the cheek of a dark eyed, pale, interesting girl, who sat at a

writing desk, apparently absorbed by a book, from which she occasionally made extracts, much to the annoyance of mamma, whose eye anxiously followed the quill in its progress to and from the "unlucky ink."

"Tacitus, papa," replied Lucy, holding her pen so carelessly over the new Kidderminster, as to throw her mother into an ague fit, "I am trying to translate this passage."—She pointed to the book.

"To think of a young lady studying Latin from morning till night!" ejaculated Mrs. Elwin, "much better learn to make dumplings; Priscillar says the tables are ruined by your tiresome trumpery. There! positively a spot! I knew how it would be; pray call Priscillar; ring Emmar, ring—how provoking!"

"I will go to papa's study, dear mother," said Lucy, trying to efface the trifling mark.

"You had better walk with me, my dear," said her father, "yet if you prefer the company of Tacitus, I will take Emma."

"Oh! I shall be so delighted to go!" exclaimed a fine animated girl, springing from her seat, flying to the door, and overturning in her anxiety the frame at which, to please mamma, she had been labouring, together with various articles that many would have thought merited more than Tacitus the appellation of trumpery.

"Come back, Miss Emmar Elwin," said the mother, with great dignity, "I desire you will pick up your frame and worsteds; collect your idears, they are much too scattered for seventeen. The rug must be finished to-day, sit near the window if you prefer it, but resume your occupation."

Emma looked coaxingly at her mother; it was almost impossible to withstand the winning expression of her laughing blue eyes, as she thus remonstrated. "Mamma I gave up Ariosto, and have worked all the morning; I am weary of gazing on these gaudy, unnatural looking flowers; Priscilla's pattern roses are so very like red cabbage. Harry Moreland paints flowers beautifully; I will borrow his portfolio; we shall surely see him soon, for he has not called these five days."

"You forget," said Mrs. Elwin, solemnly, "that our dinner party is fixed for Thursday; I have a thousand arrangements to make, and shall require your assistance. Priscilla's hands are quite full."

"But my dear," interrupted the doctor, "this is only Monday."

"Besides," continued Mrs. Elwin, not choosing to hear the last observation, "Lucy looks so pale, a walk will do her good."

This reasoning was conclusive; Emma ar-

ranged her working apparatus, and resumed her seat, smiling to conceal her disappointment, while Lucy, who had been successful in obliterating the 'unlucky' inkspot, was quietly leaving the apartment, when her mother enquired—"But where are you going Doctor Elwin?"

"To hire a house, my dear."

"To hire a house!" repeated Mrs. Elwin, "for whom?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"Not know, Doctor Elwin, how very extraordinary!"

"You interrupted me when I was about to read to you this letter, which contains all I am acquainted with of the matter; are you now at leisure to hear it?"

Lucy reseated herself, and Emma, to whom the idea of new comers was delightful, cast an impatient look at her father.

The doctor began—"My good friend Elwin."

"Pray," interrupted Mrs. Elwin, "did you think of ordering the saddle of mutton for Thursday?"

"Yes, my dear." The doctor proceeded, "My intimate acquaintance and very particular friend, Sir Charles Egerton."

"Stop one moment, for pity's sake," intreated Mrs. Elwin, "I never thought of telling Priscilla to order Patrick to step to Kenmare House and

ask the housekeeper for her receipt for cooking calf's head. How forgetful! I must attend to this instantly."

Lucy took a book; Emma's brow was for a moment clouded. The doctor consoled himself by opening the window and flinging sixpence to a tattered suppliant, whose clamorous invocation of "God increase your seed and substance," again brought Emma's dimples into play. Meantime Patrick had been summoned, and the order given; the doctor then resumed his letter.

"MY GOOD FRIEND ELWIN,—My intimate acquaintance and very particular friend Sir Charles Egerton, an English baronet of no small consequence, has written requesting my services in behalf of a widow lady, who arrived here from Geneva a few days since with two daughters, or nieces, I cannot at this moment precisely say which, not having Sir Charles' letter convenient, and the lady not having been particular in her introduction. I find this person's object in visiting Ireland is to establish herself in a quiet retreat in the neighbourhood of the Lakes, and that my assistance is only required in procuring her such a residence. You are the only person to whom I would venture to apply in this emergency, and as Mrs. Jermyn will be in Killarney on Thursday, and must remain at the inn until provided with a house, or lodgings, perhaps you would be so kind

as to call on the poor woman, who seems a very quiet, inoffensive sort of body, I should conclude not overstocked with cash, as she insists so much on a retired situation. At all events you will, I trust, permit your servant to accompany her to whatsoever place you may select for her accommodation; this I beg, as I wish to show all possible civility to any one recommended by my valued friend Sir Charles. Hoping soon to be able to requite this and all other favors,

“ I remain,

“ Your much obliged friend and Servant,

“ JAMES MORRIS.”

“ P.S. Should Mrs. Jermyn require the needful, I think you may venture to supply her to a reasonable amount, as I have no doubt my friend Sir Charles will reimburse you for any losses you may sustain on this account.”

“ Some needy half pay officer’s widow,” cried Mrs. Elwin, contemptuously, when her husband had concluded this prosy and prudent letter.

“ You forget Ellen,” observed the doctor, “ she is introduced by Sir Charles Egerton.”

“ Perhaps then some dashing, pennyless dowager, who, after hawking her daughters for years on the Continent, at last finds that retirement and retrenchment may be necessary and interesting.”

“ My dear Ellen, why so bitter?” said the astonished doctor.

“Mrs. Elwin, as usual, not choosing to hear what she could not conveniently answer, proceeded, “I am sure,” putting her hand to her forehead, “I know not what to recommend. There’s Mrs. Moriarty’s, but it is so unneat, and the chimnies smoke; then there are the lodgings over the way, but the servants are so dirty, Priscillar says they never use forks or table cloths; then there are Brown’s, but Mrs. Moreland, who lodged there once, told me, the draught from the windows and doors flared the candles. To be sure there are White’s new houses, but then the rent is enormous, not at all suited to straitened circumstances.—Indeed my love you had much better write, that this poor creature may be advised to settle elsewhere.”

Emma, who during this recapitulation had been leaning on her frame in profound thought, tracing cottages with her tambour pin on the canvass, now looked up, and with brightening countenance and joyful tone exclaimed, “I have it papa! I have it; such a pretty cottage, a little beyond Flesk Bridge; quite retired: a dining-room, drawing-room, study, four bed rooms, servants’ apartments, a coach-house,—”

“A what?” said the petrified Mrs. Elwin.

“A coach-house, mamma, and such a sweet garden in front; to be sure,” added she, thoughtfully shaking her head, “it is at the wrong side of

the road for lake scenery; yet I think I can manage that too."

"Shift the cottage to the other side of the way?" enquired Lucy, playfully.

"Not quite that," answered the lively girl, "but the old woman at the lodge will do any thing for me. Mrs. Jermyn and her daughters can ramble in Mucruss demesne whenever they choose, in the absence of the family; I need only say they are my friends."

"Friends!" ejaculated Mrs. Elwin.

"But Mrs. Manageall," said the doctor, kissing his favorite, "are you also certain that this convenient cottage of yours, which I perfectly recollect, is not occupied?"

"The Jacksons quitted last Monday week papa, while you were at Mill Street. I have been there twice since to visit old Susan and her niece, who have the care of it."

"Of Mill Street?" asked Lucy, smiling.

"No, no, of the cottage, Lucy, you are quite as particular in your way, as mamma in hers."

"You at least Miss Emmar Elwin," said the mother, drawing herself up, "are not at all particular; no wonder you should have such a brogue; your acquaintances are certainly remarkably well chosen. Pray how many more vulgar old women can you count among your particular friends?"

"Oh mamma! every one within seven miles; it

is for my sake they bring you always such beautiful eggs and butter."

"Beautiful," repeated Lucy, archly.

Emma was too full of her subject to retort,—
"Well papa, what think you, will it suit?"

"Suit!" exclaimed Mrs. Elwin, "you surely must be mad; the Jacksons I know paid exorbitantly for that cottage."

"If hired but for a month," said the doctor, "it cannot be very ruinous, and should the place prove too expensive, a removal will not be difficult. —Come Lucy, we have no time to lose."

"What a distance to walk, what trouble to take for a person nobody knows!" said Mrs. Elwin, fretfully; "pray let me not be kept waiting dinner."

"Only mention my name to Susan, papa, and she will give you every information," said Emma, as her father left the room,— "there he goes," she continued, "the very best man in the world!"

"A good man I grant," said Mrs. Elwin, "but too lavish, too kind hearted."

"Can one be too kind hearted?" asked Emma doubtfully.

"Yes, certainly, when, as is the case with your father, good-nature is perpetually causing one's family vexation. See what I shall suffer from his complying with the request of that sly Morris, who so cunningly shifts the burthen of this

woman and her family from his own shoulders to ours."

"Suffer! my dear mother," exclaimed the amazed Emma.

"Yes, suffer," repeated Mrs. Elwin, "but you have no reflection, no discernment, your idears are always confused; are you so stupid as not to perceive the series of evils I am threatened with,—and Priscillar will be outrageous!"

Emma, who, but for the seasonable mention of Priscilla, would have been really alarmed, now, contrary to her mother's anticipation, began to penetrate the mystery. "Well mamma," she said, enquiringly.

"Well! is that all you can say?" cried the angry mother, "but it is useless to confide my grievances to you."

Emma was silent, Mrs. Elwin, meeting no entreaty for confidence, proceeded, "Do you not see that this woman and her daughters will arrive on Thursday, the very day of our dinner party?" She walked up and down the room in dignified agitation. "Your father will never permit their dining at the inn—was ever anything so unlucky? After Priscillar and I had arranged so charmingly for sixteen. How am I to manage? I can neither stretch the tables nor the room. We shall be squeezed to death, and every one complaining, as they did at Mrs. Jefferson's, where it was im-

possible to reach your plate without passing your arm through your neighbour's, and thus cut, carve and chew, linked together like so many convicts. And two daughters; she must have two! had there been but one I might have managed. Nineteen people in a room eighteen feet square! What will Priscillar say?"

"But mamma, should papa invite them, which I confess is very probable, particularly if they prove distressed and interesting, yet it does not follow as an unquestionable consequence that they accept the invitation."

"And then," said Mrs. Elwin, sharply, "it will only be from puzzlement to flusterment, as Priscillar says."

"How so?" enquired Emma.

"Because then they must have the carriage to convey them to this precious cottage of yours, selecting just the moment, perhaps, when I shall want Patrick to wait at tea—nay the old twaddle may take herself off before dinner, and so leave us with one servant to serve sixteen people. Your father will oblige every one, no matter what I suffer."

"She may travel in her own carriage," suggested Emma, anxious to allay a ferment at the cause of which however she felt fearfully disposed to laugh.

"Carriage! indeed," said Mrs. Elwin, con-

temptuously, "pray be silent, and let me arrange my idears." She again pressed her forehead, as if bent on discovering the spot from which Archimedes might have successfully applied his lever.

Frivolous minds are now irritated now soothed by trifles: Emma, though she would have been the last to acknowledge this as applicable to her mother, nevertheless knew that it was, and profited by her experience in the present emergency. She plied her needle diligently, hoping to restore good humour by completing her uninteresting task, and met the reward of her kind intentions even sooner than she anticipated, for Mrs. Elwin, fertile in prudential expedients, either pleased by the discovery of some feasible plan for averting her 'series of evils,' or lured into amiability by the persevering sweetness and industry of her daughter, now looked complacently at the latter, and said—"Emmar dear, you would not wonder at the agitation and anxiety which your father's indiscriminate good nature excites in me, were you acquainted with a proof of his thoughtlessness, which had very nearly brought us to beggary."

Emma was too well aware of her mother's genius for amplifying nothings and magnifying evils, to feel any of the horror which Mrs. Elwin had intended to excite. She quietly said—"At what time, mamma? for ever since I can re-

collect, my father has appeared to be, what is generally esteemed, a wealthy man."

"Heaven knows he had need be so!" said Mrs. Elwin, with that sagacious movement of the head by which people demonstrate that they think themselves wiser than their neighbours; "he had need be so," she repeated, "for between his own improvidence, George's expences at college, your and Lucy's drawing and music masters, I know not what would become of us if his practice were not good; but I alluded to a circumstance which occurred some years before you were born; I never mentioned it, even to Priscillar, and your father to this hour frowns when I would speak of it to him—however if you will promise to keep it secret, I will tell you all about it."

Emma's curiosity was excited; she promised, and her mother proceeded.

"I was quite a girl when I married, your age or thereabouts, and your father not more than five-and-twenty; our means were then very limited, and, as Priscillar says, we had quite enough to do to keep from burning the candle at both ends. My fortune, which amounted to but a few hundreds, was placed in the hands of a banker, and we determined it should remain untouched as long as possible. Your father's practice encreased, but bless you! he gave away with one hand what he took with the other, so we struggled on with

only Priscillar, and a boy, who, God knows, had enough to do. I was a stranger and without acquaintances, so you may imagine not over comfortable. Things were in this state," continued Mrs. Elwin, drawing her chair close to Emma, "when one night I was awoke by a peal of thunder, so near, so loud, so lengthened, that I jumped out of bed in terror, thinking the end of all things was at hand; I knelt and prayed, while your father slept as soundly as before, and I dared neither disturb him, who had sat up with a patient the whole of the preceding night, nor yet call Priscillar, who had drudged all day and wanted rest, poor thing. The room was at one time as brilliantly illuminated as if lighted by a thousand wax candles, at another as dark as the coal hole: again the thunder shook the house; pure terror prevented my screaming. At length the rain fell in torrents, the hail struck the windows, I thanked God for the blessed sound, and would at the moment have paid the price of every pane had they been shattered to atoms, though, heaven knows, we could ill have afforded it. Well, I dressed myself—for I dared not go to bed, from the fear I felt of another crash—and went into the adjoining room, where a night lamp burned. I sat down, and took up the bible, to read the merciful assurance that the world should not a second time be destroyed by water, when a tremendous knock-

ing at the hall door made me bounce from my seat—down dropped the bible—my first thought was of fire, my next was more consoling—‘ ’tis a job for George,’ I cried, and running to the bed side I shook him. He was surprised at finding me up and dressed, but the repeated knocking prevented all explanation ; your father popped his head out of the window, and loudly called, ‘ who’s there ? ’—The answer was carried away by the wind—‘ I dare say it is a message from Mrs. Macks,’ cried my husband, ‘ for heaven’s sake Ellen open the door for that poor wretch, while I dress ; say I shall be ready in a moment.’ I took the lamp, ran down stairs, and hastily unbarred ; the last bolt was scarcely shot back when the door was violently pushed in, and a man entered, who immediately turned round, slammed it to, and fastened it with every bar it had—my heart died, murder was the least I expected ; my limbs were paralysed, my tongue failed me ; rooted to the spot, I stood holding the lamp, and could only close my eyes against the knife which I fancied already aimed at my bosom ; oh ! the agony of that dreadful moment !—It was but a moment, else terror would certainly have killed me. My husband’s voice restored my courage ; I would have grasped the man, but he rushed past me and clenching your father’s arm, exclaimed, ‘ Elwin my life is forfeit, my pursuers are at hand, Elwin

will you save me?" He seemed breathless and exhausted; the faint light did not reach his features, but I could perceive that his hand was stained with blood. 'Merciful heaven!' cried my husband, 'can this be possible? do I dream?' He snatched the lamp, and held it to the stranger's face—it was the first and last time I ever beheld the countenance of that fearful man, yet I shall never forget it!"

"Pray mamma, dear mamma, proceed," entreated Emma, who had been gradually wrought from apathy and listlessness, to a pitch of painful curiosity and interest.

Mrs. Elwin, after a moment's pause, proceeded, "No, I never shall forget it! it is three-and-twenty years since I saw that man, yet I should know him amid thousands; time may alter the features, but the expression! the expression!" she stopped, and seemed to ponder.

"Mamma," said Emma, in an agony of impatience, "who was he?—what had he done?—was he handsome?"

"Handsome!" repeated Mrs. Elwin, "your father is handsome, Harry Moreland is rather handsome, George is very handsome, but I must find some other word to express the beauty of that face and figure—no sculpture ever surpassed either—" she seemed warmed by her subject into feeling and even eloquence;—"the large brilliant

dark eyes, the long silken lashes, the aquiline nose, the finely formed head and forehead—nothing could be more perfect !”

“ For pity’s sake mamma, go on,” cried Emma.

“ His head was uncovered, his hair drenched with rain, he stood erect, his towering majestic figure seemed as if it could not bend ; he looked an angel—and a devil too,” she added, slowly and almost whispering.

“ A devil !” ejaculated Emma, now thinking that her mother was romancing.

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Elwin, in the same low tone, and do you know Emmar that but for circumstances which afterwards came to my knowledge, I should have thought it was indeed the devil, for although his features were so surpassingly beautiful, yet their expression was certainly diabolical. Do you recollect the copy of a painting by some celebrated Italian artist (I forget his name) which your drawing-master brought here, and which your father purchased, although he would never permit me to have it framed.”

“ You mean that horrifying representation of Lucifer after his fall, which papa is so careful of.”

“ Exactly : well, I could have almost sworn when first I saw it, that the person I speak of sat for that picture ; he had the same dark, sublime, preternatural beauty, the same combined expression of malice, rage, despair and defiance, the

same scornful lip and disdainful aspect. As I gazed at him I clung with renewed terror to your father, and thought of everything horrid, of Cain fresh from the murder of his brother, of Judas begging the price of blood. My poor husband seemed exactly as I had been at first, paralysed by terror and astonishment, while our mysterious visitant, with impatient looks, awaited a reply.—The pause was but for a moment. Another loud and stunning succession of knocks operated on all three like an electric shock; we started from each other.—‘Ellen,’ said your father, in a low commanding tone, ‘take the lamp and lead to the stable.’ He seized the stranger’s hand, I, frightened out of my wits, opened the door of the passage which leads from the hall to the yard; this we quickly crossed, and although nearly up to my ancles in water, and pelted by the storm, yet I dared neither stop nor speak. You know there are two doors to the stable, one opening from the yard, the other into the back lane; your father hastily unlocked the first door—there stood Charley and the noddy—we had only a noddy then Emmar, it was sold when we purchased our carriage, and poor Charley was shot—You remember the row your father made at finding on his return from Limerick, that I had put an end to Charley; the animal was of no use, for —”

“Mamma,” interrupted Emma, despairingly,

"you were saying that papa had unlocked the stable door."

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Elwin; "I stood on the outside, and when he pulled the stranger in through the first door, I very naturally concluded he would have pushed him out through the second—no such thing; he locked the door on our unwelcome guest, threw the key into poor Priscillar's washing tub, then, catching my hand, he took the lamp and ran up stairs to our bed room, dragging me after him, nor do I think, long as my story has been, that five minutes had elapsed from the time I left the apartment until I reentered it. Your father again opened the window, and loudly asked—'Who's there?'" As Mrs. Elwin uttered this interrogatory, she raised her voice, and was immediately answered, "'Tis I ma'am;" the door was thrown open, and a female bounced into the room.

"Goodness! Priscillar," exclaimed Mrs. Elwin, "what is the matter?"

"Matter indeed," replied Priscilla, "I shan't mince it I promise you; Biddy must budge, a poor do-little mauther! not worth her wittles—she shall budge."

"Before Thursday?" asked the alarmed Mrs. Elwin.

"Would you keep her to look at ma'am? I tell you she don't earn her salt, an Irish maoukin, she

eat and drink like ten, and mind me no better than nothing."

"I shall never be able to provide a substitute before Thursday," cried Mrs. Elwin, always recurring to 'the great, the important day.'

"Provide a fiddlestick," said the presuming factotum, "better wear up with work than with rust; I'll do her jobs sooner than she should lollop any longer here."

"But what has she done?" asked Emma, highly provoked with this unseasonable interruption.

"Done! Miss Emmar, can't you hear that she don't do nothin'! Just now as I was advising know-nothingly cook how to skewer a kipple of rabbits, I told Madam Bidy to look after half-a-score jobs in a whiff, the warmint stick her arms a kimbo, laugh in my face, and say, 'Have I got twenty pairs o' hands do you think, Madam Frump?'—But I'll mag her!"

"Is that all?" asked Emma.

"All!" repeated Priscy, "that might be a plenty Miss Emmar, but it aren't all;" 'Hold your tongue, for a Kerry Sawage,' says I, 'Hold your jaw for a Suffolk calf,' says she.

"How very impertinent!" said Mrs. Elwin.

Emma could not help thinking it very pertinent, for Priscy's long, unmeaning face, great goggle eyes, huge mouth, flat nose and wide nostrils—

which, when angry, where fearfully dilated—formed a combination of calvish attributes that made Biddy's simile appear particularly applicable.

"Howsomdever," continued the insulted beauty, "every thing has an end, a sausage has two—I sha'n't have none of her sauce I promise you; I'm not stomachful, but I won't live jig by jowl with that meddle and make maukin." She flounced out of the room.

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Elwin, hastily following, in trembling apprehension, "my vexations will never cease; should Priscillar leave—what a misfortune!"

"Mamma, Mamma," exclaimed Emma, catching her mother's hand, "only say ——"

"Are you mad Emmar?" cried Mrs. Elwin, disengaging herself, and assuming a look of ludicrous solemnity; "to think of detaining me at this momentous crisis!"

"Alas!" murmured Emma, as she retreated to her own apartment, "that my mother would but learn to distinguish trifles from trials, vexations from misfortunes."

CHAPTER V.

The cry is now they come! they come!

And lo!——”

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

It was Thursday, an April day, and the alternate showers and sunshine were emblematic of the fears and hopes of Mrs. Elwin. She walked through her neatly arranged apartments in a fever of pleasure, perturbation, and perplexity. The plate, the glass, the tables all wore the highest polish, and she enjoyed, by anticipation, the envy of her visitors, on surveying her newly furnished rooms, and witnessing the superior regularity and comfort of her establishment, advantages which Mrs. Elwin was never weary of descanting on, sometimes to the amusement, sometimes to the disturbance of her guests, who, if they could not boast the practice of the same systematic neatness in their houses, were at least free from all the petty vexations attendant on the observance of

frivolous minutiae. Reports from the culinary department were highly favourable; the contumacious Bridget had been discharged, and the Lady Paramount (Priscy) had, as her mistress declared, excelled herself in the gastronomic preparations. In short, could Mrs. Elwin (no matter by what unjust encroachment on her neighbour's premises) have added a few feet to her dining room, or prevented, even by upsetting the coach, the arrival of the unlucky Mrs. Jermyn, (every person or thing that annoyed the doctor's lady was sure to be 'unlucky,') she would have been supremely happy until the occurrence of some other appalling casualty, such as the fracture of a China cup, or a footmark on the new Kidderminster, should again disturb her equanimity. Meantime Lucy and Emma, in their own apartment, held themselves in readiness to obey their father's summons, Mrs. Elwin having declared it was morally impossible that she could visit even a dutchess, when she had yet fifty matters to superintend. She secretly hoped that Mrs. Jermyn, not seeing the *prima Donna*, might feel piqued into declining the entreaties of minor suppliants, and very forcibly represented to both her daughters, the want of tact they would betray, if they too warmly urged an invitation, the acceptance of which, she observed, might be seriously inconvenient to the travellers, "for who knows," added

she, with her sagacious nod, "whether the poor creatures have anything decent to appear in?"

As the moment usually marked by the arrival of the stage approached, all the unoccupied members of the doctor's family, (actuated by various motives,) repaired to those windows from which they might catch a glimpse of it as it passed. Mamma posted herself at a casement in her dressing room—Emma at one in her own apartment, which also overlooked the street.—Even Lucy laid aside Tacitus, and joined her sister.—The doctor in the study, tired of watching, had resumed his spectacles and folio, while Patrick, deputed by Priscilla, stood centinel at a window of the dining room, and peeped through the curtain which screened from vulgar gaze the radiant glass and plate that decorated the sideboard. Whether the doctor's timepieces were on that day unusually fast, or the coach was unusually slow, the patience of the watchful expectants had been exhausted, and each had resorted to more profitable employment, when the heavy wheels were heard rumbling over the rough pavement. Emma, Lucy and Mrs. Elwin flew to their stations, the doctor snatched his hat and cane, Patrick threw down the carving knife on which he had been operating, and scampered to his post, the bright pewter spoon was arrested in its progress to the mouth of the sapient Priscy, who, although about

to ascertain the pungency of her salad sauce, forgot for a moment her astounding responsibilities, and stood in gaping suspense, whilst the 'know-nothingly' cook, suddenly recollecting that it was the last week of a black lent, squirted through her polluted lips the forbidden food, and gazed aghast at the formidable Priscy, whose sudden stupefaction she attributed to her having detected the transient appropriation which she (know-nothingly) had made of the ejected forced meat ball. A light footstep was heard descending the stairs, Emma rushed into the doctor's study, "Papa," she exclaimed, in a tone expressive of wonder and disappointment, "the coach is empty!" This intelligence was confirmed by Mrs. Elwin with a grateful ejaculation, and was vociferated by Patrick to Priscilla. "Good," cried the latter, conveying the mixture to her mouth.—"Illigant," exclaimed poor Ignoramus, scarcely knowing what she meant, in her joy at escaping the expected rebuke,—"Well my dear," said the doctor, smiling at Emma's mortification, "something has occurred to detain these ladies, we shall see them to-morrow."

Emma slowly ascended to her apartment, to confer with Lucy upon the chances of their arriving by some other conveyance, but Lucy had resumed her studies, and Emma leaned thoughtfully against the window. The doctor was about

to lay aside his hat and cane—he reflected a moment—No—he would enquire, there might be some intelligence, a letter, a parcel.—When within a few yards of the inn, a fashionable travelling carriage passed him—the doctor stopped to reconnoitre—“Surely,” thought he, “that handsome chariot cannot contain the poor widow spoken of by Morris.” He sauntered onward, the carriage stopped at the inn. An elderly man, plainly dressed, leaped from the box and opened the door, an elegant looking woman in deep mourning, followed by two other ladies in more lively apparel, stepped from the carriage and entered the inn. The man then assisted another female, whom the doctor concluded to be a domestic, to descend from the back seat, and while she stood smoothing the rumples of her disordered dress, her fellow servant followed the ladies. The doctor mused as he advanced—“No,” thought he, “it is impossible, Morris cannot be such a dolt, though dull enough when self-interest is dormant,—but I must ascertain.”—He quickened his pace, and piercing through the crowd of beggars and idlers which had collected round the equipage, he advanced towards the last mentioned female: she was busily employed in superintending the removal of sundry packages, loudly vociferating, and more expressively gesticulating, for the edification of a ragged rustic, who, staring in mute astonish-

ment at the garrulous damsel, was proceeding, better instructed by her grimaces than by her tongue, to fulfil her wishes.

"Pray, madam," said the doctor, touching his hat, (a courtesy which he always observed towards females who wore bonnets and shoes,) "pray, madam, is the lady to whom this carriage belongs, named Jermyn?"

"*Plait-il?*" said the damsel. The doctor repeated his question, in a more intelligible language.

"*Non Monsieur, Mor—ning—ton,*" she replied, dwelling distinctly upon each syllable. The doctor made another slight salutation, and was walking slowly away.

"*Mais Madame Jermaine, Monsieur.*"

"Do you wish to see my mistress, Sir?" asked the plainly dressed man, advancing from the inn.

"Is your mistress named Jermyn?" enquired the perplexed doctor.

"Yes, Sir," replied the other, with a respectful bow, "she expects a gentleman named Elwin."

"Thank God!" internally ejaculated the doctor, as he followed his conductor up stairs, "I am in the right road at last, but what an egregious oaf is Morris!"

Doctor Elwin, as we before observed, was particularly polite to females, but his salutation was almost reverential, as he bent to the lady, who, on his entrance, rose to receive him. The figure be-

fore him was well calculated to awaken admiration and respect, there was something so graceful in her manner, so touchingly sweet, in the mournful but resigned expression of her countenance, that she won instantly and irresistibly the sympathy of the kind-hearted man, as, with all the frankness of his country, he extended his hand, and led her to the chair she had quitted.

“I cannot speak, even to bid you welcome, madam,” said he, with great gallantry, “while you thus mortify me by unnecessary ceremony.—Now,” he added, smilingly, as the lady resumed her seat, “now you will comment at ease upon my important communications, but first let me welcome Mrs. Jermyn to Killarney,” and the good doctor again bowed as he resigned the hand which with friendly interest he had till then retained.

“Believe me, Sir,” said Mrs. Jermyn, “I feel all the kindness of this reception, but I would apologize—”

“Apologize,” interrupted the doctor, “it is I who ought to apologize, my wife and daughter should have been here to receive you, but by the most extraordinary mistake, or rather omission of my correspondent, I had been led to imagine that—that—” The poor man stammered—stopped,—he dared not avow that he had expected the elegant creature before him, would have arrived by a stage coach; after a moment’s pause, he re-

sumed, "this shall be instantly remedied; permit me to leave you for a few minutes, I will return with my daughter, who shall join with me in requesting, that you and your party, will favour us by partaking our dinner. My carriage shall convey you to the cottage we have selected for your residence, as early in the evening as you please, and we shall have full time to discuss all arrangements, after you have taken some refreshment."

The doctor had seized his hat, but Mrs. Jermyn, rising quickly, laid her hand gently on his arm, and with a deep blush, said earnestly, "For worlds Sir, I would not compel such a visit."

Doctor Elwin, confounded by the energy and singularity of her expression, could only repeat, "Compel madam!"

"I would say," continued the lady, with increasing and painful confusion, "that I must decline all society; surely Sir, Mr. Morris has expressed to you, my determination to live in the strictest retirement?"

"Certainly madam," replied the doctor, his zeal a little abated by this almost ungracious check, "certainly I had understood as much, but I did not conclude thence, that you were determined to reject all, indiscriminately; some distinction should surely be made between the visits of obtrusive curiosity and those prompted by a sincere wish to serve or to sooth," he glanced at her sable habit.

"Permit me, Sir, to express the gratitude I feel for your kindness, and to offer my heartfelt thanks for the interest you display"—She hesitated, and then resumed quickly, "you will encrease my obligations, by directing the post boy where to proceed? I was not aware that a house had been so speedily prepared for my reception, and had ordered the carriage to be put up, intending to remain here for a night or two; but I should be so thankful to find myself once more at home."

"The necessary orders shall be given immediately madam," said the doctor, rising, and bowing very coldly: he was preparing to leave the room.

The lady at a glance saw that she had chilled all the friendly feelings which her benevolent visitor had at first evinced, and had wounded the honest pride of one who had expressed disinterested zeal to serve her; obeying a sudden impulse, she seemed to struggle with inherent timidity, and again gently detaining the doctor, said with energy, "You are offended Sir, and justly—Alas! one so unused to kindness as myself, should value it; but I am most peculiarly, most unfortunately circumstanced. Your benevolent frankness would induce me to confide in you, did I not fear!" She stopped, seemingly overpowered, and tears, long with difficulty restrained, now flowed.

"You shall say nothing, you shall confide nothing, which you might hereafter wish untold," said the doctor, eagerly; "I will not again urge my selfish request: command my services in any way you please. One thing you surely will permit, that I attend you to the cottage. Some arrangement must be made with two women, who have hitherto had the care of it. I had thought you might require their services, and had retained them, but I perceive you are supplied with domestics. Let me despatch a note for my carriage, at least you will give me the pleasure of seeing you comfortably established before I say farewell."

The doctor now wrote a few hasty lines with a pencil on the back of a letter, then, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders, having been purposely prolix, that his interesting companion might have time to recover composure.

"Pauline is my nieces' attendant," said Mrs. Jermyn, "and Sneider is a Swiss, and a married man; he quitted his wife to attend me to Ireland, I fear, however, he cannot remain here long; thus I have again to make my acknowledgements for your considerate attention, but for which I should have found my household rather defective."

Reply was prevented by the entrance of a beautiful girl. "My niece, Miss Mornington—Doctor Elwin. Beatrice," continued Mrs. Jermyn, "where is your sister?"

"She understood we were to remain here to-night mamma, and has been choosing an apartment."

"Choosing an apartment!" repeated Mrs. Jermyn, "in general she is not so fastidious."

"Almost every room in the house has been examined," said Beatrice, laughing; "at last she had fixed on one quite to her fancy, when Pauline came to inform us, that the carriage was ordered; Katheren persisted that Pauline was mistaken, and requested I would enquire of you."

"Pray tell her that Doctor Elwin is here." Beatrice withdrew.

"Really madam," said the doctor, "there is great humanity in the intended seclusion of such loveliness."

"Fanchon, Fanchon," cried a sweet voice on the landing; the door was open, a small French lap dog, bounded across the room, but not more lightly, or more fleetly, than the figure which followed—was it mortal or seraph? The startled doctor had caught but a faint view of the features, for the beautiful vision, intent upon pursuing the little animal, had sprung to the feet of Mrs. Jermyn, whither the dog had flown for refuge, and sinking on her knees to fondle the favourite, a profusion of chesnut ringlets, which hung loosely on her shoulders, had fallen forward, and completely shaded her countenance.

“Katheren,” said Mrs. Jermyn, “you do not see Doctor Elwin.”

Katheren was in a moment on her feet, and shaking back her clustering curls, she bent to the doctor with the grace of a sylph, and the dignity of a princess.

What lurking mischief could the good doctor have discovered in the bewitching countenance now fully displayed, to cause his start and change of color? Medusa's head could not more completely have transfixed him; for the first time in his life, he disregarded a lady's salutation, and permitted her to remain standing in his presence, while he gazed, almost rudely, on her fascinating countenance. The exquisitely set dark hazel eyes that shot their arch and eloquent glances through silken fringes, the delicately formed Grecian nose, the round and dimpled cheek, the small and perfect mouth, whose lips, just parted, showed the ivory teeth, each feature was examined by the doctor with the bewildered gaze, of one who doubts the evidence of that sense he most relies on; but as his scrutiny proceeded, from the face to the figure, he seemed to breathe more freely, and to shake off a waking dream. She was dressed in a riding habit of white kerseymere, which clinging closely to her classic bust, displayed all the beauty of a form just starting into womanhood; one hand held a small hat of pink

silk, ornamented with a profusion of feathers, the other had been half extended towards the doctor, but was permitted gradually to fall, on finding it had remained unattached.

"You are ill Sir," said Mrs. Jermya, in some alarm, while Katheren stood in silent and mortified suspense.

"Pardon me Madam," replied the doctor, "mine was a mental pang, and you would scarcely think it was caused, by viewing such a *fine* as that." He looked again at Katheren. "Young lady, I have been sadly remiss in etiquette, and have, I fear, forfeited all claim to the title of *grand elevateur*, but your resemblance, your striking, marvellous resemblance to —!" He hesitated, then proceeded in a lively strain, "Were I five-and-twenty instead of twice that age, I would kneel to assuage your indignation! but alas were I to humble me —"

"You fear," interrupted Katheren, delighted with his frank, playful manner, "that I would not again extend this slighted hand to exalt you."

"Even so," replied the doctor, "and in good truth, I apprehend that my limbs might prove equally rigid."

"Oh pray make the experiment," cried Katheren. She threw aside her hat, and springing upon a chair, her flexible form, and features, assuming instantaneously an attitude and look of

inspiration, she uttered in oracular tone, "Now mortal kneel and know thy doom."

"Katheren!" exclaimed Mrs. Jermyn, reprovingly.

"Your attitude and language," said the doctor, gazing in admiring wonder on the lovely personation, "are more characteristic of the Pythian priestess than of the Christian saint; I should incur our church's ban, were I to bend before a heathen shrine."

"You are fanciful," said Katheren, "I am now saint now sybil, as my canonization or mystification suits you; let but my spell be potent to enslave I care not—say, wilt thou perform my bidding?"

"Powerful enchantress," said the doctor, in the same tone of mock solemnity, "'I will be correspondent to command, and do my spiriting gently.' What may my all compelling mistress require?"

"I would wander with the nymphs of the wood and the lake," said Katheren, "I would mingle with the spirits of the mountain and the torrent; can you not guide me to their haunts?"

"Willingly, most willingly," said the doctor, "it shall be done, but when?"

"Even at to-morrow's dawn," said Katheren, resuming her wonted tone, and slightly touching the doctor's hand, as she descended from her

tribune, "I am dying to behold the beauties of this place, and had predetermined that you should be my cicerone; we were terribly disappointed at not finding you here on our arrival; mamma was so mortified ——"

"Katheren," exclaimed Mrs. Jermyn, "how you rattle; she is such a child Doctor Elwin——"

"I am almost seventeen Sir," interposed Katheren, playfully pressing her hand to Mrs. Jermyn's lips, "and I promise mamma, that when I am seventeen I will be serious, discreet, rational, like Beatrice, who is twelve entire months my senior; but I was informing you, Sir, of our disappointment at not meeting the cheerful, courteous, friendly Doctor Elwin; the solemn, prosing, methodical Mr. Morris, having informed us that he, Doctor Elwin, would certainly be here to receive us, always, as he Morris observed, with a proviso that the aforesaid Doctor Elwin, had found no just cause for not coming, nor any reasonable or lawful impediment, to taking or hiring the apartments, tenement or habitation, which he, Morris, had entreated, requested, begged and required, the aforesaid Doctor Elwin, to take or hire for us, on this 10th day of April, in the year of our Lord 17——."

The doctor could no longer restrain himself; the tone, action, and expression of Katheren, were so ludicrously characteristic of Morris, that in

despite of his respect for the interesting widow, he laughed aloud.

"Katheren," said Mrs. Jermyn, gravely, "whither will this unbounded vivacity lead you?—You make me tremble.—But where is Beatrice?—she told me you had been choosing an apartment."

"You would not wonder at that mamma, did you but see the cheerless place, overlooking the narrow, noisy street, which that provoking Pauline had selected for me. I visited all the apartments, and had just discovered one exactly to my taste, a nice snug little attic, with a pretty case-ment, and such a peep at my old friend's."

"Were you ever in Killarney before?" interrupted the doctor, rather abruptly.

"Not even in Ireland," answered Katheren, "but the objects which pleased my childish fancy most, were mountains; they have become as it were the panorama of my imagination, are associated with my dearest recollections, and may certainly be considered as old friends.—I could have sprung from the carriage to greet them."

"What an enthusiast," thought the doctor, "with such feelings and such features, were she my child, I should tremble too!"

"Katheren," said Beatrice, entering, "I have been seeking you every where."

"Oh!" cried the laughing girl, "I had forgot-

ten; you had scarcely left me when I was alarmed by hearing Pauline loudly expostulating with some person: followed by Fanchon, I ran down stairs to my rejected apartment, from whence the sounds proceeded.—There stood Madam Pauline, endeavouring, by impossible means, to make her wishes comprehended by a rustic, who stood in gaping wonder; she stamped, screamed, pointed to our luggage rapidly repeating *un, deux, trois, quatre, — un, deux, trois, quatre.*—‘An illigant cratur you are, sure enough,’ said the young man, twitching off his hat and scraping the floor with his foot—‘but your maning’s not clare to my pinitration; isn’t it a crying sin, that they don’t larn them there nate heeled hathens, a small taste of Christian customs?’”

“*Bête!*” ejaculated Pauline, in an agony of impatience, pointing to the packages.

“Bait,” repeated the young man, “why then did ever mortal hear the likes o’ that! we only bait horses in the kingdem o’ Kerry, jewel; who in the warsal world ever heard of baiting a box!”

“What do you want, Pauline?” said I, advancing. A package containing her new cloak was missing.—I explained.—‘He that hides, finds,’ said the accurate youth, deliberately drawing forth a bandbox from under the toilette-table.—‘I seed her stow it away there, while I was consorting your ladyship’s luggage.’ “A dog who had been

hitherto a passive spectator of this scene, now resenting the snarl with which my saucy Fanchon thought proper to greet him, pounced on my poor little pet, but was instantly seized by his master : Fanchon made a precipitate retreat, I followed, and both rushed—I fear rather indecorously—into the presence of Doctor Elwin.”

“What a mimic!” said Beatrice, laughing: Mrs. Jermyn shook her head.

“I recognise an acquaintance in your graphic delineation,” said the Doctor, “the blundering proverb is quite characteristic; Tade unites the congruous callings of boatman, porter, and guide; we shall find him an important assistant in our exploring excursions.”

Doctor Elwin’s carriage was now announced; Mrs. Jermyn’s chariot—or as Pauline had insinuated, the Miss Morningtons’—had been for some time in readiness; Katheren willingly granted the doctor’s request, that she would accompany him, and at the termination of the drive each was completely established in the good opinion of the other.

When the party had viewed and admired the cottage, the doctor ventured to prefer a request, that the Miss Morningtons might be permitted to spend the remainder of the day with his family. Although gratified he could scarcely conceal his surprise at finding that Mrs. Jermyn made not the slightest objection, the mild retiring Beatrice

immediately declined, but Katheren flew up stairs to change her dress, fearing Mrs. Jermyn might recall the permission.

"I wish you would accompany your sister, my dear Beatrice," said Mrs. Jermyn, "she is so young, so volatile."

"Katheren would prefer my remaining with you," said Beatrice, timidly. She left the room.

Mrs. Jermyn looked fondly after her.

"What a sweet countenance!" ejaculated Doctor Elwin, "but her sister is positively the most bewitching creature I ever beheld, I will not say the most beautiful, for I once knew ——" he paused, Mrs. Jermyn looked disappointed, and a silence of some moments ensued, which was interrupted by the entrance of Beatrice and Katheren. —"Who," thought the doctor, "could have imagined ten minutes since, that it were possible for any change of dress to enhance her loveliness—truly I have involved myself in a whimsical dilemma; Ellen will rail at my folly for bringing forward a constellation of charms, which must cast into eclipse the inferior attractions of my own girls.—Come fair lady," he said aloud, looking at his watch, "I must abridge your adieus, Mrs. Elwin is a very punctual person, and our dinner hour is fast approaching; permit me to order my carriage."

Katheren remarked to her sister that Mrs.

Jermyn looked pale, and languid, "I wish," she added, "that I had not felt so anxious to go. Will you, Doctor Elwin, forgive my inconsistency; mamma looks so depressed, may I decline accompanying you?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Jermyn, "you must not thus give way to every impulse; I will send the carriage for you early."

The doctor, who notwithstanding his apprehension of clouds and eclipse, felt panic struck lest he should lose his prize, now seized her hand, and hurried her, half pleased, half regretful, to the carriage; Patrick, with a look full of meaning at the coachman, enforced the necessity of expedition, the wheels rattled, the doctor rattled, and ere they had proceeded many yards, the smile of delight, had chased the gloom of remorse from the sweet face of Katheren.

CHAPTER VI.

Fifty-and-seven round assertions,
 As many downright contradictions,
 Of politics and fierce endemics
 A scantling, mixed—ounce of polemics,
 Scruple of flatt'ry—tun of cookery,
 Two tea spoonsful of novel bookery,
 Three draebins of small talk and flirtation,
 Ad libitum of crimination,
 Form recipe for conversation. —*AVJOURD'HUI.*

MEANTIME the doctor's lady, thankful at having, as she imagined, escaped her 'series of evils,' sat for a short time in all the langour of abated excitement, totally unconscious of the brooding mischief. Emma, from the window, had accidentally caught a glimpse of the travelling chariot, but had not ventured to express, even to Lucy, her vague surmise that it might contain the expected visitants; not, however, receiving a summons from her father, she gave up the idea, and tried to fix her wandering thoughts on Ariosto. Half an hour had thus elapsed when Priscy, with visage even more elongated than usual, entered the apartment—"My mistress want you, Miss Emmar, make haste, she look quite flabbergasted."

"What is the matter Priscilla?" asked Lucy, as Emma flew down stairs.

"Lauk, Miss Lucy, it can't be nothin' ower-powerin', it come in a bit of paper."

Lucy now, in some alarm, followed Emma, and Priscilla followed Lucy; they found Mrs. Elwin in an agony of trepidation, a torn letter in one hand, a glass of water in the other.

"Has any thing happened to my father?" asked Lucy, "pray Emma speak."

"Happened!" repeated Mrs. Elwin, rising from her chair, "yes, a very pretty business indeed has happened, and another will happen."

"For heaven's sake what?" cried Lucy, "Emma will you speak?"

"Speak!" echoed Mrs. Elwin, "how can she speak?—how can I?—how can any one?—I have lost my speech, and shall loose my senses."

Priscy stuck her hands upon her hips and gaped.

"You will not relieve my suspense," said Lucy, to Emma, who stood in the back ground, her countenance wearing most dubious expression.

"Hear it Lucy, hear it!—Those Jermyns are come!—the carriage is sent for!!—and I shall have nineteen at dinner!!!"

When the lady, with proper gradation of pathos, had arrived at what she considered the climax of evil, she threw the paper on the ground, herself

into a chair, and stared alternately at each of her auditors.

"Lauk a daisy me!" ejaculated Priscilla, "here's a purdicament!"

Emma picked up the paper, Lucy looked over her sister and read,—

"MY DEAR ELLEN,—Mrs. Jermyn and her neices are arrived; I despair of being able to induce them to spend the day with us; pray send the carriage immediately."

"Well," muttered Priscy, "this is as bad as marrying the blacksmith's boy, and living upon sparks!"

"Is the carriage gone?" enquired Lucy.

"Gone!" cried Mrs. Elwin, "before I had reflected?—there must be two servants to wait; how can we spare Patrick?"

"How can we spare Patrick?" echoed Priscy.

"There is quite sufficient time for his return before dinner; dear mamma, be persuaded by me." Lucy ordered the carriage.

"These strangers would not have thought of proceeding to the cottage had they consented to dine here," said Emma.

"I had just thought of that Emmar," said Mrs. Elwin. "Pray Priscillar order Patrick to be expeditious."

"Turn a snail-shell into a bee-hive," muttered Priscy, as she left the room.

The guests were nearly all assembled when the carriage returned.—“What a relief!” sighed the lady of the mansion, who for some time had fidgetted on her chair, totally incapable of entertaining her visitors, and frightened lest they should suspect any thing could go amiss in her household. Her eyes were now fixed on the door; it was thrown open, and Doctor Elwin entered, leading a beautiful girl elegantly but simply attired, who walked up the room with an easy grace, which seemed rather to be derived from thorough knowledge of court etiquette, than from overweening confidence, for her cheeks were suffused with blushes, while she returned the salutations and compliments of the doctor’s family with finished elegance.

Mrs. Moreland, her son, Henry Moreland, Mrs. Jefferson, her son and daughter, with a few other less important personages, were successively presented to Miss Mornington. Katheren, who possessed intuitively that discrimination which most people acquire by experience, formed instantaneous estimate of the merits of her new acquaintances, and as quickly did she perceive the precise measure of importance that each was willing to arrogate, or entitled to assume. Bending with careless courtesy to two foppishly dressed young men who jostled each other in their anxiety to present her a chair, she quietly seated herself near

Emma, and seemed totally unconscious of the sensation her appearance had excited.

"'Pon soul, she's exquisite!" whispered for Jefferson to his sister.—"A striking resemblance of the beautiful Marie Antoinette," he continued, turning to the doctor, who was secretly enjoying the triumph of Katheren.

"I thought the queen's eyes were blue, and her hair light," replied the doctor.

"Gad! so I believe they are," responded the other, "curious that I should mistake, who have seen her so often at Versailles; still there is something in the — in the — in the what d'ye call it? you know what I mean."

"Not I, truly," said the doctor, drily.

"Oh! the tournure, the tout ensemble, you would say," cried Miss Jefferson; "I wonder whether her pearls are real, I never saw any so large before."

"We wait for Sir Patrick Moreland and Mr. Karwin," said Mrs. Elwin, looking at her watch.

"Sir Patrick feels too much indisposed to dine with us," said her husband.

Mrs. Elwin was herself again—what a lucky chance! just sixteen after all!

Katheren meanwhile was gaining an admirer, and losing a friend; she had at first entered into conversation with Emma, who, delighted by her

beauty and affability, had turned from her constant attendant, Henry Moreland, and seemed only occupied with her new acquaintance. Whether incited by pique to Emma or admiration of her companion, the youth left his seat near the former, and leaning on the back of her chair, took advantage of a pause in the conversation to introduce a lively and acute remark, which caught the attention and excited the mirth of Katheren, who, pleased by his good humour and vivacity, condescended to converse, nay even to coquette with him, very much to the mortification of Lucy, who felt indignant at his dereliction, and watched, with pitying anxiety the changing looks and downcast air of her sister.

Mr. Karwin was announced. Katheren, who had been too agreeably engaged to observe the entrance of this gentleman, was, in compliance with Hibernian etiquette, called on to exchange with him introductory compliments; turning reluctantly from her lively companion, her eyes rested on a countenance so repulsive, encountered a look so scrutinizing and fixed, that, alarmed and perplexed, she sank on her chair, with the consciousness of having received a very disagreeable impression. Dinner was at this moment announced, and the bewildered Katheren unconsciously accepted an offered arm—her abstraction continued until they reached the dining room, where, casting a timid glance on her conductor,

she started at recognising the same thick projecting brows from beneath which shot that glow-worm gleam of mingled curiosity and cunning which had before appalled her. Eagerly obeying the smiling invitation conveyed in a glance from Doctor Elwin, and abruptly dropping the arm of her silent companion, she hastily placed herself between the doctor and Moreland, equally unobservant of the frown of Lucy, and the deep blush of Emma. "Is that forbidding man," thought Katheren, "really opposite to me, or has he left the same impression on my vision as on my imagination?" She took advantage of a general and rather clamorous conversation to address Henry Moreland in a low voice—"Who is that singular person?" She glanced at Karwin.

"A philosopher, a lawyer, and *homme d'affaires* to the Earl of Dunane; beware of offending him, for the ladies call him cynical."

"You eat nothing, Miss Mornington," said Lucy, sharply.

"Mornington," muttered Karwin.

"Did you speak to me, Sir?" said Katheren, haughtily.

"I would request the honor of taking wine, madam," was the ready reply; their salutations were made in silence, Katheren scarcely deigned to raise her eyes. Assuming an air of unconcern, she resumed her dialogue with Moreland.

Meantime the anxious Mrs. Elwin watched

every lip that tasted of her soups and sauces, hanging fearfully on the sentence which was to establish the degree of Priscy's culinary celebrity; and in justice to the lady we must proclaim that, thanks to superexcellent management, aided by triennial visits to her native country, from whence she always imported a variety of novelties and elegancies till then unknown to her Hibernian friends, the doctor's entertainments, &c. were more characteristic of the present times in Ireland than of those to which our story refers.

"Lucy," said Emma, in a low voice, as the ladies quitted the dining room, "is she not beautiful?"

"The face and form are perfect," answered Lucy, "but—" she hesitated.

"And is she not polished, fascinating, graceful?" enquired Emma.

"She may be so," said Lucy, "but I think her vain, haughty, coquettish and confident; in years she is scarcely more than a child, yet she walked up a room full of strangers, with the ease of an experienced matron; she bowed off our beaux, Cole and Jefferson, with the most provoking nonchalance, and absolutely ran away from Mr. Karwin in her eagerness to place herself near Moreland."

"Karwin is such a sneering, caustic looking creature," remonstrated Emma; "he really examined her features as if he expected to discover that some artificial compound had been used to

form their wondrous beauty. As to Moreland, surely," added the generous girl, "you would not have him insensible."

The asperity of Lucy's judgment was not softened by her sister's pleading. "To say the truth Emma, Henry could hardly escape her; I observed how she ogled and whispered, nay, when Karwin interrupted their conference by asking her to take wine, she bowed so disdainfully, glancing that peculiar look of hers from the corners of those expressive eyes, as if she thought the trouble of lifting her lids too great a condescension."

Emma endeavoured to laugh, but there was something hysterical in the effort—"You are unjust Lucy," said she, "I never thought you ill-natured before."—And prejudice had made Lucy unjust; until that day Moreland had evinced the most decided preference for her sister; he was clever, handsome, good tempered, rich and well born; Emma loved him, and Lucy, who had hitherto been indifferent to the arrival of the strangers, now found herself suddenly roused to subvert, what she deemed the artifices of Katheren.

Meantime the fair object of these criticisms was looking over a portfolio and conversing with Mrs. Elwin, who had regarded her more complacently ever since she had discovered that but for the arrival of these "unlucky Jermyns" there would have been a hiatus at her dinner-table; and could she

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Katheren, puzzled by the speech, and the affirmation it contained, was silent.

"Pray Miss Mornington," continued this oblivious young lady, "do you sing and play and draw and speak French and Italian?"

"Really," answered Katheren, laughing, "you must give me time to consider before I reply to so very comprehensive a question.—Now I think I may say, yes."

"How very honest," thought Lucy.

"Do you understand Latin?" enquired Mrs. Elwin fearfully, "Lucy reads Tacitus!"

Patrick entering with the tea, interrupted the catechism, "How fortunate!" thought Katheren,

"they might have proceeded to Arabic, Persian and Hindostanee."

"You have been in France Miss Mornington?" said Mrs. Elwin, sipping her tea. Katheren bowed. "How can they contrive to cook with wood fires? it must be monstrous inconvenient; pray did you observe the process?"

"France," exclaimed Miss Jefferson, "have you seen Versailles? Bob was there every day for a week."

The entrance of Bob proved a second relief to Katheren. "Pray pardon," said the fop, ambling on tiptoe towards her, "may I be permitted to presume to examine those precious gems?" He lifted a superb string of pearls which, suspending a small locket, fell below the waist of Katheren—"how unique! how *magnifique*!"

"How extatique," said Mr. Karwin, entering. "Or lose a heart or necklace—to a bore."

"'Pon soul! Karwin, that's good, very good," said Jefferson, still dangling Katheren's chain; "brings to my mind the diamond necklace which made such a rumpus when I was at Versailles; an odd affair: that Cardinal will be dished," he added with a knowing nod; "a very odd affair; puzzled me."

"Impossible," cried Karwin, "I am incredulous."

"Sir, permit me," said Katheren, quietly dis-

engaging her chain from the fop's fingers, and removing to the other side of Mrs. Elwin.

"How excessively arrogant," said Lucy to Emma.

"Nay," observed the latter, "I could not have borne his impertinence so long."

"That young man may give you a very tolerable idea of the brogue Miss Mornington," whispered Mrs. Elwin; "really gentlemen," she said aloud, "your early attendance is extremely flattering."

"I," said Karwin, "am, as you know, at present a Pythagorean by compulsion, and Jefferson piques himself on doing as they do in France." He walked towards the table at which Mrs. Elwin was sitting, and placed himself opposite to Katheren, who, perceiving his approach, occupied herself assiduously with the portfolio: still she felt painfully conscious of having again fixed this man's searching observation. Provoked at such persevering rudeness, she hastily arose, and took a seat near Emma.

Doctor Elwin, who had made it a rule never, even in his own house, to conform to the then, too prevailing, taste for jovial excesses, now entered—"I have left a most convivial party," said he, seating himself near Katheren, "to the care of my deputy, Henry Moreland."

"What extraordinary likenesses," said Karwin,

drawing near the doctor's group, "do we sometimes meet, to persons who, but for such adventitious circumstance, might have entirely faded from remembrance, and yet, thus recalled, stand out in mental relief; my mind's eye now shadows forth a form unseen for years."

"We often," said the doctor, hastily, "see striking resemblances where no tie of kindred exists, while those of the same family are as often totally dissimilar; Lucy and Emma, for instance, differ entirely, not only in feature, but in the expression and character of their countenances."

"And who could discover by mere observation of person," said Katheren to Doctor Elwin, "that I was the sister of Beatrice?"

"Beatrice!" muttered Karwin, in a tone so suppressed that it only reached the excited ear of Katheren.

"Do you find any thing singular in my sister's name, Sir?" said she, gravely.

"Mr. Karwin, Mr. Karwin," cried Mrs. Elwin, "I have no idear of your remaining idle; I want you to make up my Cassinor table, I cannot excuse you—indeed I cannot," she repeated, finding he was inclined to resist.

"At last I am freed from that disagreeable being," murmured Katheren.

"Mrs. Jermyn is your aunt, is she not?" said the doctor, "you call her mother."

"I never knew any other," answered Katheren, mournfully.

Emma, who had overheard the question and reply, testified her sympathy by a kind pressure, and the grateful Katheren was about to address her, when she felt the hand that lay on her's tremble, and looking up, perceived young Moreland advancing towards them.

"Now," said Doctor Elwin, "I will resign my place to escape Moreland's indignation." Lucy also arose, and taking her father's arm, left a seat next her sister unoccupied. The young man hesitated; at length taking the doctor's chair he said, laughing, "Thus am I compensated for a penance never felt so painful as to-day; at last Cole relieved me,—do pray doctor appoint him your deputy in future."

During this speech Lucy watched, with intense interest, the variations of her sister's expressive countenance, and anxious to remove her from so trying a position, said quickly, "Emma will you sing?"

Emma, inwardly blessing the seasonable request, walked hastily to the instrument, but not before the keen eye of Katheren had penetrated the secret of her attachment, and the cause of her dejection—she turned to Moreland, and said, in an under tone, "I never saw a more prepossessing countenance than Miss Elwin's."

"She is too pale, too pensive, and too learned to please me," he replied.

"Pale and pensive!" exclaimed Katheren, "are you serious, where could you find a more blooming, dimpled face?"

"Oh! you speak of Emma, of Miss Emma Elwin," interrupted Moreland, colouring.

"Emmar," cried Mrs. Elwin, "pray give us 'Savourner Deelish;' I know you prefer Italian, but Mr. Moreland says *that* is your forte. I take them every third year to England, Miss Mornington, for instruction; one really cannot get one's daughters properly taught here—as to Italian singing, the Irish know nothing about it."

Mrs. Jefferson bit her lip; Miss smiled contemptuously.

"Forgive me Ellen," said the doctor, "the finest singer I ever heard, even of Italian, was an Irish woman."

"You allude to Lady Mary St. Elmour," said Karwin, turning to gaze on Katheren; "yet she was far surpassed by her sister."

"Emma," said the doctor impatiently, "you are unusually dilatory."

"What a pleasing voice," said Katheren, when the song was finished, "how soft, and harmonious!" The plaudits of others of the party were louder, though not perhaps so sincere.

Moreland now addressed Katheren with an

observation on the wildness and pathos of Irish music: Bob sidled towards them, and seating himself next Katheren cried—"Confounded nonsense it must seem to you, Miss Mornington, who have been in France, to hear this one and that one jabber about Irish music; to me," he continued, assuming an air of grotesque importance, "'tis the most jingling stuff imaginable, I'd just as lief listen to a Dutchman's hurdy gurdy. Nothing thought of by connoisseurs nowadays but Gluck and Piccini; Mozart even goes to the roundabout. When I was at Versailles——"

"You were at Versailles," interrupted Karwin, closing the period.

"Really Sir," said the indignant Robert, "I do not understand being cut short in this manner."

"Nor do I," replied Karwin, deliberately arranging his cards, "ask nature why she so cruelly curtailed you."

"Of what Sir?" demanded Bob.

"Of half your height,

"Of all your wits, two thirds of sight."

"Sight!" cried the astonished Bob, displaying the full dimensions of his wall-eyes, "that's a devilish good one, tell me I can't see." He stared at each of the party with an expression of the most piteous dismay.

"Then why are you always blinking through that pigmy telescope?" asked Karwin.

"Telescope!" repeated Bob, "call one of Boshmer's crack opera glasses a telescope!"

"This sparring may be very amusing to the combatants," observed Doctor Elwin, "but really we should prefer a little more music;—Miss Mornington I need not enquire whether you can sing."

Katheren, though with slight embarrassment, declined: she had not touched harp or piano since she left Switzerland.

"I mean to purchase a pianor when next I go to England," said Mrs. Elwin; "harpsichords are getting quite out."

Moreland ventured an humble remonstrance against Katheren's decision, but she was inflexible; at some future time she would comply with Doctor Elwin's request.

"Do not be deterred by Emmar's proficiency," said Mrs. Elwin, "we can make allowanees for beginners."

"Dear mamma," said Emma, in painful confusion, "you lessen Miss Mornington by any comparison with me."

"Goodness, child," ejaculated Mrs. Elwin, "you forget that Cimarosar vowed you were one of his best pupils,—sing that beautiful thing from 'La Vendettar.'"

"When shall we commence our researches Miss Mornington?" asked Doctor Elwin, when

his daughter had finished her song; "I do not mean you should forget the flattering distinction you had 'predetermined' to bestow."

"Ah!" said Katheren, "that was before I heard your character."

"And who has deprived me of your esteem, by portraying that?" said he, smiling at the semblance of severity forced into the youthful countenance."

"Mr. Moreland—he dissuaded me from associating with a person so morose, unforgiving, and uncharitable. Seriously Sir, I was not aware of the value of that time I would have, so inconsiderately, appropriated; Mr. Moreland, by enumerating your professional duties and benevolent pursuits—"

"Has completely outwitted me," interrupted the doctor, "positively turned me out of office, incited by the very disinterested motive of getting himself installed—a young hypocrite!"

"Doctor Elwin," said Katheren, with great gravity, "you do not suspect that to accept the escort of Mr. Moreland I decline yours?"

"Indeed I do not, but if I could convince you that our arrangements cannot interfere with the avocations of which Harry has given such an exaggerated detail,—nay should I also prove that you, fair lady, will be the suffering party."

"Impossible!"

"Will you say thus, when I inform you that, sometimes, you will be doomed to solitary confinement in a carriage, while your superannuated beau visits his patients, several of whom live near those very spots to which I should most wish to direct your attention? My daughters would be glad to accompany us, but I am sometimes obliged to commence my tour very early, and Mrs. Elwin ——"

Katheren eagerly interrupted him; she would by no means interfere with domestic arrangements, she could take a book whenever Beatrice was not of their party.

"To-morrow, at nine, then," said Doctor Elwin, "we commence our rambles; a boat shall be ordered to the Peninsula; we can walk to Mucruss, embark there, and view the beauties of Lough Lein."

The announcement of Miss Mornington's carriage prevented further discussion. Moreland rose to offer Katheren his escort, but, smilingly including him in her farewell, she took Doctor Elwin's arm. The less interesting guests soon after departed. Emma, pale and spiritless, was about to retire.

"Have you and Moreland quarrelled, Emma?" said her father, "he complained to me of your whimsical reserve."

Oh! the intricacies of the human heart! Emma

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folded over her bosom and the corners, falling below her waist, were covered by a linen apron of spotless purity. A string of red caddis, suspending a bunch of keys, hung from her girdle; blue worsted stockings, and high heeled shoes, with large bright buckles, completed the costume of this prim, respectable matron. The younger but far less interesting female, formed ludicrous contrast to her companion; her figure was squat, her head uncovered, her hair seemed never to have been annoyed by the intrusion of a comb, her tawdry cotton gown was torn and dirty, her soiled handkerchief scarcely covered her swarthy neck, her splay feet were bare and blotched, one hand held her clumsy brogues, the other her worsted stockings.

"It don't matter argufyin', aunt Chusy," cried this second Maritornes, "the shoes shall go the long run, aye, an' the stockings too, afore I'll blister my heels and spoil my go wid such cummersum things; all very well of Sunday, aunt, or even fair day, but ——"

"Judy, Judy," interrupted aunt Susan, "you must go back to Dingle."

"Willin' an' welcome," cried Judy, good humouredly; "'twas all very well as long as we were alone wid ourselves, snug and cosy, but now that trollipin' French madam wants to fling out her frog's claws to mend me, I'd as lief go back,

for I'm mortal feared I'd larn her manners; sore grief 'twould be, to ape the likes of her, any how, wid her silken hose, an' brawdry shoes, perking herself up like a popingy, an' plaiting her ruffles with her steel poking pin; the minute I got quits of her, off went the gyves, an' now I'm as light as a leaf; just look aunt Chusy, I'll go bail Madam Frog can't jig it like this." She threw down her shoon and hose, snapped the fingers of one hand, put the other a kimbo, whistled Jig Malowny, and set off beating alternately heel and toe, in exact measure, and with most marvellous agility.

"Judy, Judy," remonstrated aunt Susan, "the ladies may see you;" but Judy was deaf to the warning voice, her glee was at its height, she performed a pirouette, snapped the fingers of both hands, changed 'Malowny' for 'The fox hunter,' and proceeded in her planxty, wheeling round in sundry circles, and going through all the evolutions of her national dance, with the most extraordinary strength of muscle, setting fatigue and sharp pebbles at defiance, when, just as she was performing 'Turn you rogue and kiss me,' Katheren advanced.

Judy made a sudden stop; her limbs seemed rigid as those of her aged relative; the grin of hilarity was succeeded by the wild stare of wonder—"Aunt Chusy, aunt Chusy," she whispered, "'tis the tother of the two, but twice the

purtier." Aunt Susan's look of admiration, was tempered by profound respect; she dropped a lowly curtsy.

"Pray my lady, forgive—"

"Well," interrupted the still staring Judith, "was ever such a purty cratur seen afore on the face of the living earth? I'll go bail she's dizened wid no crinkum crankums, nor brawdery shoes, at eight o'clock of a morning."

"Judith," said Katheren, "you must obey your aunt; will you promise to do so my good girl."

"Spake it again, only spake it again, and Jude will wear the shackles or spaucel herself wid a sugawn—for 'tis all the same—but I'll do anything at your biddin."

"She's an ignorant, but an honest hearted girl, my lady," said Mrs. Susan; "she means no harm, pray excuse her."

"To be sure she will, aunt Chusy; she knows better than to expect bean stalks from burdock, she don't go a skrigglin her shoulders and buzzing about like a dragon fly: 'tis her manners I'd like to larn."

"Then you must begin," said Katheren, "by learning neatness. You will provide every thing for her, Mrs. Susan, and if she become obedient and cleanly ——"

"Then you'll spake to me again won't you?" interrupted Judy.

“Yes, yes,” said Katheren, “good morning, good morning.” She flew towards the house.

“God bless your sweet face!” ejaculated Susan.

“May ye never die!” cried the fascinated Judy.

Mrs. Jermyn and Beatrice were at breakfast when Katheren entered. She briefly recapitulated her morning’s rencontre, and then dilated most eloquently on the promised pleasures of her intended excursion, rapturously extolling the good doctor, and concluding by reminding her sister of the hour—“Half-past eight, and nine is the appointed time Beatrice.”

“But you have not yet described your adventures of yesterday,” said Beatrice, “how do you like the doctor’s family?”

“Mrs. Elwin,” said Katheren, seating herself, “is a woman of very commonplace cleverness, quite a domestic politician; she expatiated elaborately on the accomplishments and erudition of her daughters, but professed the most liberal indulgence for the ignorance and deficiencies of the less gifted, or less fortunate, who have not had the advantages of Lucy and *Emmar*, very considerably encouraging me to sing, by premising that she always made allowance for beginners.”

“Beginners!” repeated Beatrice, in astonishment, “You!—did you sing?”

“No—I refused.”

"Was not that very ungracious my love?" said Mrs. Jermy.

"I had my reasons," replied Katherine, in some confusion, "but let me proceed with my sketches; Miss Elwin is very pale, very pretty, but silent and reserved, whether from pride or pedantry. I know not; her mother took care to inform us that she was studying Tacitus; blue stockings are, generally speaking, like mountains, lofty, sublime and misty."

"You are satirical, Katherine."

"Perhaps so mamma, for I do not like her; she scarcely vouchsafed to address me, unless to make some remark which savoured more of asperity than politeness, and her looks, which I sometimes caught fixed on me, were harsh and sarcastic."

"And her sister?" enquired Beatrice.

"Oh! Emma and her father are equally delightful."

"And the remainder of the party?" said Mrs. Jermy.

Every day sort of people mamma—no ideas, save of nothings—I dare say would not for the world overstep the narrow boundaries to which they have condemned themselves; would stare and wonder at a flight of imagination, or a sally of wit, and pass unqualified censure on any one who might choose to wander beyond the limits of their fastidious observance."

Mrs. Jermyn looked serious—Beatrice laughed,
“But were there no diversities Katheren?”

“Oh yes; there were a fop and a philosopher; the former having been lately in Paris, insisted that the excellence of everything depended on its approximation to what is French, and made ‘when I was at Versailles’ the proem or peroration to his vulgar verbiage.”

“And the philosopher?” enquired Beatrice.

“He professed himself a Pythagorean, and I suppose it was to preserve consistency that when he asked me to take wine, he filled his glass with water.—His name is Karwin, and ——”

“Karwin!” exclaimed Mrs. Jermyn, thoughtfully, “surely I have heard that name before.”

“A most repelling, disagreeable creature,” cried Katheren; “a lawyer too.”

“Then it cannot be the same person,” said Mrs. Jermyn.

“He examined my features even rudely, and during the whole evening made me the object of his impertinent scrutiny: I accidentally pronounced my sister’s name, the man repeated it as if it contained a spell to transform: he, at least, could never become more hideous.”

Mrs. Jermyn’s thoughtfulness increased. “You do not expect Mrs. or the Miss Elwin’s this morning Katheren?” said Beatrice, in a whisper.

“Oh no, Doctor Elwin insinuated that his

daughters' mornings were devoted to their mother, and Mrs. Elwin declared that she was quite sick of the lakes."

"Then my aunt may be induced to accompany us," thought Beatrice.

"Hark! the carriage," cried Katheren, rising hastily. Sneider announced Doctor Elwin. He was received as a valued friend by Mrs. Jermyn and Beatrice, while Katheren's greetings were so affectionate and joyful, that the doctor bade her beware, lest her flattery should bewitch an old man.

"Katheren does not flatter you, Doctor Elwin," said Beatrice, "she feels all she professes."

"Will she give me a cup of tea? for I have come a quarter of an hour before my time, with the expectation that Miss Katheren Mornington would invite me to breakfast."

"Now," said Katheren, "I forgive your former very rude speech." She amused him during breakfast, by describing the indignation of Pauline, and her own interview with the 'Savages.'

"In truth," said the doctor, when she had concluded, "my friend Morris, was not sufficiently explanatory in matters which are certainly of consequence to domestic comfort. I retained Susan and her niece for as long a time only as they might be agreeable to Mrs. Jermyn; the

former is a most respectable person, and has seen better days; she is the daughter of a tradesman; but degraded herself by marrying a man of bad character, an innkeeper at Dingle, who abandoned her. I knew her to be a worthy creature, and through my interest she became housekeeper in the family of the Earl of Dunane."—Mrs. Jermyn started.—"There," continued the doctor, "she conducted herself with singular uprightness, but nevertheless incurred the Earl's displeasure, by evading commands, which she thought arbitrary and unjust; she was forbidden to relieve an unfortunate and destitute sister, disobeyed, and was dismissed. The proprietor of this cottage, knowing her integrity, permitted her to reside here, and she has hitherto been retained by the different occupants, but Emma informs me that she has lately received an orphan niece of her worthless husband; this girl is, I understand, uncouth, wild, ignorant, and such a contemner of neatness, or even cleanliness, that poor Susan begins to despair of reforming her; thus, she cannot remain here, but we will endeavour to procure for her a situation more suited to her habits."

"No, no," interrupted Katheren, "she is my protégée, I promised this morning to provide for her, if she would become manageable, obey her aunt, and wear shoes and stockings."

"You are sanguine young lady; Emma tells

me she is incorrigible; your foreign domestics will never consent to such a coalition."

"That is of no consequence as far as Pauline is concerned; I shall dismiss her certainly; Beatrice I need not consult, for she would never permit her attendance."

"But Katheren," said Mrs. Jermyn, "you cannot cast this girl from your protection, in a country of which she knows not even the language."

"Oh no mamma, I mean, that she should return with Sneider to the Continent."

"The story of Susan interests me," said Mrs. Jermyn; "there is an undesigning courtesousness in her manner, a simple, unostentatious piety in her language, which wins reliance; the neatness of every thing in the cottage, speaks for the excellence of her habits."

The sisters rose to prepare for their excursion; Beatrice lingered in the room, looking anxiously at Mrs. Jermyn, scarcely daring to prefer her request, while Katheren after a minute's absence returned fully equipped, followed by Fanchon.— "And now," she cried, "there is but one thing wanting to make me completely happy." She looked at her aunt.

"Mrs. Jermyn will wait for a more enlivening party," said the wily doctor, "we are not likely to meet any one to-day, for I have heard of no

aquatic arrangements, nor had any boat been hired, but that which I bespoke."

Mrs. Jermyn smiled, her countenance betrayed that she understood the kind suggestion.

"I would prove the injustice of such an assertion, Doctor Elwin, if ——"

"If we will permit you," he rejoined.

Katheren waited for no more; she flew for the close bonnet and long cloak with which Mrs. Jermyn was accustomed to conceal her lovely face and figure.

When the party arrived at the Peninsula of Múcruss, they found the boat moored in one of the small and beautiful bays, which indent the shores of this enchanting spot. The rowers started to their oars, and Katheren, closely pursued by her four-footed follower, was the first to step into the boat; a large dog crouched near the steersman, greeted the little foreigner with a surly growl.—"Down Donny, down my prince," said the man, "down!" he reiterated, perceiving that the prince was preparing to offer still more serious opposition, "quiet or I'll shy you overboard."—Fanchon, hanging her ears, and dropping her tail, slunk whining to her mistress for protection, but the changing color, and the sudden retreat of Katheren towards Doctor Elwin, proved that she also was intimidated by the prince's menacing aspect.

"Has his highness thrown off allegiance to his master, Tade?" said Doctor Elwin.

"I'll give him a cooler your honor, if he don't brush up his manners," answered our old acquaintance, "ye may bark, but ye can't bite ye old fool; for showing your teeth ye'd be would ye, after loosing um all these three years?—Take heart miss, Don's 'cute enough to know you're Briton born, he'd die in your defence; but that woolly foreign weazle don't shute him."

"What a noble looking creature," said Katheren, patting the prince's head, ashamed of the weakness she had betrayed.

Don, grateful for the notice, extended his neck to court the gentle pressure, and now in all the dignity of majesty, with looks of haughty indifference, he permitted the approach of the trembling favourite, who sidleing and cowering advanced, and winding itself up into the smallest possible compass, at the feet of Katheren, cast at the prince a glance so timid and imploring, that this latter, conciliated by such humility, laid aside his sternness, and deigned to respond with looks of patronage and protection.

The boat meantime glided over the lucid lake. Woods, rocks, mountains, seemed inverted in the shining mirror, which, unruffled by a breeze, presented in unbroken beauty the mimic panorama. Mrs. Jermyu in softened sadness enjoyed the

scene, Beatrice in silent delight, while Katheren expressed her satisfaction with all the energy of buoyant youth, and fervent feeling.—“How enchanting!” she cried, glancing rapidly round, as if fearful of losing a single feature of the lovely landscape, “I could live here for ever.”

“For ever!” said Beatrice, smiling, “I remember you wished for quite as protracted an existence, at Como, Constance, Maggiore; nay a hundred other attractive spots have been complimented by you, with equal moderation.”

“Beatrice would insinuate, Doctor Elwin, that I am an enthusiast.”

“Only a little Irish,” said the doctor; “nay, sometimes I fancy that in those clear blue veins, I can discern our quick Hibernian blood.”

He became thoughtful, and Mrs. Jermyn troubled; wishing to break the silence she spoke, “Lake scenery, independently of its intrinsic beauty, has for me powerful attraction; I was born at Geneva.”

“At Geneva,” repeated Doctor Elwin, “then alas! to you our scenery, by comparison, must fail in sublimity.”

“It is true,” replied Mrs. Jermyn, “these mountains are but dwarfs, to the giant guardians of the Rhone, yet ——”

“Dwarfs,” interrupted the astounded and offended Tade, “is it themselves your ladyship’s

honor calls dwarfs?" pointing to the Tomies and Glens;—"little mannikins Jerry, her ladyship's honor manes,"—looking aghast at one of the boatmen,—“to be sure the Reeks an' Mangerton bates them to bee hives, but dwarfs ! dwarfs indeed !”

“Had you permitted the lady to finish,” cried Doctor Elwin, “you would perhaps have found that she did not mean to lessen your native mountains Tade.”

“No indeed, my good friend;” said Mrs. Jewmyn, “for in all my wanderings I never beheld a scene more exquisitely lovely than this.”

“But ye have seen nothin’ yet, your ladyship’s honor,” cried Tade proudly, “wait a bit, only wait.”

The doctor, perceiving that Katheren was highly amused by the local vanity of this patriotic Palinurus, observed slyly, “Still we cannot compare our diminutive Loch to the magnificent lake of Geneva, with its ancient city and splendid palaces.”

“There’s for you,” cried the angry pilot, “that bee is but a buzzer that won’t honey his own hive. I ax your honor’s pardon, Doctor Elwin.”

“But Tade,” said the provoking doctor, “you know we cannot pretend to palaces.”

“I purtend nothin’ Sir—no ’casion for purtending; if we haven’t ’um above ground, we have ’um under water, that’s the same, only better.”

“Palaces under the lake, Tade,” said Katheren, with well assumed wonder.

"Sure as you're there Miss, wid gardens, an' groves, an' woods, an' threes, an' skies, an' forests, an'——"

"Mountains!" added Katheren, perceiving that he hesitated.

"No, no," said Tade, "never a mountain, all as flat as a pancake; so the prince comes aleft now and then, wid his court for a frolic, to take a shough of the mountain air an' a swig of the punch bowl."

"What prince?"

"O'Donaghue Miss, once prince of all the bad people round about an' above this lake, now king over all the good people below it."

"And the punch bowl?"

"That's at the top of old Mangerton yonder Miss; the morning afore the frolic, the bowl is full up to the brim, might float a seventy-four; the day after a frog would die of the drouth in it—clane swallowed every drop."

"Water, Tade?" said the doctor.

"Mixed wid plenty o' Parliament, your Honor; only the meetin o' the cratars," he laughed immoderately at his own wit, then resumed in a reproachful tone, "'tis a crying sin to disparage one's country Doctor Elwin, better not spake at all, than spake small—long before Squire Moreland would belie us so, he'd read the ladies another version."

"You see Miss Mornington what you have lost by rejecting the attendance of your more youthful admirer."

"Admirer!" repeated Mrs. Jermyn.

"Katheren," said Beatrice archly, "I do not remember, that Mr. Moreland was touched off among your sketches."

"What?" said Doctor Elwin, "Henry Moreland not mentioned by Miss Mornington—next to myself her most devoted servitor."

Katheren patted the prince to conceal her confusion—she was angry with Doctor Elwin, angry with Beatrice, but most angry with herself, for looking silly.

Doctor Elwin, perceiving her vexation, resumed his attack on Tade. "You talk of my disparaging the lakes, but you disparage the sovereign; you call your dog after him."

"No Doctor Elwin, Sir, I call the cratur Don or Donoghue for remimbrance, but I never call him O'Donoghue: he's nigh the last of his breed, an' the last of his days too, poor thing—you'll soon die Donny asthore! an' God knows there's many a death wo'n't give so sore a heart scald!" Tade wiped his eyes: the noble animal looked piteously in his master's face.—"As 'cute as a Christian, your Honor, an' quite pinitrating—he sees what I say—my poor ould faithful comrade." Tade's simple eulogy excited greater sympathy

than would have been elicited by more elaborate eloquence.

The boat now coasting round the northern extremity of Ross Island, at that time shaded with majestic oaks and yew trees, leaving the lovely Innisfallen on the left, drew near the ancient castle of O'Donoghue Ross, and shot into the little bay; the party disembarked in order to view the castle, which was then unoccupied, save by a gray-haired warder.

Mrs. Jermyn and Beatrice entered the building adjoining, and seated themselves near a window at the upper end of the apartment, contented with admiring the crystal lake, gemmed with emerald isles. But Katheren was urgent to ascend to the battlements, and Doctor Elwin consented to gratify her whim, even though he should incur, he said, "the disgrace of being compelled to solicit her assistance in the escalade."—Although wearied by climbing the steep and narrow stairs, Katheren nevertheless scrambled through the broken roof, but finding it hazardous to proceed in circling it, she seated herself upon a rafter, protected by the parapet, while the doctor, who remained in the upper chamber, parried her bantering entreaties that he would take courage and follow, by protesting his head was too vertiginous to bear such dizzy elevation, and earnestly enforced the necessity of precaution.

Her rejoinder was interrupted by a rumbling noise on her right, as of falling bricks and mortar, which made her turn hastily round; she perceived a man, cautiously treading the decaying roof, and advancing towards her: although within a few paces, he had not observed her, had not indeed raised his fixed but fearless gaze from the precarious footing. Katheren watched his progress with an almost sickening sensation of terror and anxiety; the broken parapet in some places afforded scarcely sufficient fence to screen him from a fearful and precipitous fall, and he now stood unprotected, save by a few remaining fragments of the mouldering brickwork. The adventurer was about to place his foot on a naked rafter, which Katheren had found insufficient to support even her slight form;—was it possible it could sustain the athletic figure before her? her strained eyes were fixed on the foot of the hesitating stranger; a warning word might prove his destruction, a start might hurl him from the horrid height. The foot was now advanced, now withdrawn; again he cautiously tried the doubtful support which Katheren feared would eventually be trusted and betray. Her prompt perception suggested the safest method of arresting him; she hastily detached some pieces of rubbish; with rattling sound they fell—the stranger paused and raised his

head—Lychas metamorphosed into rock seemed not more immovable.

“You would do well to retrace your steps Sir, there is danger this way; I have proved it.”

“Danger,” repeated the stranger, still gazing upon Katheren, “where?”

“Did you speak Miss Mornington,” cried Doctor Elwin, “I am ready to assist your descent; what will Mrs. Jermyn say to my thus committing you to your indiscretion.”

“I come, Doctor Elwin, I come,” answered Katheren. She turned to the stranger, who seemed suddenly roused to consciousness, “Be warned Sir, and return the way you came.”

“We are taken by surprise,” said Doctor Elwin, “the besiegers are advancing—quick ere we suffer a blockade.” He led her to a loophole, from which she descried a large party approaching the narrow causeway that connects Ross Island with the main land; amongst them Mrs. Elwin, her daughters, and Moreland. “Only fancy, I accidentally mentioned our plans for the day to that young designer, and behold here he comes to profit by my indiscreet communication! I foresee my deposition, and think I had better make a virtue of necessity, and retire with dignity.”

Katheren hurriedly drew her companion down the winding staircase, exclaiming, “My aunt will

be distressed at finding herself in the midst of strangers; we must save her this mortification."

"One moment Miss Mornington till I recover my breath; you forget the number of years between fifty and sixteen; I am averse as you can be, to subject Mrs. Jermyn to intrusion,—but will it not appear extraordinary?"

"No, no," interrupted Katheren, still compelling his almost breathless descent, "I can return with my aunt, who is already fatigued, Beatrice will remain with you, she wishes to be introduced to your family, the boat shall be sent back from the Peninsula, be speedy, pray be speedy and let us escape."

They had now reached the bottom of the stairs, much to the relief of the panting doctor, who led his fair charge along the back of the building to a small door-way. Katheren sought her aunt and communicated the approach of the party with her own arrangements for avoiding them. Mrs. Jermyn hastily arose, and joined Doctor Elwin at the wharf. Beatrice would have remonstrated on being compelled to remain behind, but she perceived that her sister had some secret motive for shunning her new acquaintances, and saw it was a point not to be debated. As the doctor handed Katheren into the boat he whispered, "This is just punishment on that knave Harry Moreland, and I should rejoice were he the only sufferer."

"Next time," cried Katheren laughing, "you will keep counsel."

"I leave you under good protection," rejoined her friend, "for not to mention Tade, who will attend you to the cottage, there is Jerry Sweeney, brother to your polished protégée Jude, who vows he will stand by you till the day of his 'resurrection.'"

The boat now pushed off, and the doctor, placing the arm of Beatrice within his, walked to meet his family, who had indeed been induced by Moreland's representations, to give the new settlers, what they termed, an agreeable surprise. They had been joined by Karwin and other stragglers on their way from the town, and altogether formed a large and very lively party.

CHAPTER VIII.

The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
CONGREGUE.

Here rests his head upon a lap of earth.—ELEGY.

THE occurrences of the last few minutes had been to Katheren so hurried and unforeseen, as for a time to banish all thoughts of her strange rencontre on the battlements, and she now vainly strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the person whom she had left so abruptly—"He has taken my advice, and is in the castle ere this," thought she—"what a face!" again she sent a searching glance towards the lofty ruin.

"My dear Katheren," said Mrs. Jermyn, "what are you thinking of? Do you regret the pleasure so voluntarily abandoned?"

Katheren explained the cause of her abstraction, and painted so vividly the adventurer's danger and her own terror, that Mrs. Jermyn became interested, while the men for a moment rested on

their oars, and gazed from the fair narrator to the castle (now fading from their sight) as if they expected to see O'Donoghue bestriding Coppul Bawn upon the battlements.

"But Katheren, you have not described this person."

"Describe him!" replied Katheren, "I fear it is equally impossible to describe as to forget him."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Jermyn, somewhat surprised.

Katheren resumed, "His figure was noble and commanding, his air and dress bespoke the gentleman, his tread, though cautious, was fearless; the fall even of part of the protecting parapet, did not seem to shake his steady nerve, as he paused a few paces from me and with folded arms appeared to consider the practicability of winning his way across the decaying rafters; there was something so grand in his deportment that I thought him a fitting model for sculpture."

"'Twas O'Donoghue," said Tade, "taking a bird's eye view of his old premises."

"He raised his head—gracious heaven, what a countenance! dark, scornful, scarred; a large brilliant eye seemed to repel with proud defiance the gaze of wonder or of pity, while the cheek, ghastly, emaciated and hollow, told a tale which that eye vainly tried to contradict."

"'Twas the Dunnuss," cried Jerry, "pray Miss, may I be so bold to ax, did he look through two eyes?"

"Hold your tongue," said Tade, who, during the latter part of Katheren's description, had seemed perplexed and thoughtful.

"No," replied Katheren, "he had but one."

"By ——, I ax pardon for swearin', but 'twas the Dunnuss."

"The what?" asked Katheren.

"The Dunnuss, Miss; bad luck; the very moral o' the thing come athurt Tade an' I now seven year come August; we served him and he paid us our earnings in bright goold; Tade foretould 'twould never come to good—true for him—I got drunk an' lost my place an' Tade ——"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" interrupted Tade angrily.

"No 'casion for quarrellin' Tade, but you know you never had the same natur since, and the old woman ——"

"Will you stop pesterin' the ladies?" exclaimed Tade, "don't fault the mate you're not to ate; 'tis no consarn of yours."

"Well," replied the other good humouredly, "I may spake of my own consarns I'm thinkin'; so I lost my place Miss, a drivin' o' shays, an' but for aunt Chusy, who stood by me an' put me on

this callin', 'twould have gone hard enough; not that I ever took to the oar as I took to the bastes; I had a frin'ship for them, poor garrans."

"But what became of the person who caused this disgrace?" enquired Katheren.

"Is it what came of him; faix Miss, he never came at all! he whiskt off in a ——"

The boat now touched the shore, and Tade, recommending the loquacious Jerry to stop 'jawing,' and row away for the doctor, assisted the ladies to land. Jerry however was determined on having the last word, for as Tade with Donny and Fanchon (now firm friends) followed Mrs. Jermyn and Katheren, he vociferated—"Why then you know very well Tade my jewel, you often said the day you see that ogre, was the dismalest day, you ever see." Tade quickened his steps, and Katheren, perceiving it would be useless to seek further information, dropped the subject.

"Would you be feared to see the Abbey Miss," asked Tade.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of the skulls and bones and coffins Miss."—Katheren laughed.—"You have a brave heart then, for they fright myself sometimes, and wonst I remember," he continued leading the way, "'twas on the 'casion of a berrin' this time three year, I come hither with poor Miss St. Elmour—who ever since the family misfortins has a great

hankerin' for melancholic sights, so she thought to see the sorrowful purcession, and hear the keeners, and trate herself to a hearty cry over the tomb of her mother's brother's son."

"Her cousin you mean," said Mrs. Jermyn, abruptly turning to the speaker.

"'Tis all the same thing your ladyship's honor, mother's brother's son, or cousin, 'tis all the same thing to his poor young lordship any way, for he was buried afore I was born, or very soon after, may be."

"And he is entombed at Mucruss?"

"Yes your ladyship, nigh to the old yew in the middle of the square where the pillars stands; they call it the cloister; I have heard my gran say it was a fancy the poor dear thing had ever since he was a boy, to be buried under that yew. He was a melancholic child, quiet and lamb-like, would sit all day under the shade of some old tree, and when them that wasn't so good as he would gibe and fleer, he would smile and spake so mild, that his sorest enemies were forced to love him—all but one;—sickly too, bore his sufferins like a saint, and generous, grudged nothin' to the poor, but mindless of himself."

"Did he live here?" asked Katheren, deeply interested.

"No Miss, in the castle overnent the gap in Mac Cartley Moore's country. The Abbey is the

berrin' place of the Carthies, an' the young lord was a descindant by the mother's side, so many a time he'd come across the lake, to look at his monument, as he called the big tree, for he foretold he'd die young—true for him, he did—ochone! that was the wosome death, the burnin' scald!"

"He died, say you?" said Mrs. Jermyn, who had been listening hitherto in silence.

"He was buried twenty years after he was born," said Tade evasively.

"Was not his death as unnatural as untimely?" enquired Mrs. Jermyn, in a low and solemn tone.

Katheren looked surprised and Tade confounded. "War you ever in Killarney before your ladyship's honor?"

"Never."

"There's the abbey, Miss," cried Tade, delighted at the opportunity it presented of changing the subject, "an' I'll go bail there's not such another at Genevy, whatever the doctor may say—match me that among their jimcracks!" pointing to the Eastern window—"and there's the tomb of the Mac Carthies; I'd like to see the pedigree would run afore theirs, I would; talk of your Saxon settlers! Why the O'Briens, O'Sullivans, Mac Carthies and O'Donoghues, were all princes in Ireland before the flood!"

"Which had such respect for their relics as to spare them from the general sweep I suppose,"

said Katheren, springing to seat herself on the tomb, while Mrs. Jermyn, thoughtful and melancholy, rested on the marble flag which bore the arms of Mac Carthy More.

“ You have hit it Miss, you have hit it for a sartainty,” cried Tade, with comic earnestness, “ look at them skulls; tell me they could come together in such lashins since the time of Noah ! No they have been a gatherin’ since the world began, and that’s the date of the Mac Carthy.”—Tade looked big.—“ They come a jabberin’ here about harryglifics and ’scriptions in foreign parts, but find me the scholar ’mongst ’em all could give me a true varson of that,”—pointing to some characters graven in the wall.—“ ’Twould make an owl grin to see um puckerin’ their blinkers, pursin’ up their lips and puttendin’ to know all about it—‘tis Latin,’ says one—‘ noit ant,’ says another, ’tis Hebray, then ’tis Greek, and they makes it all the languages under the sun, barrin’ the true one. I stands by a splittin’ my sides, sayin’ nothin’, but knowin’ all the while ’tis ould Irish. Then,” continued the garrulous guide, “ their conceit of themselves is a’most enough to stifle one, a twistin’ our ancient tongue to their upstart gibberish, an’ makin’ smithereens of our towers with knockin’ their bothered heads against um. ‘ I’m sartin sure they’re for fires,’ says one—‘ what a fool you are they’re for bells,’ says another—‘ they’re for bacons,’

says a third—'no for sinners,' says a fourth—'be aisy they're for saints,' says a fifth—then they're at it again—'twas the hathens built 'em, then 'twas the Christians, and the whole tote of 'em knows no more about it than my grandmother."

"Is your grandmother an antiquarian Tade?" The question was as perplexing as the round towers, Tade stared and scratched his head.

"Will you conduct me," said Mrs. Jermyn, rising, "to the tomb of Lord Conwaye?"

Tade's bewilderment was now converted into amazement—"Did I mention his name then to your ladyship's honor?—'cause if so be I must do penance for a broken davy. My poor gran' was crazed with my questions about him, so I took my oath never to say Lord Con—— Confound it!"

"You could not have known him," said Mrs. Jermyn.

"Sure I told your ladyship he was buried before I was born or thereabouts; but I know the story quite pat, and when first I heard it I did nothin' but talk of Lord Con—, of the young lord, and bother my poor grandmother." Tade's loquacity was evidently conquering his discretion, and the subject he had at first been so anxious to avoid, was now on the tip of his tongue.

"Then we must not induce you to break your vow," said Mrs. Jermyn. The rustic at this looked like the Irishman who having sworn never to

touch whiskey, 'barrin by forgetfulness,' was reminded of his oath just as he held the glass to his lips,

They now entered the solemn, still, and gloomy cloister, from the centre of which sprang the majestic tree beneath whose melancholy shade reposed the unfortunate and lamented heir of a noble house. A feeling combined of awe and sadness stole over Katheren as Tade pointed in silence to a monument of grayish marble. Mrs. Jermyn advanced, bent over the tomb and began to read the inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Henry Viscount Conwayne, only child of Henry Earl of Dunane and of Illin his wife."—Tears prevented her proceeding.

"'Tis enough to bring sobs from a skileton to be sure your ladyship's honor; poor thing! he would be wilful."

"Wilful!" repeated Mrs. Jermyn.

"He would go to forin parts your ladyship and — but blisters on my tongue I'm forgetting my davy; I may tell you as much as this howsomdever; he never had luck nor grace since the time he cut his sweetheart's name on the old yew." Katheren approached and looked enquiringly in the narrator's face.—"Yes Miss," continued Tade, flattered by her attention, "they do say that

The curse and the canker, the blight and the blast,
Shall wither the one who the bark would waste,

besides that, the family of the Carthies fell off greatly from the time they murdered the priests in the abbey of the beautiful isle."

Katheren drew near the tree.—"My sister's name!" she exclaimed, "how singular!"

"Why then for the love of the almighty saints was she your sister?" demanded Tade.

Katheren smiled at the extraordinary expression of horror and astonishment which his features wore; "May there not be more than one Beatrice?"

"True enough," cried Tade, his countenance gradually settling into its usually happy cast, "true enough, there's many a Tade in Ireland.—So that other purty cratur's name is Beatrice—what a pity!"

"Why a pity Tade?"

"Nothin' Miss, only 'tisen't to my mind, may be —"

Katheren perceived that with all his garrulity there were some subjects on which Tade was impenetrable.

Mrs. Jermyn, who during this dialogue was bending over the tomb, seemingly absorbed, now proposed returning home, and they were preparing to leave the abbey when a figure in a religious habit, leaning on a staff, advanced from behind one of the pillars which supported the arcade. "Tis father Karwin," whispered Tade, dropping

reverentially on his knees to receive the benediction. Katheren and Mrs. Jermyn, although of a different faith, also bent with tempered humility. They had often witnessed the ceremonies of the Catholic church performed with all the pomp and circumstance of Popish worship, and to the enthusiastic Katheren, these rites and observances were something of the sublime and mysterious, which inspired a vague sensation of awe or superstition, perhaps of both. As the withered hand was raised above her head she bent still lower to receive the pious blessing; then, lifting her beautiful face, she gazed on the placid countenance of this dispenser of grace, touching from its expression of mild benignity. One would have thought that turbid passion or sudden emotion could have had no power to disturb the deep furrows of eighty years, yet his dim eye flashed, his sunken cheek was slightly tinged, and the lines between the brows were more closely knitted as the face of Katheren, unshaded, save by her glossy ringlets, met his view; the staff fell from his nerveless grasp, Mrs. Jermyn hastily drew near to support him, but the priest stood erect, his head averted, his arms raised, his hands projected, each open palm turned towards the affrighted girl, as if to forbid her approach.

“The blessed Saints purtect, or take us at wonst into their holy keeping!” ejaculated Tade,

rising slowly and fearfully, "sure his ancient reverence an't beside himself—forgive the blasphemy, Amen, Amen!" He crossed himself devoutly.

Katheren timidly advanced. "I am unconscious,"—she hesitated; her eyes filled with tears—"I never willingly offended," she continued, "can God's minister visit so harshly unintentional error? I am not, Sir, of your church, and should I have neglected any outward form of respect, the omission was involuntary." She stooped, and gave to his hand the supporting staff.

The old man's brow relaxed, his fingers closed on those of Katheren.—"My child," he said, "it is for me to humble myself;—merciful Father forgive the frailty of thy servant, teach him to war against his weakness. A casual resemblance, an accidental similarity of feature, thus to have the power of exciting emotions to which in my pride I thought myself superior! Father thy rebuke is just; thou hast proved that a child can surpass thy aged servant in humility! Young lady, whatever be your faith, you bear at least the stamp of true christianity—meekness—while I.—Though she whom you so wonderfully resemble had bent a penitent before me, should I have dared, fellow sinner as I am, to reject her supplication?"

"Sir," said Katheren, blushing deeply, "I cannot in silence receive unmerited eulogy; you

are mistaken, meekness is not my characteristic, and did you but shrive me, I fear I should shrink from the penance awarded to presumptuous pride."

"Not presumptuous, when confessed with so much candour, my child. Is she yours?" continued the priest, turning abruptly to Mrs. Jermyn, who had listened with deep and painful interest to this conversation.

"Mamma, my dear mamma, you are ill!" said Katheren.

"No my love, it is nothing—fatigue, I shall soon recover."

"Frightened out of her tin senses I'll go bail!" muttered Tade; "sure myself was dead dumb-founded to see the Holy Father quite transmogrified, for all the world like a player man.—And poor Miss looks topsum turvum like."

"I am better," said Mrs. Jermyn, taking Katheren's arm and bowing to the priest, who, returning the salutation, gazed respectfully on her sad yet lovely countenance.

"I have not then offended Sir?" said Katheren.

"Heaven bless you! no my child; farewell!" He stepped through a pointed archway and disappeared.

"'Tis myself could cut capers at getting quits of confession this blessed day!" cried Tade; "come away, come away with you Donny and Frenchy."

"Are your crimes of so heinous a nature, or is your confessor so harsh?" asked Katheren.

"Truth's best, even in jest, Miss; his ancient reverence seems a little flustrified; he may mistake my character, an' doom me a thumpin' pinance."

"Where does he reside?" asked Mrs. Jermyn.

"Wherever he can do good, your ladyship's honor; but his home is at the castle; he's chaplain to the Earl of Dunane.—A saint upon this livin' earth are your four quarters, Father Karwin!"

"Karwin," repeated Katheren, "is he related to Mr. Karwin a lawyer, who ——"

"Say no more, I know him you mean—the priest is father's brother to lawyer Karwin."

"Uncle? you would say."

"What signifies wastin' words, sure 'tis all the same; well Miss, Father Karwin had two brother's sons."

"Two nephews," cried the incorrigible Katheren. Tade looked angry.

"Pray proceed," said Mrs. Jermyn.

"And lawyer Karwin is one of the brother's sons?" said Katheren.

"Ye have hit the hammer on the head at last," cried Tade, rubbing his hands, "and t'other is young Father Karwin, nigh fifty now, if he's in the land of life; well Miss there never was two

father's sons more unlike. The oldest, (Lawyer Karwin) as ill looking a shrimpeen as ever drew breath, t'other a fine presence of a man, just like his ancient reverence in his youngish days, as my gran told me, with big blue eyes shining bright like bades in a rosary, and so good and soft hearted! I never see him; he was gone before I come to life, but they that knowed him tell me 'twas a mortal sorrow when he left the land, took priest's orders, and went to Spain to the Jisuits. They sent him some errand to Ingee, an' I'm thinking the blacks have eat him, for there's no tale nor tidin's of him since."

"And the lawyer?" said Katheren.

"Blue blazes to him!—I beg pardon Miss—a gripin' close fisted cormorant, would squeeze tallow out of a buck's horn, and scrape the hide for shavin's; would snatch the poor man's pot from off the hook, an' stale the turf from under it—they do say he wonst saized a widy's bed, blanket, block, pot, porridge, hook, fire and all, and runned clane off with 'em!"

"What with all Tade?"

"So they say Miss, cause he couldn't find as big a blackguard as himself to do the business—drivin' for rent—distress they call it—distress sure enough! May the divil light his drawin' room with the seed, breed and gatheren of 'em."

"Of the Karwins?"

"No Miss, the lawyers, though sure I shouldn't say 'all,' for all of a flock don't wear the same frock, the divil in print wears a sootier tint.—Even Karwin may not be so black as they paints him.—More than that, he's shocking cute, has a power of learnin', and a mint of money, so he may bribe Ould Nic to let him off with a taste of purgatory, an' 'scape the drawing-room."

"And the poor priest has never been heard of?"

"Never Miss."

They had now arrived at Mucruss gate-way, and Katheren's purse was ready to repay the services of her loquacious guardian. "Not goold Miss, if you please," cried Tade, sticking his hands to his corderoys, as if to keep them from temptation.

"Nay," said Katheren, "you forget your fellow labourers, and the boat."

"Doctor Elwin settled all that Miss."

"But I am rich Tade, you must indeed accept this; I shall require your assistance and information very often—pray take it."

"I'd rather not Miss, I thank you," said Tade gluing his arms still closer to his ribs, and averting his head, "I've no turn against silver, but goold brought bad luck to us wonst."

"Well then," said Katheren, "take your favorite coin, and farewell."

"Are you sure you won't feel the loss of all this?" said Tade, counting the pieces in a different and, to Katheren's ear, a barbarous dialect, "Ye'd better take back a couple; her ladyship's honor, your mother, over the way, will be angered."

"No, no, Tade," said Mrs. Jermyn, "keep the money, you have earned it—farewell."

"No sweet without sweat, ma'am," cried Tade, "but I can't say 'God be wid you' yet Miss; Doctor Elwin bid me see you safe to the cottage; and Jerry gave me a token for Jude."

The ladies walked on in silence: Tade, there being no longer any occasion for his services as marshal, fell behind, now and then fumbling for his earnings in the pocket of his thickset waistcoat, and counting them with wonderful complacency. When they reached home Mrs. Jermyn, pensive even to melancholy, withdrew to her chamber; Katheren flew to the garden, and seated herself in the shade of a lofty lime, near a rude flight of steps which conducted to the river; while Tade sought the back entrance to deliver his errand and token to the captivating Jude.

CHAPTER IX.

Sachte schlich sie hinan, und rührt ihm leise die Schulter ;
Und er wandte sich schnell ; da sah sie ihm Thranen im auge.
GÖTHE.

KATHEREN had sunk into a reverie ; confused images, unconnected narratives, and perplexing occurrences floated on her imagination ; she could neither analyse, arrange, nor dispel her ' thick coming fancies.' The form she had encountered on the battlements and the figure of the venerable priest, would still recur, linked with the legend of Lord Conwayne, the story of the absent Karwin, and her own mysterious and extraordinary resemblance to some person whose name seemed avoided, as if to pronounce it and to perish were simultaneous. Accustomed, even from her childhood, to meet unbounded admiration, she felt a secret mortification at being thus again associated, even for a moment, with one so evidently noxious. The well remembered expression of Doctor

Elwin's countenance on their first meeting, the unpleasant scrutiny of Karwin, and the flashing and almost abhorrent glance of the priest, were at singular variance with the gaze of wonder which her beauty usually excited. Even when a child, at the court of Versailles, she had been called, in the inflated and bombastic language of that gay and giddy crowd, a "miracle of nature," and often had Mrs. Jermyn, who was keenly alive to Katheren's vanity, lamented the imperative necessity which had compelled her to commit the beautiful sisters, even for a short time, to the care of her friend, Madame De Courzel, who, *toute glorieuse*, that she could, by their attractions, fix the eyes of the court on her particular circle, had not scrupled to break her promises of keeping them in strict seclusion, and had introduced Katheren to her mistress, the brilliant and luckless Marie Antoinette. Beatrice, with firmness beyond her years, had resolutely refused to depart, in the most trivial instance, from the rules prescribed by Mrs. Jermyn, and unmoved by her sister's rapturous representation of that fascinating but frivolous society, preserved her steadiness and obedience, while the head of *la belle petite Katrine* became giddy from adulation, and her heart warped from those self-denying, patiently enduring principles, by inculcating which Mrs. Jermyn had endeavoured to counteract her latent pride and

ambition. During Katheren's residence at the court, serious duties, intellectual pursuits, and rational enjoyment were exchanged for dazzling but trifling accomplishments, the acquirement of elegance and ceremonial refinement, and the glitter of unsatisfying, though splendid pleasures. Mrs. Jermyn, terrified by a letter she received, describing the 'sensation' which the appearance of the childish aspirant for court popularity had excited, hastened to claim the sisters. She questioned Katheren, who, high-minded and generous, unhesitatingly acknowledged her aberration, and avowed the superiority of Beatrice, seeking to magnify her sister's merit rather than to extenuate her own error—"Alas! my child," said Mrs. Jermyn, "I only condemn my breach of trust; but let us hope this is not an irremediable evil." Whether it was so, will be discovered in the course of our narrative.

It can scarcely now be wondered that as Katheren mused on her morning's adventures, she felt that somewhere in her mind there lurked a painful drawback to her pleasure, a vague sensation of mortified pride. As to lawyer Karwin, he was beneath her notice, neither was there any thing more than curiosity and astonishment expressed in his searching glance, but the interesting old priest and her benevolent friend Doctor Elwin to have regarded her, even for a moment, with antipathy,

was wormwood to her proud spirit, and she almost regretted that formation of feature which had created the transient illusion.

A soft pressure roused her from imaginings which, unsubdued by reason, and fed by her predominant propensity, were becoming painful; the arms of Beatrice encircled her waist—"What? tears dear Katheren! Has anything unpleasant occurred?"

Katheren smiled—"I was scarcely conscious that I wept, Beatrice; you will chide perhaps when I reveal the cause: first let me discard these betrayers of my petulance." She dashed the tears from her sparkling eyes, and springing lightly to her feet bounded out of sight, but before Beatrice could recover her surprise, she had returned—"Now," she cried, "I have left behind my conceits and forebodings, 'an' am comin', your ladyship's honor, to tell you all about it, signs by 'tis a secret and true as you're there.'" She seated herself beside her sister, and briefly related those of the morning's occurrences with which Beatrice was unacquainted—"Our lives you know, dear Beatrice," she added, "have been hitherto, though varied and delightful, yet unmarked by incident, and for this reason, perhaps, I attach interest and importance to what would appear insignificant, or at best inconsequent, amid the perplexities of a more troubled existence. In romance my petty

vexations would be ridiculed; still it is very annoying that I should perpetually remind those I venerate and love of some dead dowager or antiquated maiden, who might, in the days of her youth, have neglected confession or jilted Doctor Elwin." Katheren's tearful eye and tremulous sob were at variance with the levity of her tongue.

"She must at least have been very beautiful," observed Beatrice.

Katheren playfully placed her hand on her sister's lips; "You forget mamma's injunctions."

"Oh! those were given when she feared your little head had received a lateral inclination, had lost its healthful equilibrium; but your cure is perfect; you forget that it is two years since—"

"I forsook my sister's side, to follow the lead of Madame De Courzel," added Katheren, mournfully.

"Was it possible that a girl of fourteen should resist her blandishments?"

"You were but fifteen, Beatrice!"

"But I had not such persevering persuasion to contend with, neither was I governed by the same powerful curiosity; you remember your anxiety to behold Marie Antoinette."

"Beautiful, fascinating woman!" ejaculated Katheren, "I dared not confess it at the time Beatrice, but when in her society, visionary scenes of future greatness would often supersede my

former sweet and simple fancies; gradually, however, when I left the court, old habits, sentiments and pursuits resumed their sway; my air-built palaces again found their peaceful site near some clear lake or winding streamlet; tufted knolls, verdant banks, smiling skies and sunny hills once more form the blissful scenery my fancy images, and my reason seeks; the gaudery of a court no longer dazzles and enslaves my senses; the court itself fades from my memory, yet I would not again be placed within that whirling vortex; it might perchance engulph me. Would you, *sorella*, extend a hand to snatch me thence?"

"Katheren!" said Beatrice reproachfully.

"Nay, do not look so gloomy, sister," cried Katheren, with quick alternation of tone and style, "surely it would be delightful to drive into that lake we floated o'er this morning, visit the prince in his transparent palace, enchant the court and the 'good people,' by our selection of their sub-aqueous abode, in time be advanced to the post of pearl seekers to Her Highness Madam O'Donoghue, perchance discover a 'carbuncle entire as big as thon art,' receive for our reward a world of lakes, and, queens alternately of fairy land, flourish unwrinkled 'mid the trees an' the fruits an' the flowers, soaring on state days to regale us wid a swig of the punch bowl."

"Have you finished?" said Beatrice, laughing.

"Now that you smile I may lay aside the crewel, for my thread is spun: but have *you* no adventures to relate?"

"Nothing marvellous, and yet I think I have met the person you describe."

"The demon of the battlements, or the saint of the cloisters?"

"The former; but not having seen his face I cannot attest the fitness of your designation. Let me not however anticipate the only incident of my detail. Doctor Elwin introduced me to the party with whom your description had previously made me acquainted; they expressed surprise at seeing the boat push off; our kind friend stammered something which he meant for explanation, but which no one could comprehend. I felt confused, and a handsome young man, who had been presented to me by the name of Moreland seemed disappointed. The elder Miss Elwin, with whose countenance and manner I had been particularly pleased, offered me her arm, but before we could commence any conversation, Mr. Moreland quitted the younger sister, and advanced to enquire after you—he hoped your sudden departure did not proceed from indisposition, or unpleasant accident. I looked in his face, unconscious of my rudeness, for the multiplied questions encreased my embarrassment. Suddenly his countenance became flushed, and he darted an angry and haughty

glance; I followed its direction to Miss Elwin, whose eyes were fixed on him, conveying a mingled expression of sarcasm and spleen; her face had lost its pleasing smile, and, with a mixture of indignation and irony, she said—‘ Perhaps, Sir, when Miss Mornington shall have taken the trouble of relieving your agitation, by satisfying you that her sister is well, which she has just informed me, you will permit us to walk on.’ — ‘ Certainly, madam,’ said Mr. Moreland, ‘ and I flatter myself that Miss Mornington by accepting my escort, will find leisure to reply to my enquiries.’ He offered me his arm, which I, scarcely knowing what I did, accepted.

“ We walked on in silence, for Mr. Moreland appeared now as much confused as myself, and Miss Elwin seemed, as you had described her, lofty and misty. I do not possess your talent for learning from the countenance the language of the heart—nevertheless an idea did occur to me that her caustic severity was caused by jealousy, and perhaps at the same moment I piqued myself on penetrating the motive which actuated your flight.— ‘ Katheren,’ thought I, ‘ preferred incurring the charge of caprice to encouraging inconstancy, and voluntarily relinquished her own gratification, to spare this petulant young lady.’ ”

“ Proceed sister, one of your conclusions, at least, is erroneous.”

Beatrice, perceiving that Katheren would not confess, continued, "We had been hitherto walking or rather sauntering in front of the castle; Mrs. Elwin enquired whether I would wish to proceed further into the island, and see the mines,— 'Will you accompany Miss Mornington, Mamma?' said Miss Elwin, 'Emma is quite alone, if you please I will join her.'—She abruptly disengaged her arm and quitted me. I unconsciously looked at Mr. Moreland, and fancied his features expressed angry defiance. The gentlemen of the party then proposed entering the castle, of which the door stood open.

"Anxious to restore harmony by giving the lovers an opportunity of rejoining each other, I entered first.—'Would you wish to emulate your sister's courage!' said Doctor Elwin; 'she ascended to the battlements.'—The whole party immediately repeated 'To the battlements,' and I commenced the tedious ascent, followed closely by our friend the Doctor. When I had arrived pretty nearly at the top of the staircase, I caught a glimpse of some person who seemed to retreat before me, and on entering the upper chamber perceived a figure, exactly such as you have described, standing in a corner of the apartment, his hat flapped in such a manner as to conceal his features: he was advancing towards me, when Doctor Elwin entered: the stranger turned ab-

ruptly, and darted through an aperture in the sloping roof, easily reached by means of some fallen rubbish. 'How extraordinary!' I cried, addressing our friend, but he seemed absorbed by some powerful interest, and leaned against the wall, his eyes fixed upon the spot through which the fugitive had retreated. The remainder of the party now joined us, and Mr. Moreland offering to assist my enterprise sprang forward and extended his hand.—'Are you mad Harry,' cried the doctor, 'thus to attempt endangering Miss Mornington's life and your own? the keeper informed me just now that part of the parapet has fallen; your ascent would be dangerous in the extreme.'—'Jealousy, jealousy,' cried the young man, laughing, 'the doctor would himself have anticipated me in this request had he not exhausted his breath in pursuing you; observe his palor and palpitation; I appeal to you, was he not the first to propose this lofty emprise?' I was indeed astonished to find the doctor so strenuously object to what he had previously advocated, and, prompted by curiosity to discover whither the demon of the battlements, as you term him, had flown, I accepted the assistance of Mr. Moreland who was already on the roof. The rest of the party, influenced by the representations of our friend, remained below.

"Fearing to glance from the height, I seated

myself on an abutment and marked the more daring adventurers. Mr. Moreland stood next me, and the stranger at some distance, near the breach which Doctor Elwin had mentioned, his back towards us, and, from his stooping position, he seemed to consider the possibility of clearing the dangerous pass.—‘The man will not risk his life by proceeding in that direction?’ cried I.—‘If he do, he is a madman,’ said Moreland. Your favorite Mr. Karwin now ascended: he bent a keen glance upon the stranger.—‘Sir,’ he exclaimed, ‘your destruction is inevitable if you trust to those mouldering rafters; return, return.’ Karwin’s peculiarly shrill, discordant voice, which resembles more the scream of the vulture than human sound, made me tremble lest it might precipitate the probable fate of this rash explorer; it certainly operated on him as an incentive to brave that fate, for, with a sudden spring, he cleared the breach. I closed my eyes, expecting to hear the shriek of horror from my companions. There was a pause of palpitating suspense.—‘For heaven’s sake Mr. Moreland,’ cried I, ‘speak, is he safe? may I open my eyes?’—‘Oh yes,’ said the young man, laughing, ‘for the present he is; see he turns that corner—now he disappears; his courage saved his life; the same hardihood with less nerve would have hurled him from the battlements; still it was the courage of insanity, for

what reasonable being would, for mere enterprise, perform such a feat?"—"Are you persuaded it was merely a spirit of enterprise which propelled his flight?" asked Mr. Karwin, with a tone of peculiar meaning. I looked at him, and started at the expression of gratified malignity which his countenance wore. The gleam of his eye, as it pursued the fugitive, was indeed appalling, and in a second instance I acknowledged the truth of your portraiture. 'Perhaps,' said Mr. Moreland, 'he wished to fascinate Miss Mornington, by exhibiting as Voltigeur, for to that, or to insanity only can his action be ascribed, as, without risk or impediment, he could have joined us.'—"And he was perfectly aware of the feasibility of so doing," said I, 'for he ascended from the chamber beneath when I entered it.'—"Did you see his face?" asked Mr. Karwin, eagerly.—"No," I answered, 'his hat was drawn over it, and he almost instantly retreated through the roof.' The scowl of my interrogator became more hideous.

"Doctor Elwin now, in a tone of impatience, enquired whether we were sketching the surrounding scenery. Mr. Karwin, roused from deep absorption, offered me his hand, and we rejoined our party. Doctor Elwin fixed a scrutinizing look on my companion, who, drawing me rather abruptly after him, led me down the spiral staircase. Nearly breathless from the rapidity of

the fatiguing descent, I paused at the doorway, and we were almost immediately joined by the doctor, who, taking Karwin's disengaged arm, began to converse on various and trivial topics, while the looks of the other expressed impatience and constraint.

"Mr. Moreland then proposed our walking to the Mines and there awaiting the return of the boat, which was to convey us to Innisfallen. All assented, except Mr. Karwin, who, alleging an engagement, was taking leave, when Doctor Elwin seized his arm and insisted on his remaining. 'No one,' he exclaimed, 'can, so well as you, explain the various ores and strata of Ross Island, or fill up the breach in the annals of Innisfallen by wild legends and amusing traditions: you must accompany Miss Mornington, else I shall also desert, for I will not expose my ignorance by endeavouring to supply your place.' Thus pressed, Mr. Karwin was in a manner compelled to consent, but his attendance was most ungraciously granted, and he fixed so keen and lengthened a gaze on the castle, that I could not help fancying his projected departure had some secret connexion with your demon. Mr. Moreland presented his arm, but Dr. Elwin gave me to Mr. Karwin's protection, as if to ensure his presence. I was sorry to perceive that my refusing the support of my former escort did not

influence him to resume sanity; he still continued at my side, but seemed to have expended all his vivacity.

“Miss Elwin walked with her sister during the remainder of our ramble, which proved more agreeable than I had anticipated, for Mr. Karwin, casting off his thoughtfulness, became animated and communicative, displaying a fund of information, and a knowledge of local anecdotes which were imparted with ease, and blended with just so much of the ridiculous as to preserve their variety without destroying their interest. Gratified and entertained, I had almost forgotten the aversion he had at first inspired, when it was revived by the occurrence of an incident in a spot formed by nature in her happiest hour—the island of Innisfallen. We, I mean young Moreland, Mr. Karwin, Dr. Elwin and myself, stood on a projecting cliff at the extremity of the Island; the rest of the party were variously dispersed; Mr. Karwin was directing my attention to the Saxon arch of an ancient oratory, when, from a small boat that was moored in a cove beside the cliff, a voice exclaimed—‘Father Karwin will be expecting us I’m feared ma’am,’ and almost immediately afterwards we perceived a female glide across the archway at the opposite side, and disappear. She was dressed in a loose gray robe, fastened at the waist by a black girdle, from which hung a rosary

and a crucifix ; her head was covered by a thick veil, and over her shoulders was thrown a white cloak or tippet of singular fashion. ‘ It is Miss St. Elmour,’ said Doctor Elwin.—‘ What a majestic, noble looking woman !’ I exclaimed.—‘ Pray Miss Mornington,’ asked Mr. Karwin, ‘ did you perceive any similitude between the air and figure of the lady who now passed, and those of the person who avoided us even at the risk of worse than Icarean fall ?’—‘ What a ridiculous question,’ said the doctor, reddening.—‘ I wait Miss Mornington’s reply,’ said Mr. Karwin, with a supercilious sneer.—‘ Nay,’ replied I, ‘ how is it possible that I should discern a resemblance between persons of whom I have had so transient a view, and whose features were completely concealed.’—‘ But the height and deportment,’ said Karwin.—‘ Are similar,’ said I, ‘ inasmuch as both are tall and dignified.’—‘ A similarity in which thousands might participate,’ cried Doctor Elwin.—‘ Thousands !’ repeated Karwin, ‘ where will you meet forms so striking and remarkable as those of Miss St. Elmour and her brother ?’ Our friend started, ‘ her brother !’ he cried, ‘ surely you do not think that ——’—‘ That I have this day seen him,’ added Mr. Karwin, calmly ; ‘ I certainly fancy I did ; whether imagination played me false remains to be determined.’—‘ Absurd,’ cried Doctor Elwin, ‘ a man not heard of for three and twenty years,

one who is now perhaps beyond the ken of human vision, the reach of human vengeance! Mr. Karwin's countenance again relapsed into malignant meaning — 'Perhaps so,' he cried, 'the glimpse I caught of him was as transient as yours.' — 'Mine!' exclaimed Doctor Elwin. — 'Yes, you certainly must have seen him, for Miss Mornington told me he retreated through the castle roof as you entered the upper apartment.' I could not help admiring the cunning of the man who thus endeavoured to force an acknowledgment for, I doubt not, some sinister purpose, but ere I could subvert his artifice by repeating what I had really said, our friend unguardedly exclaimed, 'His hat was drawn over his face, you did not see his features?' Karwin smiled, with malicious satisfaction; 'At length,' he cried, 'I have discovered a motive for that which appeared a little incomprehensible, my constrained detention.' — 'And to what motives may your own actions be ascribed?' asked Doctor Elwin solemnly.

"A plashing of oars interrupted a dialogue which I feared was becoming too serious. The little boat had pushed off in the direction of Mucruss. 'Years have not robbed her form of its dignity!' said Mr. Karwin, as if unconsciously, his eyes following, with softened expression, the figure of the veiled lady. Different voices now hailed us, and soon after we also re-embarked."

The sisters had not time to comment upon their respective adventures, or seek a clue to their perplexities, for Sneider now summoned them to dinner. Mrs. Jermyn pleaded fatigue as a reason for not joining them, and, saddened by her absence, they revolved in silence the events of the day. After dinner they sought their aunt, and found her more than usually depressed; some engrossing subject drew forth at times broken ejaculations and unconscious sighs. Her nieces perceived that even their society was distressing; dejected and sorrowful they retired to their own apartments.—“Alas!” cried Katheren, “where are my buoyant feelings of the morning?”

At night Pauline, as usual, was in attendance, but Katheren haughtily refused her services, and commanded her to send Mrs. Susan. “I wish to speak to you of your niece,” said Katheren as the prim matron after curtsying profoundly, began to undress her young lady, “I would know if you think her capable of filling Pauline’s place Mrs. Susan?”

“I fear for it madam—poor girl! she put on her shoes and stockings at your bidding, and, although hard set to do it, she has kept them on the whole day; I could fit her myself for the place if she would be said by me, for I once served a lady.”—She stopped; there was a slight trembling in her upper lip, and the corner of her

spotless apron was applied to either eye.—“Idle ways are not soon got over, my dear young lady, and I wouldn’t for the sake of serving my niece gainsay what I think.”

“Is her heart good?” enquired Katheren.

“As soft and true a heart as ever beat ma’am though I say it, but she has been soured by unkindness, and made a little saucy by being snubbed and scolded, sometimes with reason, sometimes without; her former mistress was harsh—many will be led who won’t be driven.”

“Lead Judith then to become like yourself Mrs. Susan; I will not see her until a change be effected.—Good night.”

Katheren, her vanity secretly soothed by the prospect of taming a savage, retired to rest and sought sleep, while abbeyes, lakes, castles, cloisters, fiends, saints and fairies, in fantastic groups, and pantomimic show, flitted in her dreamy wanderings.

CHAPTER X.

Quien bien te quiera, te hará llorar.

DAYS, weeks elapsed, without the occurrence of anything which could be amplified into event; yet with Katheren time flew, for though unmarked by incident, it was varied by exhilarating excursions, and enlivened by that charm so fascinating to a youthful and enquiring mind, that parent of pleasure, 'Novelty.'

The enthusiasm, imagination, drollery and sensibility; the generosity and knavery, keenness and credulity, slyness and simplicity, unbounded benevolence and vindictive resentment, which form that extraordinary combination of opposite qualities, and that characteristic originality, so peculiarly distinguishing the Irish peasantry, were to her vivacious temperament, perpetual sources of amusement, never failing subjects of interest, imitation, wonder, and merriment.

Sometimes accompanied by Doctor Elwin and Beatrice, sometimes by Tade and Don, she would wander on the margin of the lake, and explore its beauties, or, conducted by her kind friend and rustic guide, would visit the cabin of the suffering peasant and make the saddened heart to 'sing for joy'.—Her generosity was thought profuse, even by the warm-hearted doctor, while Tade, with staring eyes, solemn gesture, and hyperbolic figure, would describe to his comrades the 'power o' gold' which this angel upon earth bestowed 'in han'-fulls'.—When Doctor Elwin mentioned the subject to Mrs. Jermyn, he was assured, that Kathereen's resources were ample, and, thus satisfied, he permitted his young companion to exercise a charity so congenial to his own character, only seeking to check its exuberance, whilst his admiration and affection for the youthful enthusiast daily increased.

Beatrice, whose heart was equally alive to every generous impulse, would have accompanied her sister in these 'angel visits,' but Mrs. Jermyn now engrossed all her solicitude. This interesting woman, notwithstanding the skill and assiduity of her medical friend seemed gradually declining. Doctor Elwin regarded her with grief and astonishment; accomplished, refined, lovely, formed to embellish the highest rank of society, and yet secluding herself with cloistral strictness, the

charms of her conversation, the resources of her intellect, the elegance of her manners, were in turn dwelled on by him, as he revolved the mystery of her strange sequestration. She was never seen beyond the precincts of her little domain, even her person was unknown to the doctor's wife and daughters; the latter indeed had once visited the cottage; it was at their own request, to try a pianoforte, an instrument till then scarcely heard of in Killarney: the visit had been short, and its repetition had not been requested. Lucy and Emma gave a rapturous description of the music room, which had been fitted up by Katheren with her continental importations. Their mother enquired concerning the mistress of the mansion, and was planet struck, at finding that Mrs. Jermyn had not appeared.—“Poor thing,” cried Mrs. Elwin, contemptuously, “quite unused to society, put out completely by a mere morning call, in a fine flurry about refreshments, perhaps obliged to send them in herself!—Poor thing!”

The doctor's placidity was not in the least disturbed by this slighting mention of a person whom he considered perfection; it was too ridiculous; he pictured to himself the refined recluse, busied in such preparations, and burst into a fit of laughter:—“My dear Ellen,” he cried, “you have never seen Mrs. Jermyn.”

“Very little advantage to be derived from the

acquaintance, I fancy," replied the lady, "Patrick says her establishment is entirely directed by old Susan, that foreign servant is live lumber, so some one must at times assist the old woman you know, had she applied to Priscillar or me, we could have put her in train at once, but some people never reflect."

The extraordinary advantages of such cooperation seemed indeed not to have been even contemplated by the unreflecting Mrs. Jermyn, who still maintained her silence and seclusion. Beatrice and Katheren watched her wasting cheek with terror; no remedy had power to still her nervous agitation; she found intervals of calm in profound solitude alone; even the society of the sisters increased her mental fever, and accelerated the movement of her throbbing pulse—at times some heart-rending communication would hover on her lips; she would grasp the hand of Doctor Elwin, and look in his face with the gaze of one who doubts the issue of the confession she longs to make, but ere the parted lips had pronounced a word, some harrowing reflection would intervene to close them.

Notwithstanding Doctor Elwin's veneration for Mrs. Jermyn, there were moments when vague surmise would arise, and reason would enquire, "Can aught but guilt produce such bitter woe?" Again he would recur to the modesty of her air,

the timidity of her manner, the purity of her sentiments, and blush for his suspicions. At first he had imputed her dejection to the recent loss of some beloved object, but Katheren had informed him that her aunt had been a widow even before the birth of Beatrice, and had ever since worn a mourning habit.—“Surely such a lapse of time,” thought he, “should have mellowed the most legitimate grief.”

One morning he found her busily employed in writing, and bade her beware of fatigue and excitement.

“Ah! my good friend,” she cried, “have you lived so favored, as never to have been forced upon the discovery that the surest antidote to care is occupation? Mine, should I have strength to persevere in it, will save me from a painful task, I can write what I cannot speak, and I feel every day more and more the necessity of exertion; do not look so apprehensive, to-day I feel better, because more satisfied. You are incredulous.” She held out her hand.

“Wonderful,” said the doctor, “there certainly is a happy change; after all we are ourselves our best physicians; at least where the malady proceeds from mental irritation.”

“Which mine does entirely,” said Mrs. Jermyn, “I shall persevere in my present pursuit, always with deference to your authority; you must teach

me to be moderate, and my poor girls to submit to temporary banishment from my society; I commit them exclusively to your guidance; they look on you as a parent; Katheren said this morning, she could not, better, have loved a father."

"I do not believe she can love any one in moderation,—what a head, what a heart, what an imagination!"

"And Beatrice," said Mrs. Jermyn anxiously.

"My dear madam you are angry that Katheren should always be my theme; I acknowledge the merit, nay the perfection of Beatrice; but she does not excite the same wonder, admiration and interest; love, friendship and esteem will be given to your favorite—"

"My favorite," repeated Mrs. Jermyn, "alas! how much you are mistaken; when you peruse the narrative I am writing you will find that—"

A gentle tap at the door, and the entrance of Katheren, interrupted the conversation. "I was so anxious to hear of you mamma; may we sit with you this morning?"

Mrs. Jermyn glanced from the writing desk to Doctor Elwin.

"I am going to run away with you," said the doctor; "my daughters, with some young friends, are at Mucruss; will you and your sister join their party?"

Katheren's expressive countenance plainly said I should prefer remaining at home: she looked confused, and the doctor mortified—"As you please Miss Mornington," said he, "this little excursion was arranged purposely for your pleasure, nevertheless—"

"Do not look so coldly on me," interrupted Katheren, with glowing cheeks, "my gratitude to you is boundless, but—is Mr. Moreland of this party?"

"So Harry is the bugbear!" cried the doctor, in his usual friendly tone; "were he present he would feel flattered at your question."

"You are mistaken, indeed you are," said Katheren, with increased emotion, "Mr. Moreland—"

"Has never yet expressed all the admiration he feels," added the doctor, finishing the broken sentence.

Katheren looked displeased—"Mr. Moreland will not venture to express what he must be aware can be of no importance to me Sir—feelings of indifference are, I hope, quite mutual."

"Pray my dear," enquired Mrs. Jermyn, a little surprised, "who is Mr. Moreland?"

Doctor Elwin, vexed that his friend's predilection should be so lightly esteemed, took upon himself to answer the question. "He is nephew and

heir to Sir Patrick Moreland, a baronet of good property and ancient family. The Morelands conformed to the established faith in the reign of Ann, and have, since that time at least, preserved their consistency, by intermarrying exclusively with families of their adopted creed. The father of Henry was the younger brother of Sir Patrick, and as such—which is too often the case in this country—a scanty patrimony was all he inherited, while the great wealth of the family went to support the title and dignity of the representative. Mr. Moreland died young, and bequeathed to my guardianship his only child, and to my management a small property, barely sufficient to support his widow. Henry was brought up and educated in my house; I intended him for my own profession, as my boy's inclinations are not suited to what he terms an inactive life. The unexpected death of Sir Patrick's only son, about two years since, entirely changed young Moreland's prospects; he is now heir presumptive, prime favorite and dearest hope of an uncle, who before scarcely deigned to notice him, such is the mutability of worldly matters! Harry's heart, however, remains unchanged; his fine person and bright prospects are to me his least recommendations; generous, high minded, sincere, with no fault save one, impatience of control, and that is the excess of a

virtue, were even Katheren Mornington my daughter I should deem that such a suitor deserved, at least, gratitude."

"Doctor Elwin," said Katheren, archly, "when Mr. Moreland becomes a suitor I hope he will obtain more, but not from your daughter Katheren. However to prove that I do not consider him formidable, I will even face this prodigy (of whom be it known I am almost jealous) and accompany you."

"Not me," said the doctor, "I have more melancholy employment for this morning; the Earl of Dunane is dying."

A sudden ejaculation from Mrs. Jermyn attracted the attention of her companions; she arose, and motioning in silence to forbid intrusion, hurried into an adjoining apartment.

"My aunt has fatigued herself with those papers; she writes too much, Doctor Elwin; dissuade her?"

"We shall for the present leave her," said the doctor, thoughtfully, "she is certainly better to-day, and must not be disturbed; my carriage will convey you and your sister to Mucruss, Mrs. Elwin will be on the watch."

Katheren, with lingering step, sought her sister; for once the prospect of a rural excursion failed to interest or excite her; she had been, frequently, since their first meeting in company with More-

land, whose conduct, at best, seemed ambiguous ; his attention to her was invariable and his looks plainly expressed his admiration ; she hoped he meant no more than gallantry, and might have felt offended at being made the object of such a frivolous sentiment had not Beatrice informed her she had, accidentally, heard him say to Mr. Karwin (who rallied him on his devotion to the beautiful Miss Mornington) that he as soon should think of wooing ' a bright particular star.' Yet, was his manner most equivocal ; when engaged in animated conversation he would often become grave and absorbed ; sometimes she fancied he had, with herself, penetrated the cause of Lucy's hauteur, and was determined to resent her interference : Katheren had, at first, abstained as much as possible from exciting this jealousy, by avoiding Moreland, but, perceiving herself still regarded with coldness and suspicion, she was roused to resent conduct so unjust, so hurtful to her warm and generous feelings, and in all the irritation of wounded pride, she permitted what, she still wished to persuade herself, were the unmeaning effusions of gallantry, deriding the supercilious looks of Lucy, and condemning, as unmerited in an equal degree, the constrained manner of the once frank and affectionate Emma. It was not until awakened to cool judgment by the mild reproof of Beatrice, that she became sensible of the

consequences which her equivocal and blameable conduct might produce, and bitterly upbraiding herself, she determined in future to avoid all temptation of relapsing into error, by shunning the society of Mr. Moreland.

Thus, though the intimacy between the cottagers and the doctor's daughters had encreased, their friendship had diminished in inverse ratio; pique and jealousy operated on each like the power of repulsion. Mrs. Elwin would have shared Lucy's indignation, had she been aware by whom and on what subject it was excited, but absorbed in her own important speculations and experiments, with Priscilla as coadjutor, in some novel plans for pickling and preserving, curing and fermenting, she busied herself very little in metaphysical subtleties, in tracing effects to causes, or penetrating the recesses of the human mind, while the doctor, entirely unconscious of the family politics, with the utmost simplicity, encouraged by every method in his power, what he considered the growing partiality of Moreland for Katheren. He had always looked upon the former as a son, and in the guilelessness of his heart, made it a necessary consequence that his daughters should consider him as a brother; it never entered into his chapter of possibilities that Henry Moreland, the heir and hope of a proud and wealthy house should think of his darling Emma,

comparatively poor, and of far inferior birth; he loved his child, but he had no ambitious hopes for her, and perhaps for that reason, had never perceived the prospect of her exaltation.

With Lucy it was far otherwise; she adored her sister; naturally reserved and reflective, she cared little to be placed in any situation which might, by compelling exertion, abstract her from those pursuits in which she found her purest pleasures: all her anticipations of splendour were formed for Emma, she had witnessed the partiality of Moreland for this cherished sister, both before and after his advancement, and for nearly two years her fancy had contemplated rank, pomp and greatness as the future appendages of this guileless, happy girl, who, perfectly satisfied with enjoying Moreland's society, and with being the person most distinguished by his attentions, never thought of his rank or his riches as objects of ambition or causes of disunion. Few would have envied Emma's exaltation: generous and self-denying, she had no enemies; with a taste as refined as her sister's, she would at any time resign her dearest pleasures to paint a vase, date the pickle jars, or arrange the entremets, to please her mother.

The same self-denying principle was acted on in her intercourse with all; her blooming countenance seemed never so bright and animated as

when she saw herself surrounded by happy faces; the arrival of the "unlucky Jermyns" had certainly formed an epoch from which her cares might be dated: until then she had felt no sorrow save for the woes of others, but where were now the laughing eye, the dimpled cheek, the light elastic step? languid and listless, each day seemed longer than the last: at her mother's bidding she would take her frame, and work for hours, rather from indifference than self-denial—it was now no sacrifice, she cared not how her time was filled. All soon perceived the change, but none, save Lucy, knew the cause; her father pronounced her indisposition nervous, and insisted that exercise and amusement would most conduce to her restoration; various excursions were planned, from which Emma returned in increased dejection; she would, when abroad, exhaust herself by efforts at gaiety, and sink into despondency at home. Almost every day called forth the indignation of Lucy at what she termed Moreland's perfidy and Katheren's coquetry; Emma would sometimes listen in silence, sometimes mildly appeal against her sister's injustice. "Henry never expressed a preference for me Lucy."

"But he showed a preference, Emma, and what duplicity must that man possess who would shield himself by such a subterfuge."

“ I do not think he will excuse himself in any way ; he is too proud for that, believe me.”

This soft remonstrance only served to encrease the irritation of Lucy, whose temper seemed to have undergone as complete a change as Emma's manner ; her mind had become contracted, her language sarcastic and peevish, she viewed every action of the offender through the deceitful medium of prejudice, and although she would have suffered martyrdom for her sister, yet so senseless are we when passion blinds us, that she had become that sister's bitterest tormentor.

CHAPTER XI.

Suspicious amongst thoughts, are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight.—Bacon.

THUS stood affairs when the party to Mucruss was planned. Lucy had for some time forborne to urge any objection against the fair cottagers' participating in their amusements, for, once, when she had fretfully observed that there certainly was no necessity for always inviting the Miss Morningtons, her father had reproved what he called a selfish feeling, of which he had thought her incapable.

A letter from George, who was shortly expected from college, in some degree dispelled the gloom, which hung over his sisters; in spite of their griefs they began to think that time might bring comfort — happiness they did not anticipate — but as George's letter was quite characteristic, we will transcribe it:—

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—At length I am about to fly these academic shades (to me always dismal and dispiriting) and wing my way to my native mountains—now that is sublime!—I have a great mind to make a bonfire of my books—blow up the tutor—burn the senate house, or perform some such heroic feat, to commemorate my emancipation. I expect you will all put forward your possibilities in the agreeabilities, to heighten the delight of the pastimes, festivities, recreations and rejoicings, which, of course, you will set on foot to celebrate my return—and I come not alone—I have picked up a devilish odd, though good sort of fellow, 'mid the mountains of Wicklow; half philosopher, half puritan! the son of a poor Welch parson. He is now performing a pedestrian tour, which mode of travelling I divine, best suits his finances; he is a perfect enthusiast in mountain scenery, and has journeyed from scorching India to the Scythian plains, from Peking to Dundalk; between ourselves, I believe he means to publish his travels, for the benefit of his family, who are in very distressed circumstances. I shall set you down for fifty copies, you can distribute them among the Killarney *litterati*. Tell the girls not to set their caps at this wandering Gentile, for although he is as proud as Perieles, I prognosticate that the lining of his pockets will never wear up from friction; nevertheless he must be treated with more

than due deference, for, as I said before, he is prodigiously high, lofty as one of Priscy's Christmas pastys, of which, the monstrous fragments are generally borne off by maggots—the blessing of increase, on the dear little grubs! how often in the days of boyish subserviency to our domestic domina, have they saved me from nausea, by decamping with the dainty morsel, which the frugal Priscy, in default of grosser appetite, would preserve for 'Master George,' whose stomachus avidus, was then compelled to be receiver-general of mites and millepedæ. However I must not declaim against the blooming Priscy, who, I expect, will now employ her talons and talents to please my palate. But how I have wandered from the Wicklow mountains and the Welch parson; the digression was only a natural consequence of my unconquerable predilection for that pure pattern of prudence, and purveyor of pie crust, Priscilla. There's a specimen of alliteration. Now, dear mother, you must positively unlock the best bedroom, unpin the curtains, uncover the chairs, let the 'gairish light of day' again shine on your cerulean hangings and the genial air expel the moth and musty vapour; my friend Morgan is very particular, and I pledge my favourite pointer, that not even his shirt pin, shall perforate your toilette-cushion; if you poke him into an attic, on the score of his being a poor poet, he will revenge

himself by putting us all in print, and publishing our particularities. My dear father, will, I know rejoice at any opportunity of exercising his philanthropy, and Morgan is just the fellow to suit him; he will convey Lucy safely over Xerxes' bridge of boats, or Mahomet's Alsirat, and fearlessly face with Emma, the fires of Tasso's enchanted forest; nay, it is very possible, he may propitiate even the youthful Priscy, by proving himself a proficient in the 'Ars coquinaria,' I can answer for his having a decided taste that way, so pray let her provide plenty of provender—but beware of commencing operations too soon! else we may have to devour the lineal descendants of my old friends, a feat of ingratitude I am by no means inclined to.

“My next shall fix the day for my arrival in the land of lakes—love to my dear father, my sedate Lucy, and my sprightly Emma,—tell this latter to greet me with all her smiles—by Jupiter! there is not so pretty a girl in Dublin!

“P. S. How does my friend Harry continue to act under the weight of his reversionary honors? Is he as good a fellow as ever? Or, has the prospect of a title and four thousand per annum upset his philosophy?—Vale!”

This letter was Nepenthe to the doctor's family; George was a general favorite: no hand save his could have ushered a poor poet into the best bedroom, nor could other influence have compelled

the thrifty Priscy to expose to summer's scorching sun, the bright blue hangings for "only nobody." The almost stagnant life in Emma's veins was quickened, while to Lucy her brother's letter proved the Lethean draught which banished, at least for a time, the remembrance of her sister's disappointment, and in better spirits than usual, they awaited near Mucruss gateway, with their mother and Miss Jefferson, the arrival of the carriage. Moreland and young Jefferson had walked to meet it; Emma sighed and Lucy frowned when the former left them, but as both sisters had for some time looked on Moreland as the favored lover of Katherine, their emotion was but transient, and each determined to receive with as much indifference as she could assume, all further proof of his inconstancy.

Poor Emma became painfully sensible of the difficulty of adhering to this resolution, when the carriage appeared with her beautiful rival, who, recommending Beatrice to the care of Moreland, sprang from the step, and almost forced herself between the Miss Elwins; Lucy, who looked on this manœuvre as an act of contemptible coquetry, coolly enquired whether Miss Mornington had any thing very particular to communicate, while Emma, grieved at her sister's petulance, mildly observed that in any case she felt flattered by Miss Mornington's preference.

"Do not call me Miss Mornington, Emma," said Katheren, for the hundredth time endeavouring to banish the reserve with which she was treated, and forgiving the sarcasm of the one sister, in consideration of the sweetness of the other.

Mrs. Elwin meantime had usurped the disengaged arm of Beatrice, while Bob, finding himself totally cut off from the heiresses, in comparison of whom the doctor's daughters were 'nobodies,' with a look of indignant wonder, muttered "That's a devilish good one," shuffled off to his sister, and whispered "I was thought somebody at Versailles."

The party now decided on proceeding to the Abbey, which Beatrice had not yet seen, and thence to Brickeen, a boat having been ordered to meet them there with refreshments.

"Miss Mornington," said Mrs. Elwin, "do you know that George is coming soon to Killarney."

This announcement puzzled Beatrice.

"My brother," said Lucy, "leaves college next month; you have heard us speak of him."

"He brings a friend," rejoined Mrs. Elwin, "a very clever man, quite a philosopher, indeed I believe an author; George says a delightful man, but I have no very great idear of his consequence, for he is the son of a Welch parson, and about to publish his productions for profit; I take fifty copies, you, Miss Mornington, will relieve me of half a dozen; it really will be meritorious to assist

the poor creature. George says he is very deserving."

Lucy and Emma, highly mortified, vainly endeavoured to interrupt this charitable recommendation of their brother's friend: Mrs. Elwin continued, "His name is Morgan, and—"

"Morgan," interrupted Katheren, "what a barbarous sound."

"Do you attach so much importance to a name Miss Mornington?" said Lucy, drily.

"Oh yes," replied Katheren, laughing, "to me 'a rose by any other name would *not* smell as sweet;' a Morgan must indeed be prodigally gifted to interest me."

"Katheren jests," said Beatrice; "three of her very particular friends are distinguished by names to which Morgan sounds as—"

"The Eolian harp, to the drone of a bagpipe," added Katheren, "which harmony saluted my ear, for the first time, on landing in Ireland."

"But who," enquired Moreland, "are those very particular friends of Miss Katheren Mornington?"

"Oh, Beatrice means my three exquisites, Tade, Jerry, and Jude, whose appellatives were at first certainly rather perplexing, yet I would not now change them for the *dolcissimi nomi* suggested by Tasso's muse."

"Thus, from association, do we imbibe our

partialities and prejudices," said Moreland, "and thus, Miss Mornington may in time become satisfied with the slighted name of Morgan."

"But surely what Priscillar tells me is impossible," said Mrs. Elwin, "that you, Miss Mornington, intend that ignoramus Judith Sweeney to supply the place of your French *femme de chambre*! why she scarcely knows her right hand; I was petrified when Priscillar informed me that old Susan had boasted to Patrick of her niece's good fortune."

"A propos of preferments," said Moreland, addressing Katheren, "your and my acquaintance Jerry has entreated that I would recommend him to you as a candidate for the situation of your foreign servant Sneider, who, he tells me, is about to return to his own country; Jerry once lived with my uncle as footman; he bore an excellent character, until he went into the service of an innkeeper, and lost his place for what he called 'a bit of an accident.'"

Katheren promised to speak to her aunt on the subject, while Lucy and Emma exchanged glances of mournful intelligence at what they considered an additional proof of Moreland's influence.

Bob, who had hitherto walked with his sister in sullen silence, now broke out "Faith ladies, you mean to keep an Irish garrison; I dare say Moreland himself would have no objection to

forming one of your establishment,—'pon soul people say so."

"Indeed," said Katheren, coolly.

"Faith that they do," cried Bob, with a nod which he meant should be impressive; "every one says Moreland is in for it; I think myself 'tis a done thing."

"Indeed," repeated Katheren, with the same provoking apathy.

"You are very laconic, Miss Mornington," observed Lucy.

"Oh," said Katheren, with perfect composure, "it is my peculiarity never to seek explanation of what cannot possibly concern me; thus when people endeavour to be perplexingly profound like Mr. Jefferson, and puzzle their hearers, I fix my mind on other matters, and merely respond by an exclamation which, as you perceive, requires neither thought nor judgement."

"Does she mean anything at me?" whispered Bob to his sister.

"Mr. Jefferson," said Katheren, laughing, "I have overheard your question, and am satisfied that you think me also sapiently obscure; thus we are even."

"I cry quits," muttered Bob, who had just sufficient sense to perceive, that in a war of words he should prove a sufferer.

Moreland had advanced to check Jefferson's

impertinence, but was prevented making a retort which would have proved anything but courteous, by Katheren's speech, and the party having now reached the abbey, dispersed, each wandering whithersoever chance or fancy directed.

Disturbed by the insinuation of Jefferson, Beatrice anxiously observed Moreland and her sister; their conduct perplexed and surprised her; she was secretly of opinion that the former had deserted Lucy Elwin, but, firm in her conviction of Katheren's generosity, she did not once suspect her of seriously encouraging his levity. Still it was extraordinary, she thought, that Katheren should seize every opportunity of extolling the beauty and merit of Emma to the lover of her sister. Absorbed by these reflections she scarcely heeded the homage of the grinning Jefferson, who had followed her into the cloister.

"Talk of comparing Killarney to Versailles!" cried Bob, "what stuff, don't you think so Miss Mornington?"

"Was such comparison ever made?" asked Beatrice.

"Oh yes; a foolish old bishop said, 'The king of France might build Versailles, but he never could produce Killarney.' Why the man that made Versailles I maintain it could make anything."

"Perhaps so," said Beatrice, not wishing to detain him near her by dissent.

"But you would be sure of it, I can tell you, if you saw the place; may be you did though; did you?"

Beatrice, disgusted with his folly, hastily replied in the affirmative.

"Gracious goodness!" cried Bob clapping his hands, "and were you ever at the court?"

"Not exactly, but my sister has been there, she will describe to you the impression it made upon her."

Away flew the delighted Bob to seek for Katheren, but stopped to communicate this astounding intelligence to his sister, who, with the Elwins, was sauntering in the corridor of the cloister.

To escape from a renewal of his tiresome assiduities, Beatrice stepped through a gothic arch, and looking round she perceived her sister and Moreland apparently engaged in earnest conversation pursuing a pathway which led towards the lake.

"How imprudent!" thought Beatrice, "thus to subject herself to the impertinent remarks of that coxcomb, and, what is worse, give the Elwins reason to suppose that she encourages the addresses of a man for whom she cares not; but I will, if possible, prevent unpleasant sarcasm by joining them."

Thus excited, and almost irritated, she hastily

followed her sister, without thinking of the construction her own flight might admit, nor stopped until the receding forms of Moreland and Katheren were completely hidden from her view by the winding of the path and the intervention of the thickly-leaved branches; she looked around, and found herself in a smooth and verdant amphitheatre, surrounded by graceful trees; their pendant foliage kissed the clear surface of a tiny lake, whose sparkling ripples swelled in the breeze, as if to grant their cooling influence to the thirsty leaf. Beatrice lingered for a moment, and sighed regretfully as she hurried forward, for, to her pensive fancy, the soft murmur of the waving branches chided her abandonment of such sweet tranquillity. Wearied and fevered, after devious wanderings, she reached a small open bay, and strained her eyes along its circling shores in breathless anxiety; but no living thing was visible save the voracious gull perched on the craggy point of a rocky islet, which seemed as if nature had riven it from the main land, to provide a secure resort in its sharp recesses for this devouring tribe. Her agitation now became terror; totally unacquainted with the localities of the grounds, she knew not whither to direct her steps, and seated herself on the sloping bank, as much from perplexity as exhaustion. At length her eager eye descried a boat rounding the point

of a neighbouring island and making for the bay; she determined to await its approach.

The welcome bark shot into the little harbour, a young man leaped to the bank and stood, in apparent suspense, a few paces from Beatrice.—A well known voice made her heart thrill with joy. “If your Honor will folly that crooked path, ’twill take you to the Abbey quite straight.”

“Tade!” shrieked Beatrice, bounding past the stranger, whose dark eyes, filled with admiration and wonder, followed her flying form.

“Why then is it yourself Miss Mornington? and all by yourself too, like a deserted gosling,” cried the astonished Tade, laying in his oars, and jumping ashore.

“Miss Mornington!” repeated the stranger, hastily approaching and extending his hand, “is it possible!” then, as if repenting his precipitation, he bowed in some confusion, and drew back.

The bewildered girl fixed her eyes on the enquirer; a noble, dark, expressive countenance, fraught with more of pride than humility, met her gaze. Yet this pride seemed so tempered by sweetness, that the aristocratic expression of his keen eye might not have been detected, were it not called forth by what, in his ignorance of Irish simplicity, he deemed the overweening familiarity of Tade.

Vainly Beatrice taxed her memory to recall the features of her interrogator, whose frank and familiar address, was at strange variance with his subsequent reserve.

"Why then Miss Beatrice, won't you speak at all at all?" enquired Tade.

"I have lost my party," she stammered, "and know not where to look for them."

"What harum then," cried the literal Tade, "step into the boat Miss, Jerry is there and Mrs. Shusan, we are takin' the purvisions for dinner to Brickeen, and you'll be sure to pick up wîd your company there, any how."

The young stranger again advanced to proffer his services, and was received with an angry growl by Don, who placed himself before Beatrice as if to protect her.

The voice of Moreland was now heard, loudly vociferating her name.—"This way your Honor," roared Tade,—Moreland appeared, Beatrice flew to meet him, and when she again looked towards the spot where she had left the stranger, he was gone.

"For heaven's sake Miss Mornington, where have you been?" enquired Moreland, "your sudden disappearance has thrown your sister into an agony of terror."

Explanation ensued, and Beatrice found that

Katheren and her companion had only sauntered to a short distance from the abbey, and had re-joined their party by a different rout.

In fact their absence had scarcely been remarked, save by Lucy and her sister, who ascribed the heightened color and increased animation of Katheren to the explanation which they doubted not had taken place, nor did the concern which Moreland expressed for Emma, who had fainted—Lucy said from fatigue—at all operate to banish this conviction; Emma however soon recovered, insisted that she was quite well, in high spirits, and should be very much disappointed if her trifling indisposition interrupted the plan for the day's amusement. The party was preparing to proceed to Brickeen when the absence of Beatrice caused general consternation; Katheren was in despair,—“I'll engage she has lost herself,” cried Bob, “I saw her going that way an hour ago.”

Moreland flew off in the direction indicated by the moon-struck Robert.

A considerable interval, alarming to Katheren and tedious to the others, elapsed,—at length Moreland reappeared alone.

“My sister!” cried Katheren.

“Is quite safe,” answered Moreland, “but so wearied that I committed her to the care of your trusty friends, Tade, Don, Jerry and Mrs. Susan, who were most opportunely at hand, in the boat

which conveys our fare to Brickeen. Miss Mornington was very much terrified, she had lost her way."

"The very thing I said, didn't I?" shouted Bob, triumphantly appealing to the whole party.

Beatrice, fatigued and dispirited, had indeed eagerly adopted Moreland's advice, and placed herself under the protection of Mrs. Susan, who, having walked to Killarney in the morning to make some purchases, had met her nephew with Tade; they persuaded her to accompany them to Ross Bay and embark, promising to land her at Mucruss, but now finding her young mistresses were of Mrs. Elwin's party, she gladly consented to proceed.

The boat pushed off, and Beatrice, tolerably tranquil, had leisure to reflect on her singular meeting with the person who had so familiarly accosted and so unceremoniously left her.—"I certainly never before beheld him," thought she, "for his is not a face to be forgotten, and yet he seemed perfectly acquainted, at least with my name—" her meditations were interrupted by Tade.

"That was a grand looking youngker Jerry, him we picked up at Ross."

"Not a patch upon Squire Moreland," said the other, contemptuously.

In spite of Tade's partiality for Moreland, he

could not assent to this, and appealed to Mrs. Susan, who very prudently replied, "You may hunt for a comelier than either a long while."

"What a power o' questions the young chap axed consarnin' the visitors," resumed Jerry, "and when I tould him there was a widy and two young ones among the last comers, he cocked his ears so, and axed where they lived and ——"

"You spoke too freely with a stranger Jeremiah," interrupted Mrs. Susan a little angrily.

"Would you have us run sulky aunt Chusy? I was standin' near the inn yester' evenin' when he come up, so I offered my service as guide, and went wid him to Ross and we walked all about the island; sure I must answer when he axed me, so I tould him how we were engaged for Brickeen and Dinis this mornin', and that if he had a likin' to see Mucruss we would put him ashore there an' welcome."

"Was he never here before?" enquired Mrs. Susan.

"No aunt, he come all the way from forin' land, wid nothin' but a wee portmanty, poor young thing! don't look no more than twenty."

"I never fault you for being civil Jeremiah, only be cautious too."

"Closed mouths shows cunnin' heads," observed Tade.

The party appeared to relish this apothegm, for silence ensued. Beatrice pondered on what she had heard, and her companions were equally taciturn until they reached Brickeen, where Mrs. Susan persuaded her young mistress to 'disembark, as it would be some time, she said, before the remainder of the party could arrive.

The day was sultry; they seated themselves in a glade of scattered trees, on the margin of the water; the boat, guarded by the two friends, was at a small distance, moored in a little cove, and Don lay panting at the feet of Beatrice. Mrs. Susan drew from an ample pocket her knitting materials and a small volume, which she presented to her young companion. It had been recently covered by the thrifty dame with a piece of canvass, being, she said, the fifteenth time it had thus exercised her ingenuity. "I always carry it about me," continued she, "though I seldom look into it; I like to look upon it, 'twas a token."

"From some favoured admirer of the good dame's youthful charms," thought Beatrice, as she opened the book: it proved to be a pocket edition of the *Paradise Lost*, and its title page bore, in faded characters, the name of 'Katheren,'—"spelled exactly like my sister's!" cried Beatrice, involuntarily.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Susan, observing where

the eyes of Beatrice were fixed.—“It is the old Irish way of spelling that name; the angel who bore it told me so.”

“Your sister?” enquired Beatrice.

The old woman shook her head; she spoke, but her accents were tremulous and checked by tears.

“Forgive me,” cried Beatrice, “I meant not to distress you, it was the singularity of the coincidence which induced my enquiries.”

“You are very kind, my dear young lady,” replied the matron, wiping her eyes, “perhaps an old woman’s story might help to wile away the time, would you condescend to listen to it.”

“Oh gladly Mrs. Susan; I have already been interested in your history by Doctor Elwin, who told me you had met with many vicissitudes.”

“Not more than I deserved,” said Mrs. Susan, meekly: she drew close to her young mistress, and, continuing to knit with marvellous rapidity, thus commenced:—

CHAPTER XII.

Looking through the dark postern of time long elapsed.

~~Feeling~~

"My father was steward to the Earl of Dunane—I mean the present Earl's father—and lived in a cottage on his master's estate. The Earl married twice; he had two children by his first, and one by his second wife: my mother nursed all three, the present Earl, his sister Lady Mary, and his half sister Lady Katheren. My mother had also three children, a son that died young, my sister Ileen, and myself. I was two years younger than my sister, who was the age of Lady Mary, and was her foster-sister, while I was the same to Lady Katheren."

"I do not exactly understand what you mean by foster-sister," said Beatrice.

"Nursed with the same milk, my dear young lady: fosterage is quite common among the Irish; even people of rank permit their children to be

nursed or fostered by their tenants or servitors, in order to attach them to their families, and the tie is in that way made so close, that the fostering family will go any lengths for their fosterlings.—Alas! I should not say so, for I deserted—but I must go on with my story. When Lady Mary was taken home, my sister went with her and was brought up at the castle. The first Countess had died in giving birth to her daughter, and the Earl had married again. The second Countess was of the Macarthy More family, and mother to Lady Katheren, my foster-sister, who would not part from me, so I also was brought up at the castle, and had the same advantages as my sister had. But Heen and I were quite different; she was handsome, quick, and high minded—too much so indeed for her birth—while I was plain, dull, and of course humble. The greatest pleasure our young mistresses had was to teach their foster-sisters; Lady Mary was quite proud of Heen, who learned every thing without any trouble, while I would sit all day long trying to read what my sister would say without a book in half the time; but Lady Katheren did all she could to give me courage and coax me on, saying, ‘Why Susan how clever you grow, you quite surprise me!’—I only wondered at her patience.

“Well Miss Beatrice, as I said before, we all grew up together. No two ever loved their mis-

tresses as Ileen and I loved ours; we worshipped the very ground they walked on, and no wonder, for surely never was two sweeter creatures! Lady Katheren was however undoubtedly the handsomest: indeed I once thought her beauty couldn't be equalled, but I have seen one more beautiful still."

"And that one?" said Beatrice.

"Is Miss Katheren Mornington," answered the old woman.

"I thought so," cried Beatrice, coloring with pleasure.

Susan looked at her.—"Just so," said she, "would Lady Mary listen to the praises of her sister! 'Susan, Susan,' she would say, when the gentry came to the castle, 'only think what was said of Katheren!'—And then she'd tell me all the fine speeches that were made of her sister—never envious—but who could be envious of that angel?"

"Did she resemble my sister?" asked Beatrice thoughtfully.

"Not in face Miss, but sometimes I shut my eyes when Miss Mornington speaks, and think I hear my darling mistress; the same life and spirit, the same wildness, fun and frolic, the same honest laugh, that even the saddest was forced to join in, the same lithe step and graceful air; and her very ways too—just so would my mistress visit the poor peasants, and gladden 'em as much by her

blithsome smile as by her bounteous hand; and then, covered with a frieze cloak, the hood drawn over her sweet face, she'd come flying to the castle and cheat us all with mimicking our Irish sayings, just like Miss Katheren. Still the faces are quite different; my mistress's eyes were blue, and her half sister's black, like yours Miss.

“The first sorrow I ever knew was caused by our two young ladies being sent abroad for education. When Ileen found she wasn't to go with her mistress, she raved, and was so violent, that we all quaked at the spirit she showed. I'm sure my grief was as great, but I was roused in a manner to exert myself, for my sister's passion and despair brought on a fever, through which I nursed her day and night. Ah! I then had a forethought of the mischief such a temper would bring on poor Ileen! Little Lord Conwayne (the present Earl) fretted too at losing the young ladies, particularly Lady Katheren, for he doated on her, always setting her before his own sister in everything. He was a proud, tyrannical boy, overbearing to every one; no one could win him off his gloomy moods but Lady Katheren; his step-mother quite feared him, and even his father dared not check his fiery spirit, for he once, in a fit of passion, flung himself into the lake, and, but for Ileen, who dashed in after him and caught his hair, he would certainly have been drowned. As

for me, whenever I heard his step, I fled as a frightened hare; but no one hated him like the person who had saved his life. Protect us! how I used to stare when she would flee him in his most frightful bursts of rage; nothing cowed her; he dared not drive her from the castle, for every body knew she had ventured her life to save his, and he was afraid they would cry shame. At last this unruly boy was sent abroad with his tutor, Father Karwin, just as my sister recovered from her fever; this helped a little to quiet my mind, but nothing could pacify Ileen; her passion, 'tis true, was over, or if she felt it, she hadn't power to show it, and the poor girl would sit all day like one demented, singing some old ditty which her mistress had taught her, and rocking herself to and fro as if for comfort. The Countess said her brain was touched, and afterwards, when I saw Ileen in her terrible tempers, I remembered what my lady said, and shook for fear.

"Well, Miss Mornington, I believe I told you that Lord Conwaye was to go abroad, but he hadn't gone yet, and one day he stole into the room where I sat watching Ileen, and, catching me, he put his hand over my mouth, for I would have screamed with fright; he bade me not to shake like an idiot, but to listen to him; he said he was determined to see his sister Katheren; as to Mary he didn't care much for her, particularly as

she was the favorite of that she devil (pointing to Ileen, who sat, as usual, rocking herself, with her poor staring eyes fixed on the wall.) ‘So,’ he went on, ‘as you are well behaved and humble, if you wish to write to your little mistress, I will take the letter or any remembrance you may wish to send.’ My heart jumped for joy; I dared to speak to him for the first time in my life, and thank him for his kindness; he left the room, promising to come for my letter before he sat out on his journey. I didn’t think at the time that Ileen minded much what he said, but I remembered afterwards that she was more thoughtful and more herself during the evening, and begged I would leave her as she wished to rest. I was glad to have a few hours to myself, for I was rather slow, and what I wrote cost me a deal of pains; however at last my letter was done, and the next day I sat with Ileen waiting for our young master. We heard the preparations making for his departure, and my brain throbbed as if it would burst, for fear he would forget me; nothing but my dread of the Countess hindered me of running into the great hall, where the family was; so I walked up and down the room, like one distracted, while Ileen sat without moving at all, her face covered with her apron.

“Well Miss Beatrice, in all my born days, before or since, I never felt such joy as when Lord

Conwaye came into the room, dressed for his journey. 'The letter, the letter,' says he, 'I'm in great haste.' He was putting it into his little book, when, all of a sudden, up jumps Ileen: she seized his hand—'I will bless you and forgive you all your crossness to your sweet sister,' cries she, 'if you will take mine too.'—She took a paper out of her bosom: he snatched it, I thought to put it along with the other; but, God forgive him! he tore it to atoms, and threw the pieces on the floor. My heart flew to my mouth; I was almost choked; young as I was I shall never lose the memory of his malicious laugh, no more than I shall forget the terrible look of Ileen. He made a sort of mocking bow and left us.

"I hardly dared to face my sister—God knows, much as I counted on sending my letter, I would with all my heart at that moment have known my sister's in its place. The tears ran down my cheeks, but Ileen scorned to cry: she stood with her veins all swelled, her eyes starting from her head. To try and turn her thoughts, I began to pick up the torn scraps. 'I sat up all night to write it,' cried poor Ileen; 'this morning I felt so calm, so happy, and now!'—she looked at the scattered pieces, shook her head, and sat down, again covering her face.—'I would not tell you Susan, that I intended to write, for I feared you would insist on my being too weak and offer to do

so for me, and I knew you would have trouble enough with your own letter.'—'But I could have put yours inside mine,' says I, 'and so have cheated that spiteful boy, which I would not have minded at all.'—'Who ever could have thought of his being such a savage?' says Ileen. She dropped her apron, clapped her hands together, and throwing up her eyes, while her face was ghost-like, she prayed that Lord Conwayne's heart might be rent as he had rent that paper! I was mad enough with myself for bringing on this burst of passion.

"But you are tired of my gossip Miss Mornington: I only mention this circumstance to shew you the enmity that was between my sister and the Earl, even from their childhood: you would hardly think how it could be and their lots in life at such a distance, but you must remember that we all played together when we scarce knew the lord and lady from poor pensioners like ourselves. At that time the country was very much disturbed, and the nobles encouraged the peasantry to make free with them, particularly the fosterers, who were, in a manner, considered a part of the family, and bound to defend it in every call. Years afterwards there used to be more terrible riots still; rapparees and white boys and such outrages, murders, maiming of cattle, and burning of barns! and so the lords thought the more friends they made

with the peasants the better.—Mr. Snecider says the lower orders here don't at all keep their distance as they do in other parts, so I suppose the poor Irish will always stick to their old ways: only Miss Mornington, should you find me or mine at any time making too free, pray forgive us, on the score of the pride we have in old customs."

"I promise to forgive every thing, Mrs. Susan, if you will proceed in your story."

"About this time," continued the old woman, "my mother's father died: he was a tradesman and had done well in the world; my mother was his only child, and came in for all his property, so my father gave up his situation under the Earl, went to live in Killarney and carried on my grandfather's business. Helen was now quite recovered, and as we had no longer any excuse for remaining at the castle, my mother took us home, much against our inclinations. My sister, in particular, pined and pined, would take no comfort, which vexed our parents very much, for they shewed on her, putting her before me in all things, but this never made me jealous, for I saw that there was the beyond me. The Countess had given each of us a handsome present when we left. Helen's was much spent, for she was fond of dress. — my wonder—she looked so handsome in her new clothes while I always thought they made

me look still plainer, so it was no credit to keep from them.

“ Things went cross enough for some time ; my sister fretting and fretting, losing all her beauty, and my mother losing all her patience, when one morning Ileen was missing. Oh ! I never shall forget the despair of my father and mother : they had a misgiving that she had thrown herself into the lake, but I had other thoughts, for although she left her clothes behind her, yet I knew that if she intended to drown herself she wouldn't want money, and she had borrowed all mine ; besides I had heard her enquiring at the inn the manner of travelling to Cork, and of crossing the sea. The minute I found she was gone, I guessed it all, so I comforted my mother as well as I could, by saying I was certain we should soon hear of her. Sure enough we did hear of her, but not soon. A letter came to the Countess from the lady Abbess who had the care of our young mistresses—Ileen was with them ! she had positively found her way to Lady Mary ! My parents could do nothing for a week but wonder at the spirit and courage of the girl ; I trembled at such a spirit, for I saw that rather than be baulked of her will, she would do anything.”

“ But did she not reflect on the consequences of such a step, on the misery and anxiety of her friends ?” enquired Beatrice.

Susan shook her head; "She never reflected at all, Miss Beatrice, on any thing which might thwart her, but I must say in her behalf that it was all for the love of her young lady, a sort of madness, indeed Ileen was never cool in anything. When she was gone I had no companion, for we were as yet but strangers in the town, and, unluckily for me, I made acquaintance with a young man who used to come sometimes to our shop. He was the son of an innkeeper at Dingle, and himself kept a small inn in our town. He had been married and had a child, but his wife died, as I afterwards learned, of a broken heart—alas! I had no one then to set me to rights as to his character, so I liked him. I suppose because he liked me: in truth I never had many admirers, and had Ileen been at home I shouldn't have had even this one—a woful one for me! but we think differently at fifteen to what we do at sixty-five.

"At last Lady Mary returned, but not Lady Katheren, who was two years younger, so the Countess thought she could not be introduced yet awhile. I went to the castle to see my sister and enquire about my darling mistress. Ileen was grown taller and handsomer, but her heart was not changed. She threw her arms about my neck—'Forgive me, my dear Susan,' says she, 'and ask my parents to forgive me; God knows I

grieved to leave you, but my mind was unsettled, and my brain would have turned had I not joined my mistress.' And indeed Miss Mornington I believed her, for she was like the waterfall, which foams the more for the rocks that check it. Lady Mary was a beautiful creature, mild and dove-like, no two more unlike in mind than she and her wild foster-sister, but if you wish to see her very model, you must look into that Lake Miss Beatrice."

"How singular!" said Beatrice, "is it possible that ——" she checked herself.

Mrs. Susan resumed her narrative. "There was nothing now at the castle but balls and festivities; every one was merry; the Countess's niece, Lady Illin, was sent for to keep Lady Mary company; young Lord Conwayne returned, and fell in love with her, and this pleased the Earl and Countess very much, for Lady Illin was a Macarthy, great granddaughter and heiress to the Earl of Glencar; so they were betrothed, and the gaities went on more than ever. As for me, this racketing didn't suit me; my mistress was not there to encourage me; the foreign servants ridiculed my sheepishness, and but for Ileen, who kept them all in awe, I should have led a sad life. As it was, I was glad to return to my parents—perhaps I had also an inclination to see Patrick Sweeney, who wouldn't come to the castle for the

reason, as I afterwards heard, that his character was known there. Ileen often visited us, and brought us all the news of the goings on and of the admirers which her young lady had, amongst the rest, a Colonel St. Elmour."

Beatrice started; this name brought to her recollection the veiled figure she had seen in the oratory at Innisfallen with all the circumstances attending that day's adventures.

"He was the younger son of Lord Clanmore," continued Mrs. Susan, "who had in the revolution gone with King James, and had been attainted (I think they call it,) deprived of his estates, which were very large; however it was said that the English ministers had promised to do away with the attainder, and that if so, the Colonel would be a great match for Lady Mary, as his elder brother had declared he never would marry and the Colonel should be his heir. This was what Ileen told us, but she explained it much better than I can, for her head was quick at anything. She also told us that the person who had succeeded my father as steward to the Earl was making love to her, that she didn't much care for him, but that if her parents wished she would have him, because he had promised she never should be parted from her mistress, and she despaired of ever getting any one else to make the same promise. My father and mother were overjoyed at Ileen's good fortune,

for the steward was counted a very rich man, and of a good family too, so they persuaded my sister to have him.

"Well Miss, to make my story short, they were all three married on the same day; Lord Conwayne to Lady Illin, Colonel St. Elmour to Lady Mary, and Ileen to Thadeus O'Sullivan, grandfather to our Tade."

"Then Tade is ——"

"My grandnephew Miss, but still I don't consider him as I consider Jerry, although Jerry is only my husband's nephew, for it is but within four or five years that I come to know Tade, whilst Jerry and his sister were thrown on me for help since they were babes almost. I went to the castle to see the brides; Lady Mary and her sister-in-law Lady Illin looked beautiful, and Ileen looked beautiful too; all in white, with her fine black hair twisted about her head, her eyes, like diamonds, fixed upon her mistress. I'll be bound she thought more of Lady Mary than she did of her husband, who, poor man, looked as if he thought very much of himself, so proud was he of his handsome wife. Oh, Miss Beatrice," ejaculated Susan, dropping her knitting and clasping her hands, "to see my poor Ileen that day, and to see her as I saw her last!"

"Is she dead?"

"Would to God she were," said Susan earnestly,

“ but I must go on, for the party will be here soon. I thought there was only a little to tell, but an old woman loves to dwell on an old story. It was settled that Lady Mary, Lady Illin, and their husbands should spend some time at the castle; the Earl and Countess were grown old and were loth to part with 'em; every one was happy; even Lord Conwayne seemed won from his perverseness by his wife, he doated on her, and as long as she lived, poor thing, there was some peace. Ileen and her husband too got on tolerably; Sullivan indeed would sometimes venture to find fault with his wife's daily visits to the castle, but a look from her would soon silence the poor man, for, in all my life, I never saw any one who could give such a look as she could; however little by little he lost his great love for his wife, seeing that she thought nothing of him in comparison of her mistress. He would often try to make her jealous by his praises of the homely Susan, but so far was he from succeeding in this, that I really believe Ileen never looked on him with affection but when he was praising me. She wished me to live entirely at the cottage, but I would neither give up my parents nor Patrick, who still made love to me by stealth.

“ At last came the grand disturbance; Colonel St. Elmour received a letter from his brother, calling him to England, in great haste; Lady Mary,

though not very fit to travel, resolved to go with him, and Ileen, without saying a word, immediately began making preparations for attending her mistress. I was then at the cottage, but did not try to shake my sister's purpose, for I knew it would be of no use, besides I saw that Sullivan, in spite of his promise, was making up his mind, and gathering all his courage to stop her. At last he spoke. Ileen at first tried her old plan of daunting him with a look, but that wouldn't do—Sullivan saw he must be master now or never, and that, once Lady Mary out of the way, his wife might change. He very coolly told her, stay she should, if she looked ever so glum; that if he had promised to part with his wife, it didn't follow he should part with the child he expected soon to have. —What a scene took place! Ileen called him pitiful and prevaricating; go she would, and let her see who'd dare prevent her! Her look and manner made me quake; they would have made me meek had I been ever so passionate. Oh, how frightful is a furious woman! She carried her point however, but Sullivan swore that she should be dependant on that child she seemed so little to heed, for that he would instantly make a will and leave it every thing he had. This made matters worse—'Do you think to frighten me,' says Ileen, 'by making me a beggar?' Her look of contempt

destroyed whatever love he might still have had for her.

“Well Miss Mornington, off they went, but they soon returned. The Earl got a paralytic stroke, and a messenger was despatched in all haste for Lady Mary. She was overtaken at the seaport where they were about to embark; the Colonel attended his lady back to her father’s, but was obliged to leave immediately, and before he saw Lady Mary again, she had a son, and my sister a daughter.

“Sullivan was so pleased with his child that we thought he would have forgiven his wife, who also nursed Master Charles St. Elmour, Lady Mary being very poorly, in great grief for her father, who died at this time. She would have had my sister stop entirely at the castle, but we all advised Ileen not to provoke her husband by leaving him again, particularly as she might see her mistress every day. Now came the mischief. Ileen sickened, and the doctor pronounced her incapable of nursing both the children. Without making the least trouble about it, my sister parted with Peggy, her own baby, and kept her mistress’s! Sullivan said not a word, but he had it in his eye to punish her.

“Master Charles was a fine boy, and thrived so well under Ileen’s care, that when the Colonel

wrote for his wife to come to him, she was persuaded by her brother (now Earl of Dunane) and all her other friends, to leave the child until the Colonel's affairs were settled, about which they were very uneasy; so he was left.—The new Earl and the Countess Illin doated on him, had him brought to the castle every day, and quite made him an idol, but the boy cared for none of them as he did for his foster-mother, whose very life seemed wrapt in his, nor could any one in the world have kept her from her mistress, but only this child.

“Little Peggy, who had been nursed by a neighbour, was now weaned and sent home. She was her father's darling; Sullivan always looked with a jealous eye upon Master Charles, couldn't endure him. He was a surly, unforgiving man, never forgetting an injury, for he died about this time, and left every farthing he had in the world to his child; even the very cottage that covered his wife was to be given up to Peggy when she married, only allowing Ileen a small income while the child remained with her, but the moment either left the other the annuity was to cease; all went to Peggy. Every one called out at this will but Ileen, who, with her many faults, was never sordid. Sullivan, she said, was quite right to take care of his child; for her part she was glad she had nothing to thank him for; she would trust to her mistress

and Master Charles—better for her she had trusted to Providence !

“ When the boy was two years old, the Earl, who had no children, wished to have him entirely at the castle, but Ileen sturdily refused to give him up to any one but his parents.—‘ He has been entrusted to me,’ says she, ‘ and neither letter nor order shall tear him from me until I see my mistress.’

“ This brought to life the old enmity between her and the Earl ; he would have stopped the salary she received for nursing the boy, but for the Countess Illin, who was ever, like an angel, softening his heart. The Earl wrote to complain of Ileen, but Lady Mary had always a yearning towards her foster-sister, so she sent a letter to say that she and the Colonel would soon be over in Ireland, and bring with them Lady Katheren, who had just returned from Italy, where she had been on a wedding trip with a schoolfellow ; and the letter went on to say that perhaps, as little Charles was so well, he might remain the short time she should be absent, with his nurse. I was with Lady Illin when this letter came—it made the Earl very angry—passionate people have no prudence, so without reflecting he let out before me every thing which was in the paper—Ileen did not try to conceal her triumph, when I told her the news. As to me, my wits had well nigh

flown—Lady Katheren, my sweet mistress, was coming at last! I first ran to the Countess Gertrude, (for so we called the Dowager,) and forgetting the distance between us, I caught her hand, and fell crying, like a fool. She was almost beside herself, poor lady, for she began to think she should never see her darling, her only child again, as Lady Katheren's coming had been put off from time to time. The young Earl indeed, who, to do him justice, doated on his half sister, was going for her when his father was taken ill, and the Countess would not entrust any one else with the care of her, except Colonel St. Elmour, who promised to bring her over, but one thing or the other prevented his coming; indeed it began to be said that Lord Clanmore was not to have the estates back again, on account of some great man in Ireland, (Primate they called him, but I forget his other name,) who went against the bill that was to take off the attainder; so all this was enough to craze the poor Colonel, and hinder him of coming to Ireland. However, he and Lady Mary were now determined on seeing their child.

“Well Miss Mornington, after I left the Countess I flew like lightning to Ileen's cottage with my story, and there I determined to stay until my mistress came. How my heart beat when I heard that she was at the castle!”

CHAPTER XIII.

Th' oars were silver
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.—SHAKESPEARE.

Just as Mrs. Susan had arrived at this part of her story, Don started, cocked his ears, wagged his tail, and set off in a canter to meet Katheren, whose arms were soon thrown round her sister's neck.

"Mighty sublime, 'pon honor!" cried Bob,

"Quite a *scena*!" whispered Lucy to Emma;
"Miss Mornington understands effect; observe her attitude—how theatrical!"

"How natural," exclaimed Moreland, indignantly.

Katheren, quite unconscious of exciting ill-natured animadversion, was expressing what she had really felt during her sister's absence. She now unhesitatingly accepted Moreland's offered arm, and walked towards the boat. Beatrice per-

ceived that some explanation had taken place, as all reserve seemed banished, and Katheren conversed so freely with Moreland that some of the party concluded it was *une affaire finie*, while Beatrice, perplexed more than ever, observed her sister with alarm.

The remainder of the day was passed at Dinis, pleasantly to some, painfully to others; perhaps the person who most suffered appeared most gratified; pride roused Emma to exertion; her gaiety was unbounded, her indisposition forgotten, and no one, save Lucy, could detect, in her somewhat wild mirth, the proud resolve of an injured spirit to conceal its keen sense of affection slighted and confidence betrayed.

"How beautiful Emma Elwin looks to-day," whispered Katheren to Moreland. His glance at the fair speaker was remarked and variously interpreted by those who were disposed to note and satirize his assiduities. These symptoms of increased confidence between Moreland and her sister were to Beatrice peculiarly annoying, for she perceived the pointed observations they elicited. Lucy was either silent or satirical; Miss Jefferson and her brother simpered, exchanging looks of prodigious meaning, while Mrs. Elwin, after having extolled the skill of Priscy in providing for a picnic, and descanted on the exquisite choice of her condiments in the manufacture of a

veal pie, seemed suddenly to have made an 'unlucky' discovery, and stared in dumb amazement at Moreland and Katheren, who, totally regardless of her oration, had wandered from the party, and seated themselves at a short distance beneath a spreading ash on the borders of the lake, apparently engrossed in interesting converse.

"A lucky fellow that," lisped Bob, observing the direction of Mrs. Elwin's eyes.

"Who—what do you mean?" cried the lady, in panting perturbation.

"Why how blind you are!" cried the polite beau, "can't you see?"

"Henry is lucky indeed," said Mrs. Elwin, unwilling to receive the intended impression; "the death of his cousin has cleared his way to a fine fortune."

"I wonder who Miss Mornington will choose for bridesmaids?" cried the calculating Miss Jefferson; "I am quite up to the etiquette of the office, for I have been at two weddings already."

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. Elwin, who was only alive to the disagreeable confirmation of her 'unlucky' conjecture, "you don't want to persuade me, do you, that there is any thing serious between Mr. Moreland and Miss Mornington? He has been quite as attentive to Emmar; but indeed I discountenanced the thing, for Henry is dependant on his uncle, an obstinate mule, who

declares that he will not settle any thing on his nephew during his lifetime."

"Oh, forgive me!" said Miss Jefferson, "you are misinformed; I know from the very best authority that Sir Patrick has declared he will provide most handsomely for Mr. Moreland, if he marry to please him—but then he requires a great deal—birth, accomplishments, fortune—Miss Mornington is just the person to suit; she has nothing to fear."

Beatrice would fain have checked this complimentary lady, by suggesting the probability that Miss Mornington's hopes or apprehensions might not be in the least excited on the subject, but, mortified and confused, she could only listen to the debate, and watch Katheren.

"I think," said Lucy, interrupting her mother, who had commenced a reply, "we are wasting much valuable time in a discussion entirely unimportant, at least to us; it can be of no consequence surely to you mamma, when or to whom Mr. Moreland may choose to throw the handkerchief;—certainly," she added, smiling contemptuously, "neither Emma nor I am disposed to quarrel for it—will you walk Miss Mornington?"

Hurt at Lucy's manner Beatrice coldly assented. The party had been seated on the grass while the boatmen dined, and Jerry now advancing, enquired whether the ladies would "mind being rowed

round Turk Lake, afore the damps," adding, "'tis an illigant evenin', an' the waters as clear as crishtul." The Elwins willingly agreed, pleased at any interruption to such a conversation. Bob, tired of exhibiting in the back ground, eagerly jumped on board and seized an oar, determined to distinguish himself in some way, while his sister, rather feeling than understanding that Miss Mornington was displeased with Lucy, officiously offered her arm to the heiress, hoping to supersede the doctor's daughters.

"You will prefer remaining here of course," said Lucy, addressing Katheren, who was still quietly seated, so much absorbed by admiration of the landscape as to be unconscious of the general movement; "we can return hither for you and Mr. Moreland."

"Indeed," replied Katheren, "provided Mrs. Susan will bear me company, I think I should prefer enjoying a little longer this tranquil scene."

"Mrs. Susan!" repeated Lucy, sharply, "you surely expect to be proffered more efficient protection."

Moreland, who had arisen, and was busily employed in cloaking Emma, caught these words, and turning abruptly to Katheren said, "Certainly, Miss Mornington, I cannot permit you to remain under the single guardianship of Mrs. Susan."

"Nay then," said Katheren, rising with alacrity,

"I must shake off my pensive mood, or rather war against my laziness, for—" she blushed and hesitated.

"For you are not quite decided as to the propriety of your performing Eucharis to this modern Telemachus," said Lucy.

Katheren glanced at Moreland: his contracted brow portended a storm, and she exclaimed promptly, "I should be quite determined, Lucy, if you would become the Calypso of the party, and Beatrice our masked Minerva—come," she continued, accepting Bob's assistance, as she stepped into the boat, "we shall rehearse our parts at leisure, and be ready to perform when next we visit thee, romantic Dinis."

"How I could love her," murmured Lucy, "were she not my sister's rival!"

"Stop one moment," ejaculated Mrs. Elwin, "pray, pray Patrick take care of my pie-dish; it belongs to the best dinner set! Priscillar will run wild if any thing happen to it."

Beatrice gazed on the lessening island—"What a sweet retreat," cried she, "for one weary of the world; for betrayed friendship—"

"Or defeated ambition," continued Moreland.

"Or disappointed love," added Katheren.

A profound silence followed these observations; some of the party seemed buried in reflexion, some occupied only by Turk's magic lake, which spread

a shining and transparent plain, sheltered by sylvan shades. It was a scene calculated to steal one's thoughts from the trifling to the transcendent: all seemed in some degree to feel its elevating influence; even Bob, perceiving '*il penseroso*' to prevail, stroked his chin, gave his head an oblique inclination, and looked sublime, while his opposite neighbour, Don, stared curiously in the face of the fop, as if wondering at the singularity of its expression. The boat had coasted the south and east sides of the lake, and was now skirting the northern shore, which, from its inconsiderable elevation above the water, forms a singular contrast to the opposite bank, where Turk stands proudly precipitous, a wooded height of 'stateliest view.' Suddenly from the low shores of the Peninsula was heard a strain of music; the sweet tones of a flute, drawn forth by no unskilful harmonist, were borne upon the balmy air. Beatrice and Katheren started; their musical taste, early and well directed, was strictly chaste, and they scarcely breathed as they looked towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded. Moreland motioned to the men, who instantly rested on their oars, while a wild and beautiful Swiss air was wafted to the listeners.—It ceased.

"Well done! we thought you went astray," cried Tade, resuming his labour; "that was a very intricate turn 'Squire Moreland; uncommon

like Dan Shine's when he plays the Boyne Water on the bagpipes, only Dan gives his tune more of a twist, and comes to the point just as you're goin' to cry, 'Dannil my diamond you've lost yourself.' "

"Pity 'tisin't the pipes that one plays Tade," whispered Jerry, "then the ladies would be milted entirely, 'twould stale on um like wrinkles and gray hairs."

"'Twould go through an' through um like the toothache," rejoined Tade.

"Hark!" said Moreland, "pull in shore;—softly!"

The harmony now seemed to rise from the margin of the lake; the musician was still invisible, but as the notes of one of Mercy's beautiful solos struck the air with fuller swell, a young man was seen to emerge from the woods which skirted the water. He drew near, and Beatrice recognised the 'unknown' of the morning. "I am a stranger," he said, addressing our aquatic party; "beguiled by the beauties of this place, I loitered 'till the close of day, and having missed the track by which I was advised to return, had recourse to my flute, with a view to excite your attention."

Moreland gathered their wishes from the countenances of those of the party whose inclinations he chose to consult, and made a proffer which the young man seemed rather to expect than request.

With an air equally free from assurance and constraint he accepted Moreland's offer, and seated himself near Mrs. Elwin, while his eyes were fixed on Beatrice, who involuntarily made a salutation, which he respectfully returned. Katheren looked surprised, and Mrs. Elwin stared—"These girls," thought she, "are determined to appropriate all the men."

"A mighty convenient way of carrying one's livelihood," whispered Bob to his sister, as the stranger arranged his instrument in a case.

"What a handsome creature!" observed Miss Jefferson, in the same tone, "I'll answer for it he's somebody."

"Yes, a wandering fifer," replied the other; "he'll send his hat around before we're shut of him; Moreland is always setting himself up for a patron of such chaps as this."

The young man soon succeeded in exciting the interest and winning the confidence of the remainder of the party; he had visited various countries, and was full of anecdote, playfulness and originality. "You have travelled a great deal Sir, for one so young," observed Mrs. Elwin; "your time has not been misemployed."

"Pray Sir," cried Bob, "were you ever at Versailles?"

The stranger thought fit to reply to the lady's observation rather than to the gentleman's in-

terrogatory.—“ My travels, Madam, were commenced at an age so early, that I was then only conscious of that shifting, varied scenery, so alluring to a childish fancy. I have since pursued my desultory rambles with avidity; habit has made me inconstant; I see and admire, but seldom search into or understand.”

“ If your inconstancy be habitual and insuperable,” cried Moreland, laughing, “ you will prove a dangerous companion.”

“ It is restrained to places, can never extend to persons,” replied the other eagerly; then coloring deeply, conscious of having appropriated Moreland’s compliment, he added carelessly, “ and though it did, of what importance?”

“ May I be so bold as to ax your honor,” said Tade, “ whether you were all day filanderin’ in Macruss? for in that case you’ll be special glad to see the inside of the inn, an’ a cut o’ salmon; ’tis nine long hours since we left you, as I take it, for see, ould Glena sends his shadow quite athurt the lake.”

“ Patrick, Patrick,” vociferated Mrs. Elwin, “ are there no remnants of our pic nic?—can you not find up something for this gentleman?—a bone of ham or veal, or ——”

The stranger interposed.—“ Your solicitude is very flattering Madam, but excuse me, I have fared sumptuously to-day.”

"I don't know what inn you could have dined at," said the perplexed and inquisitive lady, "but, perhaps you fell in with a friend."

"May I not have been ministered to by a wood nymph, or have joined in a fairy revel?" cried the young man, sportively; "this is the land of 'urchins, outhes and fairies, green and white.'—I am not a stranger to your legendary lore," he continued, turning to Moreland, "having made myself acquainted with some of the extravaganzas of this romantic region. How beautiful!" he ejaculated, apostrophising the picturesque passage between Dimis and the main land, which the skilful rowers had chosen.

The boat now glided into Glена's tranquil bay: the evening was still, the silence alone disturbed by the strokes of the oars, and the voice of the waterfalls reechoed from the rocks and caverns; the last gleam of sunshine had faded from the mountain top, and the sober coloring of night came slowly on. The silver rays of the rising moon depicted in visionary splendor on the lake's clear surface the glories of Glена's wooded base, the placid plain reflecting earth and sky, the starry heavens and the convex mount. Tade chuckled as he watched the admiring looks of the stranger. "I wish to my own heart, Miss Katheren," he exclaimed, "that the Doctor was here; I warrant his honor yonder has been to

Genevy, an' yet for all he thinks Killarney the finest place he ever see; don't you your Honor?"

His Honor's attention was however fixed on Katheren, whose face had been hitherto averted, but who now turned towards the young man a smiling glance, as if to win assent to the interrogatory of her humble follower. She recoiled in some confusion at meeting his intelligent eyes, full of mingled delight, admiration and interest, rivetted on her features. Ashamed of having given rise, as she concluded, to this assumption of familiarity, by her unguarded manner, she sat with downcast eyes, severely censuring what she considered her indiscreet freedom, and resolving to check all further approaches to intimacy on the part of this presuming young man.

"Miss Elwin," said Moreland, addressing Emma, "you are not sufficiently protected against the night air; we feel the breeze in this unsheltered lake," he added, wrapping his boat-cloak around her. Emma would have declined this attention, but, wearied from the day's exertion, and overpowered by such unlooked for interest, she burst into tears and leaned on the shoulder of Katheren, who sat beside her.

"Emma!" exclaimed Lucy, reproachfully.

"I am glad you share my weakness," said the kinder Katheren, "this scene is so sublime it steals unconscious tears."

with whom the stranger had regaled. "I must have put it into my pocket this morning inadvertently," she exclaimed, "and drawn it out with my handkerchief." She stole softly to her aunt's dressing-room, found the tablets, replaced them in the case, and retired to rest, pleased at having solved an enigma at first so perplexing, now so apparently simple.

Several days elapsed before Beatrice could find an opportunity of applying to Mrs. Susan for the remainder of a story in which she felt peculiarly interested. It had given rise to a surmise the truth of which she was anxious to ascertain ere she communicated any part of the narrative to her sister. At length, hearing Katheren and Doctor Elwin fix a day for an excursion to Aghadoe, she excused herself from accompanying them, and requested Mrs. Susan would meet her early on the same day in the garden.

The morning was delightful, the dame punctual. Beatrice flew to her favorite lime, whose leaves were now so fully expanded that its pendent branches, trained by art, formed at once shade and skreen. Mrs. Susan quietly followed, and taking from its depository the eternal knitting, seated herself at a short distance from her young mistress, and began—

CHAPTER XIV.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—SHAKESPEARE.

"WHERE was I in my story Miss?"

"You had just mentioned the arrival of Lady Katheren at the castle, Mrs. Susan."

"Sure enough; well Miss, little Peggy was on my knee when I heard the news, and she screamed when she saw me take my bonnet, for the child loved me dearly, so I took her in my arms; Ileen took Master Charles. I could hardly walk; joy upsets one quite as much as grief, only one kills and the other cures. 'It is but eight o'clock,' says Ileen, 'they will scarcely yet be stirring; let us sit down Susan under this tree, and rest ourselves.' I willingly seated myself, for my limbs trembled, and my heart began to fail. 'Mightn't she forget me?' thought I, 'or be too grand to speak to me?' I couldn't bear to think it,

and burst out crying.—‘ Susan, my dear, dear Susan,’ said a sweet voice—it was herself Miss Beatrice! it was her own dear self! unchanged in heart, in manner! her arms were around my neck, and the daughter and sister of Earls, the fairest flower of the proud house of M’Carthy More, did not disdain to embrace her poor and lowly servant! I looked at her through my tears—it was not she—I wiped my tears away—it was my mistress, her dancing eyes, her dimples, her weeny mouth, her shining curls falling below her waist; it was she indeed, but more queen-like, more noble; as I gazed at her, I curtsied, I couldn’t help it—she laughed; there was always something catching in her mirth; like Miss Katheren’s, no one could stand against it; my awe vanished, I ventured to kiss her hand: ‘ My dear Susan,’ says she, ‘ how often have we rolled upon the grass together, like those children; do you and I love each other less, now? Come Susan, come, introduce me to my nephew.’ She seized my hand and ran towards my sister, who was watching the children. ‘ Ileen,’ she cried, ‘ my good Ileen, how glad I am to see you!—and my nephew!’—she snatched up the child and kissed him fondly.—‘ And this is Peggy Sullivan; you find I already know the little interlopers who dared intrude here in my absence; come hither Peggy, here’s a charm to secure your love you roguish

thing :’—she took from her neck a chain fastened to a small incense box, marked with a cross, and threw it over the babe’s head—Peggy often vowed never to part that chain. How could I help worshipping such a creature ! so kind, so condescending, so generous ! many’s the heart danced when she came again amongst us ! Lady Mary I must say always gave freely too, for asking, but Lady Katheren gave without asking ; she would seek the distressed, just like your sister, and indeed just like yourself for that matter, but your aunt can’t always spare you, you know, Miss Mornington.”—Beatrice smiled at this saving clause. Mrs. Susan continued, “ We all set off again, in high spirits for the castle ; Lady Katheren said that her sister was dying to see the child, but was ill and weak, not able to walk so far, as she soon expected another darling. Poor Lady Mary looked ill indeed, quite cast down ; no wonder, for we learned that her husband’s affairs were in a very unpromising state, and that he would be obliged to leave her again immediately, as it was necessary to keep near the English court, the minister being backward about the bill for giving back the estates ; however the sight of the child seemed to cheer her up : but protect us ! how the boy shrieked when he saw Ileen going away without him—it was frightful ! I took him in my arms, but he shrieked the louder, tore off his cap and away it

went to pieces; had he but the power I really think he would have murdered us. To see a thing not three years old so furious, was enough to frighten one. God forgive me! I couldn't help thinking that with his foster-mother's milk, he had sucked in a little of her spirit.

"Ileen came back, and the boy fell asleep in her arms; Lady Mary then took him and my sister stole away; I staid however for fear of mischief. Oh! Miss Beatrice, what a beautiful creature he was! I saw him but once when he was big, but I can never forget him; Squire Moreland is no more to him than a crow to a canary bird, no, nor even that very handsome youth that came with us to Mucruss, though the new comer has a more winning face, for Master Charles had a sort of disdainful look out of his brilliant eyes, and such a sneer when he was crossed!—but I must go back to my story. Lady Mary had brought some beautiful toys for her child, so we set them all out against he woke, hoping to turn his mind from his nurse, and there we sat watching, I, Lady Mary, and Lady Katheren, as fearful of the little tyrant as if he had the power to punish us. At last the cunning thing opened his eyes, raised himself on his little arms, stared first at me, then at his mother, and set up such a scream! Lady Katheren stopped her ears, and flew out of the room; I snatched him up, while Lady Mary (trembling

every limb, for the boy was black in the face) kept giving him the toys one after the other, which he as quickly dashed to the ground with all his little might. Think of our fright, Miss, when the blood gushed from his mouth and nose ! this weakened him, and he lay patient like. The doctor came, and said the bleeding was nothing, which quieted the poor mother, and soon after came Ileen, (for my mistress had been off to the cottage to fetch her,) but the Colonel wouldn't let her see the child, saying he would conquer the boy's spirit. We put him on the floor, and the toys in his lap, but he took no more notice of them, nor of us, than if he was a born idiot; stubborn as ever; he didn't shriek indeed, but when we went near him, he shut his eyes, and when we offered him food, he shut his mouth: there was no help for it—he conquered us, Colonel and all, so my sister was sent for—gracious goodness Miss Beatrice ! had you but seen the boy's face when Ileen stood in the doorway and stretched out her arms; the dull eyes lighted up, the pale cheek grew crimson; he looked again and shouted 'Mammy, my own mammy,' as if to mock us all,—up he starts, down go the toys, away he flies, Ileen stoops, and the loving little thing's arms are soon twisted round her neck, and who'd be the one would dare unfasten them? It was now a settled matter—Ileen and Peggy were

to live at the castle. My dear mistress hadn't brought an attendant with her; 'No one,' says she, 'could suit me like Susan,' so my father and mother, that they might be near us, gave up business, put their money into a lawyer's hand, and came to live at Ileen's cottage. How happy we all were! Oh! Miss Mornington, when I look back to those pleasant days, and think of the falling off;—but let me be thankful for great great mercies; I have been spared, while others ——

"The only one that suffered, or that said he suffered by his change, was Patrick, yet I still continued to meet him sometimes, though I thought him wonderful shy of coming near the castle, where everything was again alive; dancing, music, feasting, stag-hunting. The Countess Gertrude was pleased, because she saw her daughter courted and followed by the first in the land. The Earl and Countess Illin thought of nothing but Lady Katheren and Master Charles; you couldn't tell which they loved the best; it was always 'What will Katheren like to do to-day?—and where shall we take our sweet boy?'

"The Earl had now been married three years, and because he had no children, he took it into his head, that he never was to have any, nor did it seem to vex him, he was so fond of Master St. Elmour. So all was friendship and harmony;—

even Ileen was quite in favor with my lord, who said it was owing to her management that the boy grew so fine a fellow. I had my misgivings, sometimes, on this score, for to tell the truth, they all, except Lady Katheren, seemed to be trying which amongst them would most spoil the beautiful creature, who even now began to put on airs of dignity, for he was a mighty forward child of his years, and would scold and stamp, if one dared to call him any thing but Lord Charles, which the Earl encouraged him in, vowing he should be a lord one day, and inherit all his estates into the bargain. You may think how proud my poor sister was! she would look at the boy, and fancy him a real Earl, already. Miss Mary was now born."

"Miss St. Elmour?" said Beatrice.

"Yes my dear young lady, a sweet child, the model of her mother; not so handsome may be, but still a lovely babe; and I think it was also about this time that another person came into the family; I shouldn't mention him only that I heard your sister, Miss Katheren, once speak of him, and he had likewise some share in a terrible part of my story."

"Pray proceed Mrs. Susan."

"This person was nephew to our blessed Father Karwin; he and a brother,—ten years younger,—were left orphans, but they found a kind parent in

the holy man, who asked the Earl's leave to bring the elder boy into the castle, as he wished to rear him himself, and make him fit to fill his own place; but that plan was soon put an end to, for this boy, though shrewd and wonderful clever, was sordid, mean, and cringing; no calling at all for the priesthood, nothing clerical like, but a fine voice, which would fill the chapel from one end to the other, and the wonder was that when he spoke it was like the croak of a raven; our mistresses would often sing hymns, and as this Karwin was then quite a lad, they made no scruple of his joining them sometimes; however in course of time every one was disgusted with him, saving the Earl, who took the boy under his own care, intending by and by to make him his agent. The lad had more bent for persecuting than praying, but finding he couldn't be made a lawyer on account of his religion, he shook off all shame, and turned his coat."

"Turned his coat!" repeated Beatrice.

"Yes Miss, changed his faith, became an apostate; every good Catholic cried shame, except the poor priest his uncle, who said nothing, though this disgrace made the first furrow in his blessed brow: his patron, so far from blaming, applauded him, but they do say that the Earl himself is no great things of a Catholic, hand and glove with the English ministers, a Protestant

under the rose, and would be one openly to-morrow, if those in power didn't think it better he should sham a little longer, for the sake of compassing their ends in this divided land ; but this is only hearsay, and nothing at all to my story. So in course of time the elder Karwin became a lawyer, and the younger was taken into the castle by his uncle and made a priest instead of his brother.

“ Well, all this while, Miss Beatrice, the grand doings were going on, every thing to set off Lady Katheren, who was certainly a glorious creature ! It was not her beauty alone, but her manner, her learning, and the power of things she could do ;—as to her singing, no one could compare with her, not even her sister, who was counted a fine voice, —you would wonder to see us crying at hearing her sing in some language we couldn't understand,—for she would often come into the nursery and lull the babes to sleep ;—it used to vex me at first to find her old songs all forgotten or put aside for strange ones in a foreign tongue, but afterwards I got to like the new ones myself, and Ileen and I would sit listening to her, of a Summer's evening, the windows open, looking on the setting sun shining through the trees, she rocking Miss Mary, I with Peggy, and Ileen with Master Charles. Oh ! how beautiful it was to hear her ! Still we would wonder, my sister and I, what

words she could be saying, for often she would clasp her hands, burst into tears, and run out of the room. At this I was very uneasy in my mind, though Ileen thought nothing of it, putting it all on the words; but love made me more clear-sighted, for she had not been home a month when I saw that something preyed upon her.—She would go among all the grand folks, (full of life and spirits as I thought,) sing and play and dance and talk, make every one wonder at her wit and her talents win fifty lovers, leave 'em all, and come back so wobegone!—‘Take off this frippery Susan,’ she would say, ‘I am so sick of the world; a nun’s vocation would suit me now,’ ‘Since when Lady Katheren?’ I would cry,—‘Since you left Italy?’—For I had a strange notion that somehow or another her going to that misdoing place had brought on the mischief.—‘My dear friend, my school companion was with me there!’ says she.—‘And your sister, your mother, the Countess Illin, not to mention poor me,’ says I, ‘do they go for nothing, in comparison of one friend, Lady Katheren?’ She would make no answer, but would cover her face and weep.

“This schoolfellow she talked so much of, was the person she went to Italy with. I never can remember her name, though I heard it often, but ’tis somewhere in my little book *Miss, hereabouts*.”

Mrs. Susan took the volume from her pocket,

turned over the leaves, and under the description of Eve there was a reference to the name of Miriam, which was written in the margin.

“My aunt’s name!” ejaculated Beatrice.

The old woman started.—“What a fool I am,” said she, resuming her knitting, “to think it might be her; that word was written, I dare say forty, aye five-and-forty years ago!”

“And my aunt is only in her thirty-ninth year,” said Beatrice, smiling, “but you were speaking of Lady Katheren, Mrs. Susan.”

“Well Miss Mornington, sorrow at last made her sick; there was such a to do when the doctors advised change of scene. At first they sent her to Dublin, thinking the gaieties there might amuse her; I went with her, as did the Earl and his wife. She was taken to court and, as might be expected, was followed and flattered; all the men were dying for her—amongst the rest, two great lords, so great, that her brother thought ’twas a pity to give them denial with the rest, so he teased her to take one of them.—’Stead of that she took ill, and was carried home, the doctors said going into a decline; my heart felt like a lump of lead, and though I saw Patrick when I came back, who said my absence was near being the death of him, and that he would die certainly if I went away again, yet all wouldn’t do to raise me.—Woes are like waves, they come tumbling after one another.—Lady

Mary's babe sickened, my mother died, and the Colonel got a letter from his brother, saying that all hope of the estates was at an end, that there was nothing left for him but to make his way in the world by his sword, that his father was outrageous mad with the ministry and requested to see the Colonel immediately.—Poor Lady Mary was almost beside herself; she was obliged to let her husband go without her, for she couldn't leave the children; indeed it would have been dangerous to thwart the Earl, who was now her only hope, and who again promised to make Master Charles his heir, provided he was left with him. Every thing was in confusion, my poor wits more than all—my mother dead, my mistress ill, the babe dying,—'twas enough to bewilder any one!

“Ileen now proved her sense and her firmness; she stifled her grief for the sake of her mistress, and was the only one amongst us who showed any brains; she first sent off the nurse who, she persisted, was the cause of Miss Mary's illness, and took the babe herself. She then went to the Dowager (nobody else had the courage) and told her that there was nothing for Lady Katheren but a warm climate, that as the Colonel was obliged to leave, he could take her with him to her friend, who was then in Devonshire, and who, Lady Katheren said, was going back soon to the Continent; that I would go with her, and the

Earl and Countess if necessary, but that go she must, and at once too, while she was able. The poor old Countess wrung her hands at the thought of again parting with her child, but there was no help for it, so it was all settled—Lady Katheren went off with the Colonel, but she went without me—would you believe it Miss? I had the heart to desert my mistress!”

The poor woman sobbed at the recollection of her ingratitude. “You had good reason no doubt,” said Beatrice, soothingly.

“There’s the scald, Miss. I had no reason but a selfish one. Alas! woe has fallen on me for it, and on the man that beguiled me. When Patrick found that I had a notion of going to a foreign land, he fell on his knees, raved and ranted, vowing he would certainly put an end to himself; so, poor silly I believed he meant to be as good as his word, and that I should have his murder to answer for. I was only nineteen then, and God help me! I was always simple; so I gave in to what he asked,—this was to marry him privately; and he swore a thousand oaths, that he would then take me to Italy, or wherever else my mistress might be. Ah Miss Beatrice! you would have pitied me the morning that Lady Katheren was to go and I had to say—‘I must bid you good bye Lady Katheren.’ She looked at me with wonder, but never said a reproachful word, only sighed,

didn't ask a question—'God bless you then my dear Susan,' says she at last, 'perhaps we may never meet again—take this,'—she offered me a purse, but I put it aside, and pointed to this little book. I couldn't speak for crying: she put it into my hand and I rushed out of the room—a minute longer and I should have broken my promise to Patrick;—would to God I had!—After that day, Miss Beatrice, I never saw Lady Katheren!"

The old woman paused, then in a tremulous voice proceeded—"I agreed to marry Patrick immediately, for I thought it a thousand years till I joined my mistress. He persuaded me to let the marriage be private, for fear, he said, of his father, who was very fond of his grandson, Patrick's child by his first wife.—How pale poor Ileen turned when I told her I was married to Sweeney, for she had heard something of his character from Sullivan; but she said nothing to distress me, only begged I would tell my father. He was very angry indeed, as well he might, and gave me but a small portion; this enraged Patrick and he dropped his mask.

"Why need I torment you Miss with the misery of my after years?—My husband was a villain! and the fortune for which he married me was soon spent in riot and drunkenness.—I had always to endure harsh language often blows. The child I spoke of engrossed all his affection, he was a fine

boy and might have turned out well, but for bad example: he loved me, and, though but seven years of age when I became his father's wife, he would often try to shield me from his brutality. Ileen soon saw how matters went, though I never complained—why should I? 'twas my own doing.—My spirit was firm to conceal my sorrow, but my poor frame showed it—I wasted, and my sister begged Patrick as a favor to permit me to spend a short time with her at the castle, or with my father at the cottage. By means of my step-son Corney I got leave to go with Ileen, for I couldn't bear to face my father. My mind became more calm when at the castle; there were constant letters from my mistress—she was getting better, and always sent her love to her ungrateful Susan. I began to think that times and my husband might change, for I loved him still.—Ileen was quite a queen among the great folks—nothing done for the children without consulting her—she had certainly saved Miss Mary's life, who was now a thriving babe, and Master Charles, looking a young hero; like his foster-mother nothing daunted him; Ileen encouraged his spirit, and to be sure, for a boy of four years old, he was a marvel; but he was also a little tyrant, no one dared controul him or call him any thing but Lord Charles, not even Ileen—poor child, his greatness was soon to end! The Countess Illin sickened and the physicians

pronounced her pregnant! My sister clung to hope to the very last, 'It might be a daughter Susan,' says she, 'it might be a daughter.' Never shall I forget the morning when the nurse who had been hired for the Countess came into the play-room, with a babe in her arms—'A girl?' gasped Ileen—'A young lord!' cried the nurse; 'Master Charles come here and kiss your cousin.' The boy was at the far end of the room, a ball in his hand: it flew instantly across the chamber, 'twas meant for the nurse, but it hit the child—'Call me, master, again will you?' says the beautiful creature, his little face swelled with fury. The screams of the babe frightened the poor woman; she screamed too: the Earl burst into the room—'My lord, my lord,' cries the nurse, 'that little wretch would kill your child, he struck the babe.' Oh, Miss Beatrice! what was my horror when I saw the Earl's clenched fist raised; Ileen darted forward—she was too late—the stunning blow fell—and his sister's son lay to all seeming dead!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Beatrice, "the boy he loved so fondly!"

"'Twas a selfish love Miss, and was declining from the time he thought he might have an heir of his own."

"Pray, pray continue Mrs. Susan."

"Murderer!" shouted Ileen, raising the child, 'he's dead—he's dead,' she shrieked, 'and by the

Almighty powers you shall hang for it.' The Earl never forgave that word—her brain seemed gone ; I flew to the Countess's room and beckoned the doctor, who by good luck was in the way and Master Charles was brought to life.

“ From that hour it was all up with poor little Charles, yet the brave boy fought hard to get the mastery, and it made my heart ache to see the servants and all the family followers neglect and snub the creature they had helped to spoil ; I have often thought that fair means might have answered better, but the boy grew quite a devil when he found himself pulled from his height at once ; his poor mother and Ileen stuck by him to be sure, but even the Dowager and the Countess Illin were made to believe all manner of tales against him ; most of them, I must own, true, for he was 'cute enough to find out the cause of the woful change, and he hated his cousin. One day he stole softly to Ileen, and pointing to the babe, who was asleep in the cradle, he whispered, ‘ Kill it, Ily, kill it ! ’ ’Twas near dying however without being killed, for one morning my sister rushed into the play-room, where I was with Master Charles and his sister, ‘ Susan,’ cries she, ‘ for the love of God haste ! haste ! the babe is in convulsions ! ’ Her look frightened me more than her words, her eyes were wild, and her pale face had quite a horrid cast. I ran after her into the nursery ; sure enough

there lay little lord Conwaye as black as a negro; I snatched the babe, loosed its things and did what I had seen the doctor do, when poor Miss Mary had fits, all the while begging Ileen to send for the Countess or call the nurse, who it seems, had gone below to speak to a friend leaving her charge with my sister—but I might as well have spoken to the wall as to Ileen; she had fallen on her knees and was watching me, gasping for breath, seeming as if her heart would fly, the long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and the hands joined together.—I never thought till then that she cared at all about the child; quite the contrary: God forgive us for fancies we can't help! I often said to myself that she wouldn't blind herself with crying if the boy went to heaven. So you see how prone we are to misjudge others, for Ileen now looked exactly as if the child's death would doom her to misery not only in this world but the next. At last the poor thing came to itself, and my sister began to breathe again; the babe, however, didn't thrive with its nurse, but dwindled away to nothing, so, for the sake of his child, the Earl swallowed his spleen and condescended to my sister, begging she would take the management of it.—The Countess Illin, with tears in her eyes, joined the request, 'Ileen,' says she, 'you saved my niece, oh Ileen! save my child, and a mother's blessing will attend you.'

“They say we Irish are superstitious Miss; may be so, for I often thought that blessing fell upon my sister in her grandson Tade; heaven help her! she wants some comfort !

“So Ileen took the babe, and, a miracle ! it recovered.—To be sure she never spared herself, but watched his every turn, hanging over him and seeming so devoted, that the servants called her, pickthank, thinking it was done to please my lord; but I knew that Ileen’s heart was staunch, that she did all this thinking it her duty, and that she no more cared for Lord Conways in comparison of Master Charles, than she did for the Countess in comparison of her Mistress. ’Twould have melted the heart of a savage to have seen poor Lady Mary crossed, as I may say, in every way:—her child’s prospects blighted, her husband a beggar; for, thinking they would have plenty by and bye, they had spent all Lady Mary’s fortune, and it began to be whispered that Lord Clanmore was so angry with the ministers for not giving him back his estates, which they had pledged their hand and word to do, that he vowed to leave the country for good and all, and go over to the jacobites. The colonel was still in England, making, they said, a last push : he wrote to Lady Mary asking her to join him with the children, as, if he had no success, he would quit with his father and settle in France a follower of the Steuarts. At this his poor

wife was well nigh distracted; she couldn't bear to forsake her husband, but then the bitter thought of becoming an exile and ruining her children, for the Earl still promised that he would provide handsomely for Master Charles if he behaved himself, and the Countess Illin declared that Miss Mary should be brought up as her daughter, and more than that, they told Lady Mary she was welcome to live with them as long as she liked, and her husband too, begging her to persuade him not to become a rebel. So she wrote requesting the Colonel, for the sake of his babes, to come once more to Ireland before he should make up his mind to desert the lawful government.

“ Ileen told me all this, and a great deal more I didn't understand, so it was settled that things should continue as they were until news came from the Colonel. Still there was little comfort for poor Lady Mary; she would have sunk under her misfortunes but for my sister, who kept up her heart by always saying that things would mend.— When her mistress was out of the way, however, Ileen would despond herself, throw her arms 'round her foster-child, cry over him and call him her poor persecuted boy. At other times she would fix her eyes on his fine, noble looking figure and foretel that he would be an Earl at last in spite of 'em. However, for all this she never flinched in her care of Lord Conwaye, but nursed the poor

puny thing as if it belonged to herself; so the Countess thought nothing good enough for her. As to the Earl, he and my sister were now seemingly civil to each other for their own interest, he for his child and she for her mistress, but it was only mouth outwards, gall was in their hearts."

CHAPTER XV.

There stands my native cot ; its gable end,
The little window shews where I so oft
The gairish sun and gentle moon have watched,
And rapt communion held with other worlds,
And wished myself in heaven.

“I WAS sitting one day with my little favorite Peggy in the play-room, when Ileen came in with the babe in her arms—‘I have news of your mistress Susan,’ says she; ‘you need not look so frightened for she is nearer marriage than death.’—‘Don’t keep me on the tenter hooks Ileen,’ says I;—she went on—‘I was in the Countess’s private room dressing this babe, when I heard the Earl come hastily into the bed-room where his wife was sitting—‘For heaven’s sake why are you so flurried?’ said the Countess, ‘What letter is that?’—‘Read it,’ says he.—I heard him walk up and down the room very quickly for some minutes; the Countess then said something in a low voice—‘By heavens!’ cries he, ‘it shall never be—never—I swear it most solemnly!—Is it not sufficient

that Mary has ruined herself? But that was done unwittingly and censure attaches to me rather than to her; I should have been more cautious. But Katheren, such a creature as Katheren! to be thrown away on a foreigner, a fellow nobody knows, who claims his title perhaps from the possession of a few paltry acres purchased it may be by his grandfather, nay ten to one if he can trace his pedigree so far! I could make my man Jenkins a Count in that frippery place, if I pleased, but I will not lose a moment; to-morrow I go: order Katheren's apartments to be prepared, you shall soon see her.'—'Nay, nay Henry,' said the Countess, 'do not leave me, your child is by no means re-established; should any thing happen, how could I ever see your face again? Besides you will terrify Katheren; let me write Henry, let Mary write; our representations will do more with her than your violence—she will return to us.'—'Unprotected!' cries the Earl, 'say no more Illin, I am determined—to-morrow I depart, no daughter of our house shall ever wed a foreigner while I live and can prevent it,' he was rushing from the room when Lady Mary came in,—'Illin,' says she, 'wish me joy; I have a letter from St. Elmour; he is now in France, but assures me I shall soon see him, and once here, my influence, yours, and my brother's will be effectual to prevent his fatal plan.'—'He will take charge of

Katheren !' says the Countess to the Earl; 'Mary will not think of the trifling delay his going for her sister will occasion: I will write immediately and prepare Katheren to accompany him.'—'Have you heard of Katheren?' my mistress asked—'The child was now dressed, and I took him into the room. The Earl started when he saw me, but I noticed nothing, only curtsied to my mistress, gave the Countess her babe to kiss and very quietly left the room, not without many a bad wish, I dare say, from that haughty man; however he is very much mistaken, if he thinks I would deign to be a listener; had the child been dressed when he first came in, I should not have had this piece of news for you, Susan.'

"You may think it surprising Miss Beatrice, that I should so well remember what passed so long ago, but for the last six or seven years of my life, I have had little else to do but to think of old times, bring back old scenes and circumstances, with what we all said and did on such and such a day. This has been my sad employment, and would you believe it Miss? I recollect things better that took place forty years ago and upwards, than things which happened, may be, only a month since."

"Did Lady Katheren marry this foreign Count?" enquired Beatrice.

"Alas! she did Miss; ran away with him; it

broke the old Countess's heart, but before she died she made a Will leaving every thing she could from her own child to her niece Lady Illin, for she was a monstrous high spirited old lady, so proud of her family, and so bitter against foreigners—she had good reasons indeed for that.—As to the Earl, he was more like a wild beast than a human being; not satisfied with cursing his sister, and himself if he ever consented again to look upon her, he made his wife and poor Lady Mary swear also never to see her. They dared not refuse for his passion was terrible.—How gladly would I have gone to my mistress, could I have told where to find her; but I had no money; Patrick only fleered at me when I asked him for some; I was always a chicken hearted thing, so Ileen persuaded me to be quiet, saying my mistress might write for me; but my heart was sore with a sad misgiving that Lady Katheren's lot would prove as hard as my own. What a change in the castle since the time she returned from Italy! all was now dismal and death-like. Lady Mary in despair, for her husband had again left her, promising however to come back, the old Countess lying in state, the young one the living image of woe, shocked at discovering to what dreadful lengths her lord's temper could carry him; the Earl himself dark and silent roaming

about like a troubled spirit, scaring whoever he met.

“Ileen and I, with the poor babes, would sit looking at each other, our hearts too full to speak, thinking of former happy days, and wondering whether they were real, or whether we had only dreamed of ’em. Lady Mary and the Countess often joined us—never were more melancholy meetings. One horrid day—it will ever live in my poor brain—we were all sitting together even more sad than usual, one would think we had a warning; a servant came in and gave a letter to Lady Mary. It was sealed with black. She turned deadly pale, trembled, opened the letter, read a few lines, screamed out, ‘My sister is dead!’ and fainted. I heard nor saw no more. They took me to the cottage in a brain fever, gave me in their terror and confusion improper medicines and for two years I was a melancholy maniac! quiet indeed, but totally unmindful of every body. Even Patrick who had been bribed by my father to let me remain so long at the castle, now showed heart enough to come to the cottage, but he was to me like the rest, a stranger, so he thought my wits gone for ever, and left me to my fate.

“One morning I felt as if awaking from a confused dream. I was sitting on a low stool; the

room was familiar to me, and yet not that in which I thought I was when I went to sleep; there was pain in my head, and my gown was covered with blood. I called out quite frightened, and a woman came rushing in.—‘Purtect us!’ cried she, ‘the poor thing has struck her head against the bed post!’—she bound my forehead.—‘Where is Ileen?’ was all I could say at first.—‘Father Francis be praised! her wits have come back again after goin’ a woolgatherin’ for two years,’ cries the woman, ‘come agrab, come lay your poor crazy head on the pillow, and I’ll tell you all about it.’—‘Where is Ileen?’ I asked again.—‘At the castle a vourneen,’ says she, ‘and your father is dead, lost all his shiners; that thief of a lawyer runned away wid um, so the poor man your father caught your complaint asthore and died of it, only he was worse nor you, for he was raving mad, whilst you was only simple like; forgive us! ’twould make us b’lieve what Rooney toul’t us wonst, that there was a mad vein in the bones of all your people.’ Her horrid words sank deep; they were the first I had understood for two long years, yet they have haunted me like an evil omen from that hour! I would have stopped her shocking tale, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I lay without power to stir. She went on—‘Then there’s your husband; his father too, has cast up his books, gone to get

payment of his bills. I hope he liked the coin they gave him. So Pat you see is off to Dingle to make a smash there too I'm thinkin'—make yourself asy, he'll go the divil in the long run, though at present they say he's got his father's custom, carries on a good trade, and makes little Corney stick to the bar. What o' that? the old one's mark is on him, he may humour the joke by giving Pat his fling for awhile that he may have finer fun when he nabs him at last! I groaned; she went on, 'keep clare of him ashore, give him the go by, he wouldn't have you widout your wits an' you're not the fool to go to him, now you've got um back again. There ha' been sad doings at the castle too Mrs. Sweeney, but them come about I b'lieve afore your misfortin'; may be you don't know—'

"At this moment the latch was softly lifted; some one entered. 'I thought I heard you speak Norah.' It was the blessed voice of my sister! I started up, held out my arms, 'Ileen!' I shrieked, 'Ileen!' She rushed towards the bed. 'My poor, poor Susan, are you restored to me at last?' says she throwing herself on my neck. Oh! Miss Beatrice, the joy and the sorrow of that greeting!

"My sister would tell me nothing for some days. She little thought that I already knew the worst. At last she ventured to begin and looked quite surprised at my composure, but when she

came to speak of the cause of my illness, the death of my mistress, which, would you believe it? I thought was only a dream, my brain became again unsettled and I fell into the same stupid state. My sister flew to the castle for Doctor Elwin who was attending the Earl.

“ Our Doctor Elwin?” cried Beatrice.

Mrs. Susan smiled.—“ His father Miss; the present Doctor, God bless him! was then a boy, not much older than Master Charles, who was at that time but eight years of age—indeed they were great cronies after they grew up. The Doctor, Mr. Charles and young Karwin the priest, brother to the lawyer, used to be called the three friends, always stood by each other, the Doctor particularly (or as he was then called Mr. Elwin) would never hear any evil of Mr. St. Elmour without excusing it, laying the fault to his uncle’s tyranny.”

“ You were saying that your sister went to the castle for the doctor Mrs. Susan,” said Beatrice, who began to think that this digression might prove interminable.

“ His skill saved me,” continued the old woman, “ for I was before in the hands of ignorant people who pretended to cure me with quackeries.—My second illness was but short, and the doctor told my sister, that my entire recovery depended on my being sent to a distance from everything which

might bring to my mind the cause of my misfortune; he also forbade all mention of the subject, or even of my mistress's name before me, saying it was connected with my insanity and would assuredly bring it on again until time should work a change.

"This advice made Ileen listen more willingly to Patrick, who, hearing of my recovery, and thinking perhaps, that his new establishment might be better conducted if a wife looked after it, made up his mind to request I would live with him again—he could hardly insist on it after deserting me in my forlorn state.—

"The thought of going thirty miles from Ileen to live with a man who had used me so badly was very bitter—still it was but a just penance for my sins—my sister suffered even more than I,—‘You should never go to him Susan,’ says she, ‘if I had a shelter to offer you, but I cannot leave the castle and Sullivan has not left me the power to be generous; I grieve at his will for the first time; but let me know, dear Susan, how you get on and I vow to you solemnly that if Patrick ill treats you, I’ll beggar myself or I’ll break the marriage.’

"Peggy was then a fine little girl about eight years old, and I begged her of my sister—‘Keep her as long as she will be a comfort to you,’ says Ileen; ‘I know she cannot be in better hands; the castle is not a proper place for her now, she gets

Into a thousand scrapes fighting for her foster-brother, my poor unfortunate boy!’—‘Why unfortunate Ileen?’ says I, ‘sure the Earl has promised to befriend him.’—Ileen shook her head—‘God help him and his poor mother,’ cries she, ‘his father has gone over to the rebels Susan, and is fighting now in Scotland for the Young Pretender, as they call him, though I don’t know for what, only I suppose he pretends to what belonged to his grandfather. My mistress is but the shadow of herself, it would grieve you Susan to see her trying to smile while her heart is breaking, I think I must be made of marble to bear up against it as I do.’—‘Thank heaven for that Ileen,’ says I, ‘for what would become of Lady Mary and the poor young things if they hadn’t you to look to?’—I asked her then how the Earl behaved to her—‘The tyrant,’ she cried, ‘do not speak of him; it surprises me how he can be the father of that sweet child.’—‘Lord Conway?’ says I.—‘Yes Susan, one can hardly tell how a baby only three years old will turn out, but I think he bids fair to be a saint.’—A martyr she should have said Miss Beatrice!—‘And Master Charles, Ileen?’ says I.—‘Has too much spirit for dependance Susan; could the cousins change places they might both be happy, but I fear—’ she stopped, as if unwilling to say any thing against her darling; from that time I had my forebodings of their fate.

“ We parted, not to meet for many years, I tried to do my duty by my husband and for some time things went on tolerably well. As long as his father’s money lasted Patrick kept his temper though he couldn’t keep the money, squandering it as if it grew in the garden. Thus though we had plenty of custom at first, for want of care our trade went down and in seven years we were beggars. My husband had the meanness to write to my sister for help (unknown to me); she sent us all her little savings with a letter begging I would send Peggy back, but never mentioning a word of the money she bestowed (I may say) on Patrick, for she did not expect the payment. It seemed to me that my sister avoided telling any thing of the family; I could only make out that Lady Mary had been for some years a widow, her husband having been killed in Scotland, and that Ileen herself had left the castle and lived in a cottage near, which had been built for her by the young lord.

“Peggy fretted and pined when I spoke to her of leaving Dingle—the mischief came to light—she and my step-son Corney were plighted, had exchanged tokens, and these fools of fifteen and eighteen took upon themselves to fix their own fortunes. Alas! I couldn’t chide them—for what had I done myself?—Corney at least was of better promise than his father, but as Peggy was in her

humble way an heiress, I wrote to my sister for counsel; she answered that if Corney was a good lad, she had no objection, but insisted on Peggy's not marrying for two years.

"Ileen's money was spent in that time and Patrick's temper, bad in days of plenty, couldn't be expected to improve in poverty; however he was under some restraint as long as Peggy remained, for fear of her breaking with Corney, but the girl was just like her mother in figure and temper, handsome, generous, and firm as a rock; so she married her lover though he hadn't a sixpence, and with her mother's consent, too, Ileen only insisting that they should leave Dingle and live near her in the cottage which, by Sullivan's will, came to Peggy on her marriage. I couldn't blame my sister for this, though it was a melancholy thing for me to be left alone with Patrick, and had Ileen only suspected what I suffered, she would sooner have risked her daughter's fortune than made them leave Dingle. They went, and all comfort went with 'em.

"Patrick didn't dare tell his son how imprudent he had been, though he made no scruple of borrowing money from him under the excuse of opening a larger trade, but soon after, all was gone! my husband gave up business having no means of carrying it on.

"I then set up a school and earned where-

withal to keep us from starving; four more miserable years dragged on, my school encreased, the poor children became attached to me, I had none of my own, and gave all my care to them. We might have been comfortable still, could Patrick have kept from drinking. All of a sudden my neighbours took their little girls from me; nevertheless money came in, I couldn't tell from what; we never want a goodnatured friend to bring evil tidings, a gossip informed me that my husband had joined a set of desperate smugglers who frequented the Bay. I questioned him, he bid me be silent for a fool—I reproached him,—he struck me. Oh! how I regretted our former poverty; that, at least, was free from guilt.

“We now went to live in a lonely hovel on the beach, a few miles on this side Dingle: one morning my husband came to me with a less surly look than usual—‘I’m going to see Corney, Susan,’ says he, ‘will you come?’—I was ill and weak, but the words gave me life—I thought it a thousand years till we set off, every mile of our journey seemed ten. At last I saw the neat white cottage where I had passed so many sweet, aye and so many woful days; Corney and Peggy flew to meet us, as loving as ever. My niece looked ill, she had buried two children and still fretted for them. My heart was with my sister—‘She lives now at

the other side of the castle,' says Peggy, 'in Lord Conway's cottage.'—I would go thither at once, and they led me to her pretty dwelling: the roof nicely slated, the windows with fine sashes, the neat green door, the shed with two good cows, the well stocked garden, the white paling surrounding all! I stopped to admire this little Paradise; Ileen saw me from the window and was soon in my arms. I gazed at her; thirteen years had passed since we parted, yet neither time nor sorrow seemed to have touched her; she was older than I, yet her hair was still black and glossy, while many a gray straggler marked my troubles. Heaven knows I didn't envy my sister! but when I entered the cottage and saw the comforts, the neatness, the quiet yet cheerful look of every thing, I thought of my own miserable hut and tears ran from my eyes—'You shall not leave me,' says the kind hearted Ileen, 'Lord Conway allows me plenty to support us both; this cottage cannot bring any past misfortune to your mind and there is quite room enough; this is only the kitchen, see'—she opened a door at one side of the fireplace—'here is my bed-chamber and here, opposite, my spare room and my little parlour; through that back door there is an outhouse where the servant sleeps; Lord Conway will have me keep a girl to scrub, so you see what a fine lady I am grown—but Susan you will promise to be mistress

of this room, doesn't it look inviting?"—" 'Tis too good for a sinner like me Ileen; I should think the Almighty had forgiven me if I was at liberty to live in such a peaceful place!"—My sister's face became quite scarlet when I said these words; she looked angry, she always did when I spoke of judgment upon sinners.

"We were still standing when two young men came in, one indeed seemed quite a lad, the eldest thinks I, is certainly Master Charles, but what a grand looking gentleman; seemed to think the ground not good enough for him to tread upon—he came up to me however and held out his hand; I felt sheepish enough and dropped a carty, 'An old acquaintance, I am sure,' cries he, 'though she will not acknowledge me.'—" 'Tis fifteen years since I saw you Sir,' says I, 'do you really remember poor Susan?'—" 'I will not impose upon your credulity,' says he, laughing, 'my memory is not so tenacious; Corney told me of your arrival, thus you see it required no great skill to discover you are Mrs. Sweeney, my foster-mother's sister.' He meant to be kind, but he awed me, the more he spoke the more I kept my distance.—" 'Will you not introduce me to your sister, nurse?' says the other youth, in a low soft voice.—" 'Susan,' said Ileen, 'this is Lord Conwaye.'—He didn't hold out his hand like his cousin Miss, but he brought me a chair, saying so kindly, 'Sit

down Mrs. Sweeney, you look weary, my good nurse is ceremonious, and Charles in his pleasure at meeting an old friend forgets that she has just performed a long journey.' The words went straight to the heart; there was no flummery in them, I forgot he was a lord and cried, 'God bless you!' while my eyes filled with tears, were fixed on his sweet face—and yet he wasn't handsome either, nothing to the other, but his smile was that smile which you might fancy a pitying angel bestows, and the look from his deep blue eyes was just as heavenly—to remember him and his sad fate is enough to break one's heart.

"The cousins chatted with us near an hour, and went away together. 'They seem very good friends at any rate,' thought I, and so I said to Ileen; she shook her head; Peggy gave me a meaning look, and whispered, 'The fire is stifled to be sure, but a puff will set it blazing.' I asked after Miss Mary and her mother. Miss Mary was a fine woman Ileen said, but more fit for a nun than an Earl's granddaughter. 'She plagues her mother to let her go into a convent,' says Peggy. I asked whether she was crossed in love? My niece seemed disposed to tell me something, but her mother checked her and I didn't wish to pry.

"A happy week it was I spent with dear Ileen;

my husband staid with Corney and Peggy, a luckless visit to them however, for Patrick inveigled his son to become a sharer in his smuggling risks. Corney it seems had been imprudent, spent the best part of his wife's fortune and by way of making up losses ventured the rest in this dangerous traffic, not daring to confess his wastefulness to his mother-in-law whose firmness might have saved him from ruin. All this I found out afterwards by the frequent visits my step-son made to Dingle Bay.

"A dismal day it was I left my sister, she tried to show a cheerful face, but I had sad forebodings. Helen used many arguments to persuade me to remain with her; however I was bent on keeping with Patrick as long as I could, so, after many a kiss and many a good bye, we parted.

"Time dragged on very heavily at Dingle. Patrick gave me money to buy provisions, but not to keep us decent; the poor fishermen looked on us with suspicion, some of them would often kindly tell me, that my step-son was 'a chip of the old block' and that the same fire would burn both.

"The only comfort I could find in Corney's visits, was the news he sometimes brought me of the castle, and the two dear cottages, for as to the lad himself he seemed quite changed, cowering

only with his father, and when he did speak to me, 'twas almost always of Mr. Charles, who was grand favorite with him and Peggy—no blame to her however, he was her foster-brother.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Heard you that?

What prodigy of horror is disclosing.—LILLO.

Latet anguis in herbâ.—VINCEIL.

“ABOUT two years after my visit to Killarney, Ileen wrote that the Countess was very ill, so ill that Lord Conwayne, who was abroad with his tutor, had been sent for. The next news was that the Countess was worse, that her son scarcely ever quitted her, that Lady Mary and Mr. Charles were gone to Switzerland and Corney Sweeney with 'em. I wondered much that Lady Mary would quit the Countess and Corney his wife, but Ileen said they would soon return—they did soon return—Lady Mary in a deep decline. I wrote to comfort my poor sister, but had no answer; week after week passed away; I heard nothing—‘Lady Mary is dead,’ thought I, ‘and poor Ileen distracted: but where is Corney?’—At last my stepson came; he went straight to his father and they

were shut up for an hour. After they parted he only stopped to tell me that all was well, Peggy expecting her confinement every day, which made him wish to hurry back. He left me rather angry, and in great suspense about my niece. I would fain have gone to her, but Patrick wouldn't let me; day after day I looked for news, and day after day I was disappointed. At last my husband got a letter; my niece was with her mother, had a son and was doing finely; Lady Mary better. Patrick spoke of going to Killarney; he wished to consult Corney about something, and would bring him back. I begged for leave to visit my dear sister—'I'm going in a skiff up the river,' says Patrick; 'the waters are out, it may be dangerous; besides I want you to prepare for a guest; we may bring back a lady.' He left me in a maze—bring a lady to such a miserable place, a poor hut on a sandy beach! hardly a shelter from the weather! December too! However I made every thing put on its best look, and went to bed with the hope of seeing Corney on the morrow and hearing something to cheer me. The next day passed—night approached, the clouds looked black and dismal—the wind rose—the gulls set up a wild and boding scream—the sea swelled and swelled as if 'twere trying to touch the sky. I sat at my little casement, praying for the wicked, and watching the gathering storm. At last it

burst—Mighty Providence, what a confusion! all fighting together, thunder, lightning, rain, hail, sea, sky, all striving which would get the upper hand.—’Twas a night for a dark deed, and a dark deed was done upon it—murder!’

“Where?” cried the horror stricken Beatrice.

The old woman bent towards her shrinking and affrighted auditress; her voice was low and solemn—“On that night, three and twenty years ago come Christmas, Lord Conways was stabbed to the heart in my sister’s cottage by his cousin.”

Susan, too much engrossed by her story to observe the deep emotion of her companion, proceeded—“The murderer fled on foot: he remembered one person who might befriend him, and made for Doctor Elwin’s. The terrible shrieks of Miss St. Elmour, who was present at the deed, and flew to the castle for help, spread the alarm! The Countess rushed forth in the thick of the storm, met the dead body of her only child, and never spoke again. The Earl, wild with grief and vengeance, sent all his followers in different directions after the wicked one, then mounted his horse and joined in the pursuit. By accident he took the right road, and finding himself in the town, rode up to the doctor’s, and demanded whether his nephew was in the house—‘No,’ says the poor doctor, ‘no my lord, upon my honor.’—’Twas prevarication to be sure Miss, for though he wasn’t

in the house, he was snug in the stable, and that white lie the doctor told went near to ruin the good gentleman afterwards, for Mr. Charles was taken in his way to Tralee by some of the Earl's followers, mounted on a horse which was known to be Doctor Elwin's. He was carried before the magistrates, and then lodged in the body of the gaol.

"The Earl was furious that the doctor should dare to connive at the escape of such a felon, (so he called his nephew,) and it would have gone very hard indeed, Miss Beatrice, with this friend of the distressed, if powerful interest had not been made for him by Sir Patrick Moreland and all the gentry, so, after a great to do, the Earl at last forgave him. This however didn't cure him of befriending Mr. St. Elmour, as I shall tell you by and by. I didn't know the whole of these circumstances till long after, for when Patrick and Corney came to me, they seemed quite bewildered with fright; all I could hear from them was that Mr. Charles had killed Lord Conwayne, the Countess was dead, and the Earl like a madman, swearing he would himself go and see his nephew hanged.

"Corney brought me a note from Ileen; I have it still among my letters." Mrs. Susan drew forth her portable store-room, a cotton housewife, which she carefully unpinned, and selecting from several

written memorials a scrap of paper, she presented it to Beatrice, who read as follows.

“They tell me that my mistress is dying Susan, dying of a broken heart! that I cannot help, nor would I if I could—sweet, patient soul! She is not fit for such a world; but no tyrant order shall keep me from her; nor bars, nor bolts, nor even that monster.—They tell me also Susan that my child is to be hanged—that I can help—and I will!—Charles St. Elmour, the noble heir of two noble houses, hanged!—they are mad who say so. Keep from me Susan, keep from me; if I strangle the serpent who has caused such mischief you will curse me!—Hang my child, my proud, my spirited child!—The threat has gone near to make his mother a saint; it has already made his foster-mother a tigress. What! live to hear that lordly form doomed to the death of a common felon!—If I do, think nothing too horrid for my rage and my despair.—LEEN.”

“A terrible spirit,” said Beatrice, returning the paper.

“Yet she had a generous, warm heart Miss.”

“But who,” resumed Beatrice, “does she allude to as the cause of this calamity?”

“I never could learn, Miss; Corney once dropped something about a foreign lady, who came with Lady Mary from Switzerland or Italy, being at the bottom of the business: if he knew any

thing more he was bound I suppose to keep it secret, for when I questioned him concerning this lady he turned away, saying I had dreamed of her. Many years afterwards I asked Helen whether a foreign lady had not been in the castle at the time of the murder, but she gave me a look that well nigh withered me, and told me I would be wise to enquire no further. I took her advice Miss, for I had ever after a sort of terror on the subject, which I cannot account for otherwise than by Helen's terrible and mysterious look."

"And the murderer," said Beatrice, "what became of him?"

"Shall I tell you at once, or will you listen to the rest of my tiresome tale?"

"Do not call it tiresome Mrs. Susan, I am deeply interested."

"A verdict of wilful murder was returned against Mr. Charles, the coroner was lawyer Karwin. There had been bad blood for sometime between this man and Mr. St. Elmour—I once heard the reason, but it is not for me to mention—however I believe the case was strong enough against the prisoner, without Karwin's malice making it worse. I never knew all the circumstances; indeed I never wished to know them, but there was no doubt of Mr. Charles' guilt, and that he would certainly be hanged. I was in agony for my sister, knowing her violent passions,

and her devoted attachment to this unhappy young man, so I looked forward to the assizes with fear and trembling. They were to come on in three months; all this while Corney was like one beside himself; he was more with us than with his wife, and I saw plainly that there was some secret plan carrying on, which Patrick and he wished to conceal from me. Arms were brought into the house, and I knew by signals which had not escaped my watchful eye that the smuggling lugger was hovering on the coast; strange men were always prowling about, they often came into our cabin, and were shut up for hours with my husband and Corney.

“ I lived in constant terror, for the white boys were then beginning to commit all sorts of outrages. Not that I feared for myself, God help me! I had nothing to lose, but I thought that Patrick and his son had joined a party of these unruly men and were preparing for something desperate. I begged to be taken to my sister, but Patrick swore at me, saying that he had enough to think of without being plained with a fool who would faint at the sight of a spider, and bid me go pray, for I was fit for nothing else. I took his advice, and prayed with all my heart, for deliverance from dangers which I could not think existed (as my husband said) only in my own foolish fancy.

“ The assizes drew nearer and nearer; I was ill

from uncertainty, now beginning to feel for the beautiful creature, I had so often looked at with wonder. I thought of his high birth, his spirit—even when quite a child he would fill us all with terror, by clearing frightful chasms and springing from rock to rock, as fearless as a young deer. And was all this proud daring to perish so soon? Was a common hangman to place the rope round that noble neck? I grew sick at heart, and for the first time prayed that the murderer of the sainted martyr might escape such a dreadful doom.”

“And was he hanged?” cried Beatrice, who now felt almost interested for the assassin.

“You shall hear Miss: it wanted but a week of the fearful day; the nightly meetings grew longer and longer; sometimes the morning’s dawn found my husband and son with their ill-doing comrades. One day Patrick came to me and giving me some money, said, ‘Susan, we are going on a cruise.’—‘You will then be away a long time,’ says I glancing at the money. He answered nothing, but shook my hand, and looked kinder than usual. I foresaw something dreadful and couldn’t speak, but I clung to him. He turned away his head, unfastened my hands, not harshly, and rushed out of the house, crying, ‘If ever you want a friend go to Doctor Elwin,’—I never saw him afterwards!

“Corney then came to me—my heart was sore and bitter; I spoke to him angrily; he didn’t take

it unkindly, said I should soon know all, but he was bound to secrecy for the present. I asked for Ileen; she was with her mistress, who was gathering all her strength for a journey to Tralee. Every one said she would die on the way, but she was resolved to see her son before he was condemned—she felt she could not have the heart to look upon him afterwards—Oh, Miss Beatrice! how I felt for the miserable mother.

“Corney said too, that Miss St. Elmour had been shut up in her own room ever since her cousin’s murder; that she was to be one of the witnesses. No one ever saw her but Father Karwin—only think Miss, she had to go into court and swear away her brother’s life!

“I was again left alone but more wretched than ever, for I couldn’t even pray, so I strayed along the beach all that day, like one distracted. Nobody came near me, for my husband was shunned like a plague, and I was shunned also because I was his wife. Another day passed, I ate my scanty meal in bitterness of soul, longing for the morrow—‘Surely, surely,’ thought I, ‘something must come to light to-morrow,’ certainty may be a bitter draught, but suspense is slow poison; I went to bed—I couldn’t sleep, at one time I thought there were persons talking outside the door; at another I fancied people were stealing along the beach. I opened the casement, and

looked out: the roar of the surf, as it broke upon the beach, was all I heard, the night was too dark for me to see any thing clearly, but I fancied there were figures moving round a distant point.—‘Can it be Patrick and Corney,’ says I, ‘they often go on their smuggling cruises at this hour.’ I dressed myself, determined to see my husband and know the worst. I had hardly got outside the door when I saw, at a distance, a light flame brightly for a minute, and then vanish; it was answered by another in the offing. I was too well acquainted with the signal not to know that the lugger was in the bay: my husband was then certainly on the beach, and the answering beacon was lighted by him. I made towards the spot; presently I heard a splashing of oars; I quickened my steps, the splashing ceased, the oars were drawn in—there was a shrill whistle—then another—then the sound of stifled voices. I was at the near side of the point; the sound came from the other. I thought I heard the voice of a woman, and feeble cry of an infant—‘Whist!’ says some one, in a sort of whisper; I tried for courage to advance; the harsh greeting of the keel struck my ears, as the boat pushed off—I darted round the point—too late! I could see nothing, hear nothing, but the quick strokes of the rowers, and in a minute all was still.

“God guides the wanderer! else the sea that night might have been my bed, for I was so bewildered that I might as well have walked into the bay as into my cabin. I lay on my hard pallet for some hours in a sort of stupor: towards the evening of the next day I was alarmed by a number of men entering the house: one of them said he had a warrant to search it. I seized the man’s arm, and begged, for the mercy of heaven, he would tell me what had happened—‘Happened,’ says the man, ‘a pretty job of journeywork has happened; the young villain that murdered the Earl’s son has given us the slip.’—True enough Miss, Mr. Charles had escaped! I learned afterwards that the gaoler had received orders to admit Lady Mary St. Elmour to see her son the very day before the officers came to search my cottage; that she had gone to the prison in a post-chaise, and told the driver not to return for her till night; that she had staid with the prisoner until it was quite dark, when the keeper came to let her know that the chaise was waiting; that Lady Mary seemed in deep distress, holding a han’kerchief to her face; that she got into the chaise and drove away; that when the man went into the cell some time afterwards, the prisoner was stretched on his bed, asleep as he thought; that next morning he entered the cell again, the prisoner was standing

with his back to the door—the keeper spoke—received no answer, advanced, and found—not Mr. Charles, but who do you think Miss?”

“His mother,” exclaimed Beatrice.

“His foster-mother Miss! my daring, spirited sister! The poor panic-struck man instantly gave the alarm; the country was scoured for miles around, all in vain; no traces of the runaway. The gaoler, was examined ‘He remembered,’ he said, ‘that a man he knew to be Corney Sweeney was seated with the driver of the chaise when it first came to the gaol, but he didn’t know whether he was there when it returned at night; that as he was conducting the person he took for Lady Mary down stairs, going before her with the candle, she dropped her han’kerchief, and stooping for it, she struck her hat against the light and put it out.’ Still the man protested he never suspected any thing; he was asked how he came to know Corney Sweeney, and he answered because Corney had before visited the prisoner once or twice. The owner of the chaise was sought for, but could never be discovered; it was thought that it came from a great distance—whoever formed the plot had certainly a clever head! They then tried to get some information from Ileen, but she was dumb; never opened her lips until she discovered that Mr. Charles had escaped entirely, when the shout she sent forth frightened the stoutest heart amongst

them. She was put in close confinement, so was the keeper, for they suspected him of having favored the plot. The Earl was furious and vowed vengeance against my sister. Lady Mary St. Elmour was found in Peggy's cottage, and carried to the castle in a dying state. Search was made for the two Sweeneys, but they of course were not forthcoming.

"There was no doubt on my mind that Mr. Charles had gone off with Corney and Patrick in the lugger. Next day I took what money I had and set off to Tralee, to see my unfortunate sister: they had the cruelty to deny me Miss, and I had to come back again with a heavy heart. Then I thought I would go and see Peggy—the cottage was empty! my last hope was gone. I remembered the voice of the woman which I had heard on the beach, and guessed that she was off with the rest.

"I returned to my cabin, but the door was barred against me. The owner, hearing my husband had deserted me, seized the little we had in it for rent, and thus I found myself a forsaken, houseless, destitute creature! not a friend in the wide world of whom I could ask relief. In this extremity a younger brother of my husband, one that Patrick always pretended to despise, came to my succour; he was a poor fisherman who lived near the bay, the father of those orphans Jeremiah and Judith—I should be a wretch indeed to desert

them !—‘ Come to my house, Mrs. Sweeney,’ says the honest man, ‘ my wife is sickly, you’ll be a comfort to her; our means are small, our fare is coarse, but you shall share it as long as you like, and my wife will be so obliged for your company.’ —Ah Miss Beatrice ! the rich might learn to bestow a favor from poor Cornelius Sweeney. I offered him what was left of the small sum which my husband had given me, but he wouldn’t take a shilling.”

“ And Ileen,” said Beatrice anxiously.

“ She was to be tried Miss by the same judge who was to have tried her foster-child. The day was fixed; my blood ran cold when they told me that by some law lately passed she might be transported for assisting the escape of a murderer; indeed other Job’s comforters went so far as to say that my sister stood in the place of the prisoner. So Mr. Charles was outlawed, and poor Ileen was to be tried for her life, as I thought.”

The old woman paused, overpowered by harrowing recollection; Beatrice, tears trembling on her lids, bent a sympathising look on the weeping narrator, and awaited in painful suspense the confirmation or removal of her fears respecting the fate of Ileen. A light bounding step made both start—they had been so busied with days long gone, that they glanced at the form of Katheren, as it flitted before their leafy screen, scarcely conscious

of the present hour. The latter now stood near the steps which led to the river, and looked searchingly around: at length deservyng through the pendent branches, the white robe of Beatrice, she advanced softly and gliding beneath the leafy covert, stood in amazement gazing at the hidden pair—"So, so," she cried at last, "here I find you seated *en cachette*, silent and sorrowful, weeping no doubt over the piteous tale of the four hundred and forty-four thousand priests who were barbarously murdered in the abbey of 'the beautiful island' by the ferocious Macarthys, in the year one thousand one hundred and eighty. I could weep at the tale myself, even though the date is so distant, were not my sympathy diverted by some strange and rather ludicrous legends of these same monks related by Mr. Karwin: also, I have been puzzled in my researches at Innisfallen to discover where the four hundred and forty-four thousand (which number Tade swears to) could have been accommodated before this bloody massacre. But how I loiter; the doctor's carriage is waiting; mamma sent me in search of you Beatrice, she is at her favourite employment, wishes not to be disturbed, and requests you will accompany me; I hardly venture to hope you will, you seem so quietly established for a comfortable *tête à tête* with Mrs. Susan. I could almost give up my excursion to join you."

"Not seeing you at breakfast," said Beatrice, "I took it for granted you had departed; where have you been?"

"Visiting my cottagers, or rather cottiers, scolding, soothing, praying, preaching, laughing, lecturing. You cannot conceive what multitudinous powers this versatile people compel you to put forth; by turns stupid and witty, lazy and laborious, dull and acute; always interesting; their faults more than redeemed by their suffering."

"Miss Katheren," said the old woman, "whose eyes are tearful now?"

"Mine, but from something more serious than legendary tales Mrs. Susan. Beatrice I perceive you are spell-bound; on my return I shall request your venerable enchantress will extend her magic circle, and permit me to enter it; I am jealous, positively jealous of Mrs. Susan's partiality; she would find me quite as rapt a listener, even though her tale were of the sacrilegious Macarthies—farewell." She embraced her sister, in mock displeasure menaced Mrs. Susan with stately nod and reprehensive wave, then like a lapwing darted beneath the bending boughs and disappeared. Beatrice fondly marked her receding form—"Just like her namesake!" sighed Mrs. Susan.

"Her head is full of the Macarthies to-day," cried Beatrice, "Tade has been amusing her with

some terrible tradition as monstrous as marvellous."

" 'Tis a true tradition however," said Mrs. Susan gravely, " though there mightn't be so many massacred as Miss Katheren speaks of, but the monks were murdered, and for this crime a curse hung for a long time over the house of Macarthy."

" Is it still under malediction?" enquired Beatrice.

" They say," continued Mrs. Susan, " that one of the chiefs of this branch of that great family built a chapel where the priests were slain, and gave himself entirely to fasting and prayer, in order to free his descendants from the bitter ban, so the curse was suspended or changed into a prophecy."

" A prophecy!"

" Yes Miss, 'twas foretold by the holy man in his dying hour that the curse should no longer prevail, but that in process of time the avenger of blood was to come; a serpent should spring from a foreign soil whose breath would blight the fairest scions of this noble race. Ages have passed away since and the family too almost."

" And yet the prophecy remains unfulfilled," said Beatrice, smiling.

The old woman heedless of the observation

continued—"The strangest part of the prediction is, that this avenger, whose coming should bring disgrace and death, was to be, herself, a female of the house of Macarthy. I remember my mother telling me how desirous Lady Gertrude of Macarthy—the old Earl's second wife—was, to have a son; being, they say, a very superstitious woman she thought a great deal about the prophecy and was a long time before she recovered her disappointment at the birth of Lady Katheren, fearing the mischief would come in her person."

"Lady Katheren too, married a foreigner," observed Beatrice.

"And was cut off in the flower of her days," said the old woman emphatically, "while my pilgrimage has been lengthened more than forty years; but had she lived, who could fear that evil should ever spring from her? Though Ileen once bid me not be too sure."

"Ileen," ejaculated Beatrice, "pray Mrs. Susan proceed in your narrative; this luckless prophecy made me for awhile forget that we left her in prison and in peril; pray, pray go on."

The gratified old woman moved closer to her auditress, passed her hand across her eyes, arranged her snowy apron and resumed her knitting and her story.

CHAPTER XVII.

Wherefore that fervid love? so strong, so fierce, so wild!
An Irish peasant she—he was her foster-child.

THE FOSTER-CHILD.

“THE day before the trial, as I sat more dead than alive, rocking the boy Jerry, Cornelius came to me, and said, ‘Tis not many miles from here to Tralee Mrs. Sweeney; I’ll borrow a horse and be off—may be I’ll bring you good news, something to comfort you.’ I blessed the kind hearted creature, wrote a note to my sister, into which I put the trifle of money which Cornelius had refused, and prayed that the Almighty would prosper his errand. Oh! how I counted all the hours of that miserable day and the following. ’Twas as much as my sister-in-law could do to keep me from setting off to Tralee myself, though I couldn’t tell how I should manage when I got there. Cornelius returned next night—I stood before him—if a word would have saved my sister’s life I

couldn't have said it! 'There's no use in cheating you Mrs. Sweeney,' says the honest man with tears in his eyes, 'your sister pleaded guilty, and is sentenced——'—'to die?' I shrieked. 'I didn't say that did I?' says he; 'no Mrs. Sweeney, they wouldn't have the heart to put her to death for nothing at all, but indeed I didn't hear the sentence passed, I couldn't stand it so I ran away out of the court when your sister had finished her speech.'—He burst into tears. I was in an agony of suspense. It was some time before the poor man could give me the particulars. The court was crowded, Cornelius could hardly make his way in; he looked about and saw the poor prisoner standing in the dock; her eyes were fixed upon the ground; she was very pale; never moved 'till she was asked 'guilty or not guilty.' 'Guilty my lord,' says she, firmly. There was a great buzz in the court; the Judge besought her to say she wasn't guilty. 'A lie would avail nothing to my cause,' says Ileen, 'with all respect to you my lord I say it; I know there is sufficient evidence to convict me; if to have planned and effected the escape of Charles St. Elmour is a crime, I am guilty. I ask pardon my lord, but I cannot even say that I would not do it again.' There was another great buzz—the lawyers spoke together—Cornelius couldn't remember what passed; he only said that Ileen was nothing daunted, clearing

every one but herself and those who, she said, were far enough from danger. The Judge then asked her whether she had any thing to say before the sentence was passed.—‘And would you believe it Mrs. Sweeney,’ says Cornelius, ‘she made as fine a speech I’ll be bound to say, as was ever made by the biggest wig amongst ’em; the whole court, judge, jury, ladies, lawyers and all were in tears; they seemed struck of a heap by her coolness and her cleverness, never stopping nor missing a word, but got cute and clane to the end of her defince!’

“Cornelius could only remember the last part of the speech—‘Which of you,’ says Ileen, looking round the court, ‘which of you to save your child would not stand where I now stand? You will say perhaps he was not mine. It is true gentlemen, I am not the mother who bore him, but I am the mother who fostered him, who fed him with her life. It has been said that I was bribed to this great hazard—that man has said it.’ She pointed to lawyer Karwin. ‘He thinks it impossible that a poor peasant would do what a rich lawyer, such as he, would not—incur a risk without a bribe. He thinks it impossible a simple country woman could form this daring plot without direction. It is true gentlemen, I have been bribed—by fidelity and attachment; I have had the direction of a higher power than he will ever look

to—Heaven has been my guide and my support! It is pitiful to boast gentlemen, but I cannot choose that you should think I was led to this by love of idleness; so I will ask lawyer Karwin what bribe I received for once saving the life of my prosecutor at the venture of my own? I do not know what penalty I have incurred: they tell me I may be imprisoned, transported, hanged. To lose one's life by the will of God is nothing, when all we love are gone, but to lose one's life by the will of man is fearful; and yet my lord, if it be your good pleasure, I would rather die now in my own country, than live an exile in a foreign land.' — 'I couldn't listen any longer,' says Cornelius; 'my tears blinded me. I got out of court and came home, but I'll go again to-morrow Mrs. Sweeney; I can spare another day.' All this while I suspected that Cornelius knew more than he chose to tell, and so it proved, for my sister was sentenced to be transported. There was however powerful interest made for her by some great person who was present at the trial, and her sentence was changed to a short imprisonment.

"From her appearance in court no one suspected that she could be in want, else I am sure many a hand would have been held out to relieve her, but she had spent every farthing she had. My unhappy husband has helped her into this strait; she had sent him all her savings. Ah!

Miss Beatrice, Ileen had an open hand and an open heart; she gave as long as she had it to give, and now she was a beggar.

“ At last she was freed from prison and went home. The girl that was left in care of the cottage told her that Lady Mary St. Elmour was on her death bed: my sister flew to the castle; the servants shut the gate against her, but, through a secret entrance, known only to herself and Father Karwin, she gained her mistress’s room. The Earl was there, so astonished by my sister’s appearance, that he couldn’t bid her go, and stood staring at Ileen like a demon. There was a terrible scene! Lady Mary died that night; my sister instantly left the castle; but you see, Miss, she was as good as her word: she saved her foster-child, and watched her mistress in her dying hour.

“ I went to her, and found a woful change; all her little comforts gone! she was dressed like the poorest peasant—she whom I had always seen so gay! But the sorest pinch of all was the ill will that followed her; she found more pity among strangers than she found at home. Every one seemed to shun her; even those she bought her morsel of, laid it silently before her, and turned away their heads as they took her offering. The truth is Miss, Lord Conwayne was adored and Mr. Charles detested by all our country folks; the murder

of the young lord was laid to his cousin's door and—heaven turn the hearts of the slanderers!—they went so far as to say that Ileen had a hand in the black business. She didn't try to change their minds, her heart was too proud for that; but she became gloomy and desponding: she that used once to scoff at me when I spoke of my misdoings, was now more given to remorse than myself; her eyes, she said, had been opened, in her dark prison, to the crimes and errors of her youth; poverty and persecution were welcome because they were inflictions which might save her from perdition. Yet her spirit was not broken; she exclaimed against the Earl as bitterly, and reproached lawyer Karwin as roundly as ever, when this man came to her cottage on his malicious errands.

“ I must hurry over this part of my story Miss Beatrice, for it is very painful. Poor Ileen didn't show the charity of a christian, and I have often thought that there was more superstition than submission to the will of God in her repentance, for surely there was no cause for the strict penances she put upon herself, refusing all the good offices of the very few who were friendly disposed towards her, and even denying herself and me the satisfaction of working together for our support.

“ There is little more to be told, Miss: I went back to my brother-in-law and remained with him seven years, when his wife died giving birth

to Judith. I had now in turn to comfort poor Cornelia. God takes the good Miss Benrice, and leaves the wicked for repentance! The honest man was lost at sea soon after, and the orphans were left dependent upon her who had been supported by their parent's bounty. I had not the means of keeping house, so I resolved to go to service. One of the neighbours agreed to maintain the two children for a trifling sum, but it was necessary I should work to earn that. Alas Miss! I had a bad name to contend with—who would take Pat Sweeney's wife and Ileen's sister? In my dire distress I thought of my husband's parting words, 'Susan, if you should ever want a friend, go to Doctor Elwin.' I hadn't the money to make the journey, but I wrote to that good man; with little hope indeed. May the friends of that blessed Doctor Elwin never fail him! He sought me out Miss, came to me himself, and from that hour my wants upon my own account were over.

"He took me into his house, and I worked hard to please Mrs. Elwin, but I had a severe task mistress in her favorite servant Priscilla—one can please her. I remained there however three years, but my master saw I was unhappy and told me he would try to get me a situation elsewhere. About that time the Earl of Dunane was taken ill; at death's door, they said. He

had never been on friendly terms with my master since the affair of Mr. Charles, but the drowning man will hold out hand to friend or foe, so the Earl sent for my skilful patron, who, with the help of heaven, saved his life. My master was now in higher favor than before, and might have snapped his fingers at lawyer Karwin too, who had tried to keep him from the castle; however the Earl made matters up between the doctor and the lawyer, so they are seemingly good friends, as far as civility goes. Well Miss, I went on working like a horse to please Priscilla, when, one morning, my master told me that the house-keeper at Dunane was dead, and that I might, if I pleased, have the situation. I trembled every limb at thoughts of again living where my youth was passed; many a bitter and fearful fancy came into my mind; still I had a hankering after old scenes. 'I shall be near Ileen,' thinks I, 'besides I shall escape Priscilla, I shall have a good salary, Jerry is a great boy and wants a little money to help him on, and Judy might in time be settled at the castle.' Doctor Elwin gave me to understand that I was to have no intercourse with my sister, as the Earl was as wrathful towards her as ever. I gave no promise Miss Beatrice; if Ileen didn't want my help I wouldn't offer it, but I determined that selfish motives should never keep me from serving her.

“ Well Miss, I gathered my courage, took leave of Priscilla, and went to the castle. When will I forget the day I again saw the old walls? Let no one say that the lowly cannot feel like the lofty; had my darling mistress returned to her home after an absence of thirty years, she couldn't have suffered more from a sore heart than poor Susan did! my old companions dead or gone; my mistress, Lady Mary, and the Countess Illin where were they! I did think my heart hardened Miss Beatrice, to find I could look without its breaking into the deserted nursery, the sadly quiet play-room. Where too were the babes we used to nurse and fondle! I shall never die of grief, never, else I couldn't have outlived that day! Not a soul in the castle whose face I remembered, for it was many months before I saw the Earl, and he was terribly changed. At last I bethought myself of one good man; in the folly of my youth I had too often shunned him, but now I sought him with an humbled heart; he was my only stay in this gloomy mansion. The saint-like comforter reconciled me to myself; taught me to think of Lady Katheren without that bewildered feeling which had unsettled my poor brain: he bade me offer thanks to heaven that she had been called away from dreadful visitation. ‘ Daughter,’ said the holy man, ‘ seek to learn no more, bend to the will of a merciful master,’

"You speak of Father Karwin?" said Beatrice; "any sister once met him in the cloisters of Mucrusa."

"'Tis him I mean, indeed Miss; let those who scoff at Irish priests look at Father Karwin and learn reverence; he taught me to feel that there is no comfort like the comfort of religion, no hope like the hope of heaven! Through him too I heard Heen was well, poor indeed, but not destitute. I was satisfied with this and determined not to draw on myself the Earl's displeasure by visiting the cottage. I made this sacrifice for the sake of the orphans, but it was a very painful thing to be so near my sister without seeing her. She once sent me a note to say she knew how I was circumstanced, and bade me keep clear of every thing which might deprive me of my place, and of the power of supporting the friendless children. 'I love you Susan,' said she, 'heaven knows I dearly love you, but I will not see you, I will not involve you in my ruin and desolation.' 'Twas surprising Miss Beatrice how beautifully she could write and talk; fine words seemed as natural to her as my plain homely speech to me."

"Why did you leave the castle Mrs. Susan?" asked Beatrice, finding the old woman was silent.

"I had a great fashion Miss, of sitting to knit under the old tree where Lady Katheren found me

on her return from abroad. One morning I walked forth as usual in my idle hour, and sought my favourite seat. It was seven years ago and sixteen since my husband left me. A lad lay stretched on the ground beneath the old oak; he was crying bitterly.—‘What ails you my boy?’ says I, he looked at me with a pair of eyes that I couldn’t help thinking had looked at me before.—‘My granny is dying,’ says he; ‘I went to the castle just now, to ask for Mrs. Susan, the housekeeper, but the servants drove me away and called me the son of a scatterling.’ The lad looked scarcely sixteen; ’twas cruel to taunt one so young.—‘And who is your gran’mother my boy?’ says I.—‘Ileen Sullivan,’ cries he; ‘she that every one points at—shame to the scoffers!’ Think of my astonishment Miss; that lad was Tade, the deserted son of Peggy! I always thought she had taken her babe with her, for you may remember my fancy of hearing the cry of a child on the night of the escape; but I found that the poor boy had been left with a neighbour, who had nursed and reared him until he was big enough to be of use to his gran’mother. I went to my sister’s cottage as fast as my shaking limbs could carry me—pitying father what a fearful sight!—Ileen was not dying but worse—don’t ask me to say more Miss Beatrice—I can’t, indeed I can’t. Night and day I watched her; could I do less? She had done the

same by me. I questioned Tade, whose heart seemed bursting, for the poor child doated on his gran'mother, but he either could not or would not tell me the cause of her illness. She recovered and I lost my place; the Earl would never permit me to enter the castle again."

"What a vindictive man?" cried Beatrice.

"Very true Miss, but we must remember his misfortunes,—wife and child both cut off in a day! Luckily for me I had saved a little money. Jerry who had been living with an innkeeper at Killarney lost his place too, for a slight misconduct, so I had to set him up in another calling. To my great surprise I found that he and Tade were cronies. Jerry told me a wild story of a strange, frightful man visiting Killarney a little before my sister's illness; his tale was rather marvellous; at first I thought him crazy too, but he swore to its truth, and that it was through the means of this man he lost his place; he added besides, that Tade could tell more about him if he would—however Tade had learned to keep his own counsel, as well in that as in other matters; for my sister (I don't know her reason for so doing) had told him the family history; but he deserved to be trusted; close as wax when he ought, or thought he ought to be silent, even to me he never spoke of the murder, though 'twas

plain he knew more of it than I did; yet how the boy would chatter of Lord Conways!"

"Did he ever mention Mr. St. Elmour?" enquired Beatrice.

"Never Miss in my hearing, and I dared not speak of him before my sister. I quitted the cottage when my services were of no further use, for I wouldn't be a burthen to poor Tade, who entirely supported his gran'mother. Thank heaven, I was then, and am still capable of earning my livelihood, and a little matter to leave to the orphans when I'm gone. Poor Judith was sadly neglected at Dingle; she had an exacting mistress so I sent for her."

Beatrice, who during the latter part of Mrs. Susan's narrative had been revolving the circumstances relating to the principal incident of the tale, associating them with the persons she had seen on the battlements and in the oratory, and with the mysterious conversation of Doctor Elwin and Mr. Karwin, now enquired whether Mrs. Susan had not hinted that Doctor Elwin had favoured the second escape of Mr. St. Elmour.

"I wouldn't for the whole world that any other person heard me say such a thing, for it might ruin my benefactor, but I may safely tell you Miss Beatrice, that I did once hear a dispute between the Doctor and Mrs. Elwin, in which she accused him of having taken her little fortune out of the

English bank and given it to forward an outlaw's escape. Passionate people enjoy plenty of repentance; I dare say she was frightened enough when she saw me walk out of her dressing-room which I had been putting to rights; however my master never even said,—‘Don't speak of this Susan,’—there was no occasion.”

“And Miss St. Elmour, you have scarcely mentioned her,” said Beatrice, still pondering on the persons who, Mr. Karwin had insinuated, were so closely allied.

“Will you believe it Miss, though I lived at the castle six years I scarcely saw her! She is a grand looking woman, more like the old Countess Gertrude than her own mother, very stately and singular, visits none of the great folks, and never stirs from the castle, only with Father Karwin when he goes his rounds. Once indeed she went to Mucruss with Tade, who is of late a great favourite of hers.”

“But she dare not show kindness to the grandson of Helen?” interrupted Beatrice.

Mrs. Susan smiled. “The Earl doesn't know there is such a person in the world as poor Tade.”

“And Mr. St. Elmour has never been heard of?”

“It was reported Miss, that the lugger was wrecked; whether the runaways perished we never heard.”

“ Did Jerry ever describe to you the stranger who made such an impression on his fancy?”

“ Yes Miss, for though I don’t know how, yet it did get into my head once, that it might possibly have been Patrick and Corney who ventured hither to look after the poor forsaken ones, and by coming unawares on Helen had upset her mind; but ’twas no such thing; the man Jeremiah described was pitted with small-pox and blind of an eye.”

Mrs. Susan was again silent, and Beatrice sank into a reverie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

She said, and strait witch Molly Wattle,
Starting from out a huge stone bottle,
Cries, casting off her hooded rug,
"Sure Madam 'tis myself so smug!
I come well armed, and in a whiff, see,
To read your palm like any gipsy,
Or, should your wits have left their room, quick
Drive 'em back with hoot and broomstick;
Then speak your mind, for well can battle
With goole or goblin, Molly Wattle.

WITCHES' FLANXTY.

A SLOW, measured, heavy step, very different from that which had before startled them, now approached. Sneider, with fixed and downcast look, as if counting his paces, passed the tree, cautiously descended the steps to the river, and loosing a light boat or cot, which was tied to the trunk of a bald holly that sprung from the bank, stepped into the little skiff and paddled up the stream.

"One might fancy," said Beatrice, "that our trusty Sneider is employed on some secret mission, he looked so thoughtful and mysterious."

"That cotta is quite his hobby," observed Mrs. Susan; "he bought it a short time back of a man who lives a little higher up the river; and often scuttles in that direction."

"How well do I remember," said Beatrice, contemplatively, "when Katheren and I were children, our gliding over a far distant lake in a shell scarcely larger, which that worthy man would navigate for our amusement. He would place us in our light shallop, throw up the sparkling spray, and enjoy our childish mirth as we caught the glittering diamonds which perished in our grasp. To no other guardianship would my aunt commit us, for Sneider was as skilful as careful."

Mrs. Susan enquired whether he were not soon to leave with the French woman. Beatrice replied in the affirmative, adding that Katheren had persuaded Mrs. Jermyn to supply their places with Jerry and his sister, provided the latter should prove tameable.

"God bless you both!" ejaculated the old woman fervently; the orphans have indeed found friends."

"Alas! we are orphans too!" cried Beatrice, the lustre of her dark eyes dimmed by painful reminiscence: "and if we should lose—" she stopped abruptly.

Mrs. Susan plied her knitting needle with re-

newed alacrity, running over in her mind all her legendary lore, anxious to hit on something which might divert the grief of her young mistress; but, as if to mock the eagerness of her research, her fairy fictions seemed to have hidden themselves in some undiscoverable corner of her cranium. Tears fell from the eyes of Beatrice, and the old woman, in an agony of solicitude, looked around, hoping that some outward object might furnish matter for remark. All was provokingly still, save that the hum of bees floated on the balmy air in sounds dull and monotonous. It was noon; the sky blue and cloudless, the river silent, not even the chirp of the grasshopper disturbed the stillness of the scene; the very groves were mute as if in mockery of Mrs. Susan, who now began to think herself tongue-tied—"Hark!" she exclaimed, as the soft breathings of a distant flute stole on her greedy ear—"the Virgin be praised! what a blessed relief! How prettily he plays Miss," she continued, addressing Beatrice, who instantly recognised the peculiar style of the stranger she had met on the Peninsula. "He has not then yet departed," thought she while a deep blush crimsoned her cheek on finding her heart throb pleasantly at this conviction. The musician ceased; Mrs. Susan looked at her mistress in renewed alarm, but the eyes of Beatrice, no longer dimmed by tears, shone brighter than before. The stroke of paddles now

announced the return of Sneider; the strain of melody swelled louder, nearer; Beatricè, with earnest look, pressed her finger on her parted lips, while an expressive glance at Mrs. Susan bespoke silence. The little skiff touched the landing-place; Sneider ascended the steps, and the astonished Beatrice heard a light, springy tread pursue, and soon outstrip the cautious and almost stealthy pace of the solemn Swiss, who catching the young man, just as he had sprung to the topmost step, and stood within a few paces of the cowering pair, held him back, and sent a wary glance around, but as no suspicion of crouching observers crossed his mind, the breathless Beatrice and her more composed companion escaped detection.

“Softly, softly Sir!” said Sneider, in a tone which, though low, distinctly struck the quickened ears of the involuntary listeners; “I must be assured that my young ladies are not returned.”

“Would to heaven they were!” said the youth impetuously breaking from him, and rushing towards the house.

“There!” cried the old man, slowly following, “my mistress will be finely flurried, but the matter must be soon discovered, and so—.” The remainder of his soliloquy was lost in the distance.

Beatrice looked at Mrs. Susan, as if to be assured that her senses had not deceived her. —“Don’t you know that young gentleman

Miss?" asked the old woman, with a face full of meaning.

"I never saw him but once, and that was—"

"The day we went to Dinis, wasn't it Miss Beatrice?"

Beatrice nodded assent.

"You didn't know he has been at the cottage many times before now?"

"At the cottage!" repeated Beatrice, in increased perplexity.

Susan cast down her eyes, as if conscious of indiscretion. Beatrice observed her confusion, and an awkward silence ensued. At length Mrs. Susan said, "The young gentleman lodges at Michael Mullins', the man of whom Sneider bought the boat; Mrs. Mullins told me, that he pays well for her spare room, though he seldom goes into it, except to sleep, spending all his time in the open air, which is very convenient, for Mike and his wife don't agree marvellous well." Beatrice made no observation; rising, she requested Mrs. Susan would accompany her to an arbour at the opposite extremity of the garden, determined to remain there until assured that the clandestine visitor had departed, for, though unable to assign a motive for such secrecy, she would not investigate what Mrs. Jermyn so obviously meant to conceal from herself and Katheren.

They had scarcely seated themselves on a rustic

bench when for a third time their privacy seemed threatened. A loitering, irresolute footfall was heard, and a voice exclaimed in desponding tone, "To come so far, and find never a christian soul but Frenchy! and she's only a hathen, heaven help her! a flauntin' flyblow—she's soon goin', God be praised, and the devil speed her—but where's Jude I wonder; shanamonin' with Cauth Mullins I'll engage, and lavin' me huntin' after her high and low: that same Jude is a clane, clever girl of late; her eyes are quite as black as Miss Batrisses, and her skin, now that one can see it, quite as clare as Miss Kathrins." Here a loud hem from the indignant Mrs. Susan stopped Tade's soliloquy. "Whisht! what's that?" he ejaculated, "Jude as sure as a pascod an't a primrose, skulkin' among them honeysuckles on purpose to plague me.—Well many's the fool goes out for wool and comes home shorn—I've a grate mind to go and lave her where I found her." Thus saying, but not suiting the action to the word, he stole softly to the entrance of the bower and stood agape, staring alternately at Beatrice and her companion.

"Why then the Saints be sweet to us, an' the skim o' the mornin' to you Mrs. Sweeney, though I b'lieve the sun's gone south now. Sure Miss Batriss arn't you with the Doctor and Miss Katheren? 'tis double then I'm thinkin' Master

Sneider saw, when he said you were off, hours ago to the round tower."

"What's that you are twirling in your fingers Tade?" enquired Mrs. Susan.

"Nothin' at all at all," answered the rustic, promptly sliding a paper into his vest.

"Nothing," repeated Beatrice, "surely you held a letter."

"Was it a letter in earnest?" cried Tade, "see that now, and I not to know it!" In seeming haste and perplexity he searched each pocket of his garments, casting their contents on the grass; then turning out their linings he looked with a quizzical assumption of simplicity at Beatrice, exclaiming, "Mightn't you be lying under a mistake Miss Mornin'ton?"

"Nay, nay," said Beatrice, smiling, "I have no wish to search into your secrets Tade."

Mrs. Susan cast a reproachful glance at the delinquent, who, returning it with one of deprecating humility, pulled his glib, gave with his foot most musical scrape, and ejaculating, "Truth is wisest when one's in a wisp; plain confession mars puzzlefication," slunk away, leaving his aunt not a little disconcerted at this proof of the sad discrepancy between the preaching and practice of her unfathomable relative.

A sweet cadence, its dying fall almost lost in

the distance, now told the departure of the stranger. "There goes Mr. Sneider and the young lord," exclaimed Mrs. Susan.

"Lord !" repeated Beatrice.

"Surely Miss he must be something very particular, or my mistress wouldn't admit him, and deny every body else."

Beatrice made no reply; after thanking the old woman for her narrative, she walked towards the house, ruminating as she went, endeavouring to forget the stranger, and to recall the personages of the story. From her window she beheld Tade still loitering near the cottage; Katheren soon after appeared and Beatrice saw, with surprise, the letter which had been so dexterously concealed from her, transferred to her sister. "It is from Moreland," said she, sighing away her last hope of Katheren's consistency.

The sisters met; abstraction or consciousness checked the vivacity and clouded the brilliancy of Katheren; she no longer sought to amuse her sister by playful description or entertaining rattle, but silent and absorbed, seemed not to mark the serious countenance of Beatrice. At length, as if musing, she said, "He must have commenced his journey yesterday."

"Of whom do you speak Katheren?"

"Of Mr. Moreland; he is gone to the Continent."

"To the Continent!" repeated Beatrice, "he has then been discarded."

"Has he?" said Katheren, evasively, with a faint smile.

"Surely sister it was cruel to win him from another, receive his attentions, and then reject him."

"Beatrice!" cried Katheren proudly, but the anxious, agitated look of Beatrice, checked the meditated reproach.

"You have not then trifled with the peace of this inconstant?" said Beatrice, drawing her inference more from the looks than the words of her sister.

"You are harsh Beatrice; Moreland is a noble-minded creature; he will not be happy at the expense of ——"

"Of Lucy Elwin!"

Again a faint smile dimpled the cheeks of Katheren. "You are wilfully blind and perverse sister; to punish you I will disappoint your curiosity, and leave Moreland's justification to time. I have now other, and more serious matter to speak of; Emma Elwin is ill; a messenger from her mother found us at Aghadoe; poor Doctor Elwin hurried home in a state of distraction; I stopped to make enquiries, found the family in confusion, offered my services to Lucy in nursing the invalid, but they were almost rudely rejected; and yet I must see Emma—I will see her!"

Beatrice looked in astonishment at her sister, who now paced the apartment, flushed and agitated. — “But my dear Katheren, surrounded by friends, how can poor Emma require your services?”

“No matter, I must see her, must speak with her. Will you drive to Doctor Elwin’s? Lucy is not prejudiced against you; entreat her to permit my visiting Emma; I can tranquillize her, I only; shall I order the carriage?”

Beatrice, wondering at friendship the fervency of which she never before suspected, made no opposition; too generous to seek explanation when she fancied confession might be painful, she made no allusion even to the mysterious letter, to which nevertheless she could not forbear ascribing some part of her sister’s agitation. The carriage was announced; Katheren again entreated Beatrice to win, if possible, the assent of Lucy Elwin for her admission to Emma. The wondering girl drove away, doubting her own discernment in the judgment she had formed of her sister’s character.—“Is it possible,” thought she, “that the proud spirit of Katheren can thus bend to propitiate one who meets affection with coldness, civility with rudeness!” A painful surmise struck her—was this gratuitous humility granted as compensation for injury?—Shrinking indignantly from the involuntary suspicion, she

endeavoured to prevent its recurrence by dwelling on the generosity, sincerity and truth of Katheren.

The latter, too closely resembling the susceptible people among whom she now dwelt—influenced in equal degree by joy and woe—always in extremes—passed the interval of her sister's absence in portraying the sufferings of Emma and the despair of her father and family, deepening each sombre shade, and carefully excluding the slightest sunbeam from her gloomy picture—"Should she die!" thought Katheren: this climax of horror was too much; "I shall never, never forgive myself!" she cried sobbing aloud; "Why did I interfere?—Why advise?" A slight knock at a door which led from her sister's dressing-room into hers, arrested her lament; she tried to subdue her emotion. The door was slowly opened and a figure discovered, which seemed doubtful whether to advance or retreat. Katheren, her grief and almost her respiration suspended, gazed on a girl in whose countenance were singularly blended anxiety and confusion, affection and fear. She was dressed in a jacket of light blue cloth, fastened in front by a row of bright buttons which seemed so tightly to compress her rotund and bulky form, that any sudden expansion of the lungs, caused by cough or sneeze, might have occasioned their violent disruption: her crimson petticoat of shining

texture, resembled in breadth the preposterous proportions of our present fashion, and stood far out from the stout supporters, whose solid ankles it scarcely reached; her legs were cased in conamara of the Tyrian dye, her feet forced into shoes of inadequate length, whose straps were linked by clasps of glittering metal, a neat mob cap marked the circumference of her chubby face, its caul well filled with her luxuriant hair, which was drawn from her lustrous forehead so tightly that all declination of the head seemed impossible; the whole figure giving an idea of stiffness, rigidity and constraint, and ludicrously contrasting with the changeful, tragi-comic countenance.

Katheren continued to gaze in silent astonishment at the intruder.

"Why then is Judy Sweeney gone clane out o' your ladyship's mind?" said the girl, the curves of her mouth vacillating between the mirthful and the mournful.

"Judy!" cried Katheren, kindly approaching the apparently immovable figure, "what a transformation!"

"A lamentation! that was it that brought me, sure enough," said Judy; "I thought 'twas after breakin' your heart you'd be, so I made bold to let your ladyship know there was them nigh by, that would scuttle through thick an' thin, poke themselves into the pillory, or plant themselves in

the stocks to sarve an' please your ladyship,'—the appearance of Judy furnished ample proof of the truth of her last assertion—"don't ye go for to think," she continued, slowly advancing, "that I'm cockahoop at your ladyship's notice, or wanted to come afore I was called, but I went all of a twitter when I heard you takin' on in that pitiful way, so I never stopped to ax myself—as aunt Chusy tould me—'Jude what are you bint on,' but I knocked while my heart thumped; I had no tongue to spake, so I opened the door."

"You are a kind hearted girl," said Katheren, "and to prove to you that I am not displeased, henceforward you shall attend on me."

"The only good luck in all my born days I ever prayed for on my legs," cried Jude, clasping her hands with wild delight; "mornin', noon, an' night, an' every minute o' the day, I tased the saints for that same; I may stop with you now, your ladyship, may be? I've milked the cow an' claned the dairy, I've fed the poultry an' pulled some posies for your ladyship's windee; I've just finished her t'other ladyship's dressing-room, an' have nothin' now to do but to comfort you—if you don't contempt me."

Katheren, too much pre-occupied to be amused, sought for some excuse to soften her dismissal—

"You must not call me 'ladyship,' my good girl."

"I called my old mistress, (Molly Mulloy)

'Miss,' answered Jude, in expostulatory tone, "you wouldn't have me put you upon a par with her, would you?—This was my Sunday shute at Dingle," she continued, complacently casting down her eyes, and laying her hand on the back of Katheren's chair, habit gradually obliterating those lessons of silence and respect inculcated by her aged relative; "when 'tis worn out, aunt Chusy says I'm to be dressed in Cauth's fashion, to wait upon you."

"Whose fashion?" enquired Katheren.

"Cauth's, Mike Mullins's pinnace."

"Penance," repeated Katheren.

"Yes agragal—I mane your ladyship—Miss—Mike was a wicked one, broke his mother's heart; the priest bid him put upon himself the biggest pinnace he could, so he took Cauth, married her, an' got absolution.—Well he may! 'twas like plasterin' himself with couage; the pinnace will stick to him I'm thinkin'."

Katheren, not feeling particularly interested in the fate of Mike, was again absorbed in painful reflexion. Judith continued—"Cauth had some substance, was a gossip o' mine at Dingle, so I sometimes give her a call, though aunt Chusy don't quite comprove the 'quaintance, an' ever since the young lord lodges there Tade don't quite comprove it neither.—Ye have seen him your ladyship haven't you?" enquired the girl, noting the deep

sighs of Katheren, and affectionately anxious to amuse.

"Seen who?" asked Katheren almost unconsciously.

"His young lordship, with the blackberry eyes an' the raspberry lips," replied the descriptive damsel, "wid looks like Molly Mulloy's black ram, curly entirely, and teeth like Tade's dog, only he have niver a one now, poor dear Donny! Why then what a differ seven year makes in a dog, an' nothin' at all in a Christian; I'll be bound that Tade in seven year—"

Judith's warrantry of what Tade would be in seven years was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Jermyn, who hastily enquired for Beatrice. During Katheren's explanation of her sister's absence, the damsel, awed by the presence of Mrs. Jermyn, and no longer apprehensive of her young lady's 'dyin' o' grief,' made a deep dip and exit.

"Poor Doctor Elwin! I cannot then embarrass him with other cares," exclaimed Mrs. Jermyn; "yet it is a sad disappointment. But why look so mournful my love? Your friend's death is not an inevitable consequence of her illness, and though it were, you should not murmur at a decree which may spare her many a bitter pang. You are young—death to you is fearful, but to me—"

"You do not feel worse Mamma?" interrupted

Katheren, losing the lesser apprehension in the greater.

"No my child, on the contrary; and could I—" she stopped irresolutely—"during Miss Elwin's illness this retirement will be irksome and lonely Katheren."

"Irksome, lonely," repeated Katheren, fervently; "could it ensure Emma's recovery I would never leave it."

"Moderate this sensibility Katheren," said Mrs. Jermyn, solemnly; "you make me tremble for its effects; the excess of any passion is most frequently productive of misery.—Alas! in this world our woes bear so fearful a proportion to our joys, that she who indulges enervating feelings encounters perilous risk."

Confession hovered on the lips of Katheren, but Mrs. Jermyn, engrossed by sad recollections, heeded not her agitation, and Katheren, as she gazed on her aunt's mournful countenance, found the courage she had been acquiring for such confession gradually vanish. "To-morrow resumed Mrs. Jermyn, after a pause, "I must leave you for a few hours; Sneider will attend me: be not surprised Katheren that I do not make you or Beatrice the companion of any occasional excursion to which I may be compelled. You know my habits, and must of course be aware that the sacrifice I make of my inclinations is unavoidable."

Katheren bowed. "Have you heard our good friend mention the Earl of Dunane lately, my child?"

"I remember his telling Mr. Karwin some days ago, that the Earl still lingered."

Mrs. Jermyn looked even more despondent—"You will soon I hope, my love, be enabled to resume your intercourse with the Elwins, and then—"

"Surely I hear the voice of Beatrice!" exclaimed Katheren, flying to the window,—"*it is she!*"—The impatient girl was quickly in the avenue—"Beatrice," she cried fearfully, "Emma?"

"Is restored, my dear Katheren; she has been in a long and alarming state of insensibility, but all danger is now over."

"And will she see me?"

Beatrice shook her head.—"I have Doctor Elwin's authority for assuring you that in her present state excitement might be fatal; she must not converse for many days; be satisfied, dear Katheren, that we shall hear of her: Doctor Elwin has promised to write daily."

"I must be satisfied sister," said Katheren, smiling sadly, "and indeed, if she recover, it is as well perhaps that my wishes are not complied with."

CHAPTER XIX.

Hush, hush, my child! see, hither comes the Goblin,
Gaunt, gibbons, grim, on crooked shankles hobbling.

WITCHES' PLANT.

DURING the tedious, anxious interval between Emma's attack and convalescence, Beatrice would gladly have endeavoured to divert the perturbed mind of her sister by imparting the outlines of Mrs. Susan's story, but Katheren seemed self-condemned to restless disquietude. The doctor's bulletins were the test of her mind's barometer; by these alternately elevated and depressed, she seemed in no mood for steady discussion, Beatrice therefore resolved to defer to a more propitious period the communication of a narrative which almost wholly engrossed her. More observing and reflective, though less acute and discerning than her sister, she would examine, combine, compare, and generally form correct conclusions; judgment, not fancy, ruled her reasonings. To Katheren

this methodical mode of deducing consequences from ratiocination was irksome, because tedious; her inductions and decisions were made with the promptitude of intuition. Success had hitherto encouraged her to advocate the superiority of her system, and she sought not to imitate the sober march of her sister's discursive power; what she could not quickly penetrate, she would not ponder on, and when urged to steadiness by Beatrice, she would laughingly protest, her brain was so organised that, with her, reflection and perplexity were synonymous. Many circumstances of their childhood which had escaped the heedless Katheren, were marked, revolved, and remembered by Beatrice; casual expressions of Mrs. Jermyrn relative to their birth sank deep into her mind, and although she never, directly or indirectly, sought that information which her aunt promised she would one day impart, yet she could form much more correct conjectures on the subject than her volatile sister, and combining her long treasured reminiscences with the tale of Mrs. Susan, and all the coincidences of names and resemblances, she inferred that some secret tie connected Katheren and herself with the Conways family. This ray of light, indeed, but faintly glimmered through a dim perspective, yet so fondly did she cherish the quivering beam, that its exclusion would have overwhelmed her with disappointment. She was

well aware that Mrs. Jermyn could at once solve her difficulties, and furnish the clue she sought, but both sisters had been so accustomed from their infancy to regard every thing their aunt did and said, as "wisest, virtuous, discreet, best," that to transgress even her implied wish, would be to incur remorse and keen regret. Beatrice had once been informed by Annette, the wife of Snedder, that Mrs. Jermyn had renounced her dearest hopes for the sake of herself and Katheren: thus, bound as much by gratitude as by affection, they looked up to their aunt with veneration; she was to them mother, guardian, friend, their only and their tried protector; for although Sir Charles Egerton was united with her in the wardship of the heiresses, yet he had hitherto been merely their nominal guardian, nor did friend or relative divide with her the affection of the orphans. Her now frequent and periodical absences from home, though they excited surprise, were not even commented on by the sisters; to them her secrets were sacred, her retirement inviolable, her actions unerrable; they sought not to penetrate the mystery of proceedings to which they were persuaded no censure could attach, and which they concluded would not have been concealed but from the wisest motives. Could they then suspect, that the very dependants on their bounty presumed to condemn the conduct of Mrs. Jermyn?

To Beatrice the strange anxiety of Katheren, an anxiety so disproportioned to the cause, suggested much more serious subject for reflection, and whenever she could detach her thoughts from the Conways, St. Elmours, Sullivans and Sweeneys, who were rather heterogeneously grouped in her imagination, she would marvel at the solicitude which clouded the beautiful face of her sister. Not that Beatrice was insensible to the distress of the Elwin family, but she felt no apprehension for the life of Emma, and could not, at times, help imputing some part of Katheren's abstraction to the absence of Moreland.

One morning, the despatch from Doctor Elwin being more than usually favourable, Katheren expressed her determination to resume employment.

"Your self-imposed mortification is then at an end?" said Beatrice.

"Self-imposed!" repeated Katheren, "it was involuntary; I could not be amused while Emma continued in danger."

Beatrice looked fixedly at her sister.—"Thus," she exclaimed, "you return slight with generosity, indifference with affection!"

"You would shrieve me sister," said Katheren, archly; "but this is not the moment to confess; that unopened packet from Madame De Courzel reproaches my neglect of an old friend. I must

examine its contents. — Ha! Gluck's Operas, Beaumarchais' celebrated Comedy, and a collection of the *petites recherches* of Parisian refinement. — Kind-hearted, friendly woman! — I shall retire to my *sanctuary* and review them at leisure; you I see are prepared for a walk."

"That manuscript you will of course first submit to my aunt's inspection?"

"True sister, I had almost forgotten her dislike of the present fashionable productions of the French press."

"This has not yet passed even that ordeal," observed Beatrice, glancing at the manuscript; "it is 'The Marriage of Figaro'. — I have heard my aunt say that the *sai-disant* philosophers of France, by supporting these ephemeral productions, were lending their aid towards the introduction of that anarchy which might not so speedily pass away, and that such philosophers may triumph in the fulfilment of their predictions 'mid the ruins of religion and morality.' Even Marmontel, so strenuously advocated by your French friends, has not entirely escaped her censure; you may remember her placing the copy of his 'Contes Moraux', with which Madame De Courzel presented you, within a sealed envelope, marking thereon 'Immoral Tales,' and interdicting us their perusal."

"Shall we try this Opera of Iphigénie?" said

Katheren a little wearied by her sister's declamation, perhaps from a secret prejudice in favour of French literature.

Beatrice smiled.—“Handel, Haydn or Mozart may lure me to your *santuario*, Katheren, but Gluck ———”

“Is a barbarian I suppose, to be placed in *duresse* with the philosophers; yet this may enfranchise him.”—She hummed the sweet air of “*Que d'attraits*.”

Beatrice walked to the window.

“You will not be won by my warbling sister? Well, I shall send some of my *miracula hibernica* to Madame De Courzel, in return for her *souvenirs*.”

“You can transmit your packet by Pauline,” said Beatrice, “Sneider leaves us to-morrow; his successor I perceive is already arrived; Jerry unites many vocations, he is now gardening,”—

A sudden thought struck her.—“You will not want a companion for a short time Katheren?”

“Not for some hours; I will retire with my poor contemned composer; and, be not too secure of your consistency; in time peradventure you will become Gluckiste.”

Beatrice went into the avenue, sauntered towards the industrious Jeremiah, and for a time watched the progress of his labour. At length she said, — “Do you know any thing, Sweeney, of the singular person whom we met on the battlements of Ross

Castle, the day after our arrival here? You heard my sister describe him."

"Why then if I don't forget all about it Miss," replied Jerry, pursuing his task with increased assiduity.

"And yet," resumed Beatrice, "he must have been the same person whom, yourself, encountered about seven years ago, and whom you so accurately described to your aunt."

Jerry started, cast a frightened glance around, crossed himself, muttered an invocation in Irish, then observed,—"'Tis a brave mornin' Miss, you wouldn't be for a row in the cot, or for a shough o' the mountain air?—Miss Kathrin has been to Mangerton, an' Kittane, an'—— May be I'll ax aunt Chusy to step wid you to Mucruss. 'Tisn't summer all the year round you know."

Though amused at this evident anxiety to evade her interrogatories, Beatrice felt her curiosity still more excited by his disinclination to satisfy it, and reiterated her question.

"Would you spake o' that awsome man Miss? He even frightened lawyer Karwin why?"

"Frightened Mr. Karwin!"

"Yes Miss, the same day that Miss Kathrin see him on the battlements of ould Ross; the evening o' that very day, as I sat on the wharf near the castle, lawyer Karwin comes to me an' says, 'Jerry,' says he, 'do you wish for a job?—Would you mind 'arnin' half a score hogs by lendin' a

hand to nab a runaway rogue?—'Wouldn't I so?' says I, 'only try me.' I had no great hankerin' after the job Miss, but I thought to myself, 'If I don't do it another will, 'tis all the same to poor Pilgarlick who nabs him.'—'Be firm then,' says the lawyer, 'an' folly me; I've two or three other stout fellows posted convenient, and we'll all join in case the thief runs restive; only mind he don't slip through our fingers.'—'Faicks then he's more slippery than a buttered pig's tail if he slides through yours, lawyer,' says I, to myself.—So I follys him an' we walks to the island as far as the mines.—'Whisht!'—says the lawyer, 'come on very cautious,' for he's hid up in that there ould building they tell me, an' if he chance to hear a step he may give us the go by, for he's monstrous clever at runnin' away.'—'My left shoe shan't hear the print of my right shoe,' says I, stealin' after him, an' wishin' in my heart we could give the poor divil some signal of what game we were after. 'Halt here!' says the lawyer whisperin', 'an' watch; my people are hard by, so don't be feared, but if you see any one skulkin' make a run at him.' So we took our stand behind a wall of the ruin, an' I let out my breath an' looked about. The sun was settin' quite glorious behind ould Glena—'Twill rise with sorrow to some!' thinks I—my heart was as light as a fly the minute before; 'twas now as heavy as lead.—'What a pity

there should be gaols an' ropes in such an illegant world!" thinks I. All at once the lawyer gave me a jog.—"Whisht!" says I.—"This way," says he, "an' you have him." We stole round the buildin', an' sure enough there was my gentleman, stretched on the ground, enjoyin' himself if you please, like any honest man, an' talkin' to the mountain, for diokons another livin' soul was wid him.—"Ye little drame what's in bake for you my fine feller?" thinks I, an' so I trod upon myself, tripped up, an' tumbled down on purpose to let him know we were walkin' behint him. With that, he turned round like lightnin', an', oh Miss Batrice! may the Saints soon score out the memory of the awful mement just afore me, within a hand's reach, was the blarin' eye without its feller, an' the honey-comb mazzard that was fixed in my brain for seven long year!" — Jerry wiped his forehead, which was profusely moistened by the terrifying recollection.

"And Mr. Karwin?" exclaimed Beatrice.

The rustic's features instantaneously changed from their expression of ghastly horror to that of grinning mirth. "'Twas as good as stirabout on a Friday," said he, "to see how skiew the lawyer looked, just like a squintin' tailor."

"And what followed?" enquired Beatrice anxiously.

"Follyed! nothin', nobody Miss."

"I mean to ask what did the stranger say?"

"Never a word why; only looked plaguy glum. The lawyer says stutterm', 'I ax pardon Sir, I mistook you for a friend,' an' skulked away like a turnspit with his tail 'tween his legs—friend indeed, the shammin' spalpeen! I was 'cute enough to see that only for his sneakin' spirit, that failed him at the nick, he would have nabbed the very boy he arns his bread by."

"What boy?" enquired the astonished Beatrice.

"The ould boy Miss; him the lawyer served ever since he stopped crossin' himself, the shuttlecock!"

Beatrice felt but the more perplexed by Jerry's exposition. "Did you see anything of this strange person afterwards?" she enquired.

"See after him!" ejaculated Jerry; "we didn't stop to look behint us, but runned away with ourselves as fast as we could leg. Musha! if I didn't feel the print of his wooden foot kickin' me on, an' a voice in my ear screechin', 'devil speed ye both ye big blackguards!' Stop a minute Miss, an' I'll tell you more. That very night I gave myself pinance to stand in the ould abbey a dark hour, for a broken promise to Kitty Shine; so I went, saying paters all the way, tryin' to think o' my prayers, but somethin' would come 'twixt my mouth an' the words, an' turn 'am all to gibberish. I knew what was over me, but I

stood against it. I couldn't walk, for fear, as I was thinking, to have the good woman see. The countess was almost gone when I got under the tree and as I saw I stood quivering and quivering, as I could not speak, I made every minute longer. At last my heart quite failed. "We'll pay for this a hundred times over," said I, and I began to run for the next hill. "What good there?" says a voice. The countess jumped back as my throat, my arms stretched, my teeth clenched. I tried to cry, I couldn't; I tried to speak, I couldn't; I tried to surrender, I couldn't—how like the tree itself I was for, just between me and his dead voice was quivering in the machinery, stood myself."

"What?" murmured Beatrice; "the stranger?"

Henry nodded. "He was standing near the ruin of the castle, watching a chance I'll engage, for your recovery. — Do you know one Ellen Sullivan?" says he. "Marry how I shook! — Don't I say I wonder how put the words came, 'sure I'm with cousin to her grandson Tody, and husband's brother's son to her sister Chara.' 'You're the very man I want then,' says he, coming straight up to me. I wished my tongue had been twisted out of me! I'd have given my life for a pound of dips to wake me. 'Take this parcel,' says he, 'for Ellen, and this purse for self; when I hear it comes safe to hand I'll

remember you. "Thank you kindly Sir," says I, shattin' my eyes, an' takin' the lob, an' bowin' an' bowin' an' bowin' till I thought my back would break. At last I took heart, straitened myself, opened my eyes an' looked—'twas gone!"

"The parcel?" said Beatrice.

"No Miss, the —, but I'll not mention names. I dropped on my knees, praised God in two words, got up, took to my scrapers, out of the abbey, through the trees, down the path—'twas the wind I raced with, and I won—never stopped till I saw the lake, and in I flumped the lob, parbel, purse, an' all! down they went! how I chuckled! "You're done for once my darlin'," says I."

"Did you really destroy poor Ileen's property?" said Beatrice, regretfully, "how unlucky!"

"Jerry's eyes rested on the countenance of his young mistress with a puzzled and perplexed expression. "Didn't you mane to say how lucky Miss Batrice? Would I give her the coin of the wicked one to bewitch her again? sure 'twas that set her stark starin' mad seven year ago. Give her the parcel indeed! how soft I am! All the sorrow she ever see was earned by a golden seven-shillinger that spawn o' Satan, if he an't Satan himself, bestowed upon Tade. A purty mell-raggin' aunt Chusy would lay on, if she knew I ever held my hand for it, but 'twas the

fright confounded me entirely—long before I'd do it if the rason hadn't left me."

Beatrice had walked on during Jerry's peroration, forbearing to descant on the folly of an action which was irremediable. Of the stranger's identity with the hero of Mrs. Susan's story she was now satisfied, and, notwithstanding his guilt, she felt a dawning interest for the unfortunate man, who had evidently incurred no common risk to aid his wretched foster-mother. When she again passed Jeremiah, she enquired whether he had since seen the awful stranger. "Never Miss, but for the love o' the Lort say no more of him, for they do say——. Saint Patrick protect us, what's that?"

The noiseless step of Mrs. Jermyn gave no intimation of her approach, and the sudden appearance of her shrouded figure made Jerry bound from the earth. "You are leaving home unattended Mamma," said Beatrice anxiously.

"My ramble will not extend to any alarming distance," replied Mrs. Jermyn, "Sneider goes to-morrow, and I must accustom myself to be independent. I heard Katheren's voice in the music room; is her friend better?"

Beatrice replied in the affirmative.

"You will soon then, my love, have companions of your own age; my dull society could not I fear compensate for the absence of gayer friends."

She walked quickly down the avenue. Jerry fixed on her a shrewd gaze of equivocal expression, shook his head, and exclaimed, "What a pity!" Beatrice, little dreaming that the man's objugatory shake and regretful exclamation were elicited by her aunt, sauntered up and down the walk, and once more stopping before the assiduous gardener, observed, "You are expert at your employment Jeremiah."

"I served under the head man at Sir Patrick Moreland's Miss, afore young Squire Henry's time. God speed that same! wherever he goes. 'Tis a terrible thing to be crossed in love," he continued, soliloquizing; "there was poor young Father Karwin too."

"A brother of Mr. Karwin, a Roman Catholic?"

"A priest itself if you plase Miss!" said Jeremiah consequentially.

"Who was to succeed his uncle, and was educated at the castle?" said Beatrice.

"An' fell in love one day with Miss St. Elmour," continued Jerry in a low tone, "when he was quite a lad, as the family followers, aunt Chusy an' her sister, said, when they used to colloque for hours together six year ago, all about odd times, an' little thinkin' Tade an' I were more bent on their gossip than upon play. 'Twas a woful day for the poor priest, there bein' many

bars to break afore he could get a fine grand lady like her, besides his callin', which was quite enough of itself, so he never said nothing about it; poor misfortunate lad, but let the worm gnaw his heart an' became a priest, an' prayed an' prayed for power to strive against temptation. He wasted an' wasted to a skileton; at last he could stand it no longer, so he runned away, an' sent a letter to take lave of his friends, an' another to Lady Mary St. Elmour confessin' all, an' axing pardon for his consumption, as Mrs. Sullivan tould aunt Chusy. But the beauty of my story is the lawyer," continued Jerry, perceiving that his audtress, though silent, was not inattentive; "he made bould to fall in love with her too, an' havin' more brass than t'other he tould his mind to her brother and axed lave to make himself agreeable. With that Mr. St. Elmour was in a purdigious passion, swore at Karwin like Cromwell, there was the divil to pay, but the lawyer was used to that, so he purtended 'twas all a joke if you plase! think o' that for a whopper! However there was bad blood ever after 'tween him an' Mr. St. Elmour, an' — There's company folk comin' up the walk Miss; talk of the ——" Jerry made a hasty retreat, and Beatrice, turning quickly, perceived Miss Jefferson, her brother, and Mr. Karwin approaching. Though greatly annoyed at this intrusion, for she had repeatedly checked the advances of

the Jeffersons, she tried to assume a gracious air, and received their overstrained and affectedly familiar compliments, with as much courtesy as she could command.

"I was dying to see you," exclaimed Miss Jefferson; "so was Bob, and, meeting Mr. Karwin, we thought you would like two beaux better than one, so we compelled him to join us. Emma Elwin is better; she was near dying; Moreland is off; I saw through all that from the very beginning, didn't I Bob?—How is your sister?—She is a sad creature, so hard hearted! but I said how it would end, didn't I Bob? A beautiful morning! we are going for a ramble; will you come?—do."

Beatrice, determined that Katheren should not participate in the annoyance of this visit, complied with the request of the voluble damsel, and accepted the arm of Mr. Karwin, but too much engrossed by her own thoughts to be excited to colloquial exertion, even by his entertaining conversation, she suffered the 'frais' of the dialogue to devolve on Miss Jefferson, who seemed nothing loth to support it.

In returning homewards Mr. Karwin accosted a man who was leaning sluggishly on a gate near the road side—"Well Michael," said he, "how goes it? Pay day approaches; ready with the rent, eh?"

"We'll ax the crops, please your honor," said the man, dryly, "they'll give the cue to the answer all in good time; wouldn't you like to step over the primises? The ladies will relish a mouthful o' rest may be."

"I am dying with fatigue," exclaimed Miss Jefferson.

The shrill and almost stunning scream of a child silenced other observation, and a voice from behind a hedge in acrimonious tone exclaimed—"Where are ye, Mike, why?—latheraunin'?—Sit yourself an' step here; give this brat a praty, 'twill help to choke him; a hempen neckcloth with a narrow noose to ye, father an' son!"

The man seemed in no way incited to activity by this vituperative summons. With limbs and features equally quiescent, he said deliberately—"Out wid it all my jewel; niver bank yourself, 'twill do ye good; clare your conscience honey; there's a brave wench," he continued, as the vexed virago drowned the scream of her peevish or hungry offspring with the discordant and reiterated requisition of "Mike, why Mike you fool; may your sins dance a rigadon on your coffin, to keep you from resting!"

A lengthened and scoffing whistle was the only response vouchsafed by the imperturbable Mike—"Best come out of harum's road your honors," said he, leading the way through a path, bordered

on one side by a potato ridge, on the other by a rude fence; "she's like enough to soften your skulls with a turf sod." He approached the door of a cottage, whose narrow casements were almost hidden by clustering roses, raised the latch, and ushered the party into a small apartment, where bright pewter, carefully arranged on the well-scoured dresser, superseded the necessity of a looking-glass.—"What a contrast," thought Beatrice, "to the miserable and filthy hovels I have visited with Katheren!"

"The shrew is at least provident," whispered Mr. Karwin; "almost as particular as our friend Mrs. Elwin." The remark was scarcely made when the subject of it appeared, dragging along a half-naked, squalling child, whose bristled carrotty hair was roughly grasped by its exasperated parent. Fury glared from her ferret eyes: she stopped at the threshold, glanced at the visitors—her rage abated—she smiled and curtsied, while the poor emancipated screamer squatted itself on the floor, and stared doubtfully at the company—"See that now," cried Mike, with a knowing wink, "she'd shew you illigant manners, I'll engage, if she was figged out in her toke an' callimanky, with her best bib an' her barcelony, but that grasy linsey woolsey, the broken brogues, an' the squallin' grawl spiles the fun; the poor child's coateen was too good to put on, so 'twas put up, like the pewter,

for fair days an' frolics; all of a piece! Though there's plenty of bacon we dine off potaties an' point—Come Cauth, leave off your palaver an' welcome the ladies."

"Michael," said Mrs. Mullins, meekly, "we can't be in two places at wonst, like a sparrow." She presented a chair to Beatrice, Miss Jefferson having already seated herself—"It takes a power o' time, Miss, to make things tidy, 'specially when one has no help from one's purtecter." She looked a patient and suffering Penelope.

"Now she's cock-sure she's cheatin' you," said Mike, with a grin, "an' little thinks you heard the hearin' she gave me."

"Come Michael," said Mr. Karwin, "we will see what prospect there is of payment, and leave the ladies to the care of Cauthleen." They left the cottage.

"May be you'll take a seat on the settle Sir?" said Mr. Mullins, addressing the beau; "our parlour's let off to a lodger."

Beatrice patted the squallid cheek of the miserable child.—"I'm so hungry," it whimpered.

"Here's your cruskeen ma cuishla," said the hypocritical and perverse mother, presenting a piggin to the famished grasp of the complainant.

"I'm dying with thirst!" exclaimed Miss Jefferson.

Mrs. Mullins rose abruptly from her block—

"May be you'd pluck a berry or two, and sit in the summer-house."—She opened the back door and led the way to a garden, which extended to the river, on the steep bank of which, stood the rudely constructed shed thus dignified by its mistress—Beatrice and her companions, after sauntering for a short time in the garden, were about to enter the slight fabric when the sound of voices from within arrested their steps.—"Come away, come away," said Cauth, in a smothered tone, 'tis the lad an' his sweetheart; I shall lose my lodger an' all my parquisites if you disturb um."

The prying Bob instantly rushed into the shed, and as precipitately returned.—"'Pon soul," he cried, with a look of ludicrous amazement, "'tis the wandering fifer with a fair one!"

Scarcely were the words pronounced when the young stranger appeared, his face flushed, his step hurried, his dark eye shooting glances of proud defiance at the shrinking Robert. Beatrice involuntarily retreated behind Miss Jefferson; the young man perceived no one, save the object of his wrath.—"I would know the motive of your intrusion Sir."

Bob made a single effort to look undaunted—he put his arms a kimbo, and for a moment stood firm, but his courage gradually oozed, his jaw dropped and he retreated two paces, on the loud

and vehement reiteration of the stranger's question—" 'Twas to please Miss Mornington," he stammered, shrinking in his turn behind the confused girl, who now indignantly advanced to disclaim the imputation.

"Miss Mornington!" repeated the stranger, every trace of displeasure instantly vanishing from his expressive countenance; "there is a charm in that name which disarms even the resentment due to insolence." He bowed profoundly.

"Does he mean that at me, I wonder?" muttered the discomfited Bob, "for deuce take me if he does but I'll—"

"Hush!" whispered Miss Jefferson, "who's that?"

A female, with slow and irresolute step, advanced, confusion and apprehension mingled in her glance of enquiry.

"Mamma," exclaimed the delighted Beatrice, flying towards her.

"What a *denouement*!" whispered Miss Jefferson.

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Jermyn, "let us return home instantly."

"May I not offer an arm to my—to Miss Mornington?" enquired the young man, beseechingly. An expressive glance from Mrs. Jermyn checked his advance.

"'Pon soul I admire the fellow's taste, she's a fine creature," said Bob, as Mrs. Jermyn, leaning

on Beatrice, hurried along the narrow pathway to the cottage, while Cauth in the rear whimpered in a fawning tone—"Don't ye lay the blame on me your ladyship, sure I thought you were off, hours ago; I had no hand in their finding you out."

Bob jogged his sister—"Mark that!" cried he, "see how grumpy the fifer looks."

The party now entered the cottage, where stood Mr. Karwin and Mullins: the latter cast a glance full of meaning at the former, whose eyes were instantly riveted on the strangers. Mrs. Jermyn addressing Beatrice said—"You will now my love, thank your friends and bid them adieu." Her reserved and dignified deportment checked the advances of vulgar familiarity; she bowed gracefully to Mr. Karwin and the Jeffersons, and taking the arm of Beatrice quitted the cottage. When they reached the gate, Mrs. Jermyn, turning to the young man, who had accompanied them, expressively bade him farewell; an expostulatory glance only elicited a second firm 'farewell.' Beatrice dared not lift her eyes as she silently bent her head, and hurried after her aunt. The youth continued to gaze on their retreating figures until a turn in the road hid them from his view; then, taking an opposite direction, he stopped not until in the gloomy cloister of Mucruss he gave vent to feelings which bordered on despair.

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Jermyn, after a long

silence, "I applaud the forbearance and discretion which at your age can repress the impulse of curiosity. The person we have just parted with, is under circumstances peculiarly unfortunate; an intercourse with you and Katheren would but aggravate the poignancy of his distress; to your prudence and generosity I leave the rest, and to your judgment whether it be advisable that your sister should become acquainted with the incident of this morning."

"I would rather not mention the subject to Katheren," said Beatrice, with a tearful and timid glance.

Mrs. Jermyn marked her manner and sighed deeply.—"I am acquainted," she said, "with the circumstance of your having before met that impetuous young man, and have cause, bitterly to regret it."

Profound silence followed this communication: when they reached home Beatrice sought her own apartment, wondering at the impulse which prompted her to avoid the society of her sister; but soon in the review of her morning's adventure she forgot all else, until roused by the airy step and sweet carol of Katheren.

CHAPTER XX.

Conscience,
Marv'llous agent of Almighty Wisdom!
Thy steady beat, true to thy master's will,
Each movement of the mental pendulum
Betrays, and strikes, unerringly, the heart.

“AND is sensibility indeed a curse?” said Katheren, as she seated herself the following morning beneath the rustic porch which sheltered the entrance of the cottage; “surely existence receives its coloring from temperament, and mine, but for that lowering cloud now passing away, has been hitherto so bright, so joyous!—What if a fervid imagination deepens woe—it also heightens bliss!—but in human life, they tell me, woe preponderates—must I then envy the dull philosopher, who looks with equal indifference on joy and sorrow, cloud and sunshine, whose pulse throbs as calmly 'mid the glorious effulgence of such a morning as this, as beneath the chilling gloom of mist and vapour? ‘Parent of Good,’ shall I murmur that my heart is not wedded to waveless monotony?”

"God bless you Miss Katheren!" pronounced in a deep sonorous voice, made her turn quickly to greet the bestower of this fervent benediction; her extended hand was grasped by honest Sneider, who stood before her, *en habit de voyage*."

"We lose then our kind, our faithful guard," said Katheren, sorrowfully.

The rigid features of the almost inflexible Swiss remitted their stern expression.

"God bless you Miss Katheren!" he repeated, "I will be careful of your gifts to Annette."

"She will prize this more than all," interrupted Katheren, giving him a locket, "it contains my sister's hair and mine."

The gratified old man bowed in silence.—"I have seen Miss Mornington and my dear, dear mistress.—You will not leave her, young lady?" he added abruptly.

"Leave my aunt!" cried Katheren, in astonishment, "my good Sneider, how can you anticipate such a misfortune?"

The French woman now appeared, tottering beneath her frippery, and brushed rudely by Katheren, without deigning the slightest obeisance; Sneider's features resumed their stern expression; he shook his head.—"You would bring her to Ireland, Miss."

"She was poor and destitute," remonstrated

Katheren; "at this moment I even regret the severity with which I resented her folly, but Madame De Courzel will take care of her, I have written on the subject."

"I wish I was safely rid of her," said Sneider, angrily.

"Surely," said Katheren, half smiling, "so contemptible a creature as that, cannot disturb your equanimity, Sneider?"

"The buzzing insect has its sting, the crawling spider weaves its deadly web;—Heaven guard you Miss Katheren!—Heaven guard my dear mistress!"

"And Beatrice," cried Katheren, more amused than alarmed, at the old man's solemnity, "is she already invulnerable?"

"She is better shielded than you Miss; she is cautious; I have no fears for Miss Beatrice."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Katheren fervidly.

"May the generous thanksgiving bring a blessing on your own head," said Sneider, "but I sadden you Miss, so fare you well!" Katheren watched his receding form until it disappeared. "We shall see him again when Mamma returns to Geneva," thought she, trying to sooth her grief by this assurance; still she could not conquer the depression caused by parting from this careful warder of her childhood, and, with her usual mobility, was beginning to question the preponderance

of the joys over the sorrows of sympathy, when the sound of approaching wheels occasioned another revelation in her feelings: in a moment she had sprung forward to receive the affectionate greetings of her long absent friend, Doctor Elwin. The exclamations, enquiries and congratulations of Katheren were so rapid and reiterated, that the doctor, after having satisfied her that Emma was certainly recovering, entreated for a little respite before she should resume her interrogatories. "I have a journey in prospect for to-day," he continued, as they walked into the house, "in which I propose that Miss Katheren Mornington shall be my companion."

"I will not detain you a minute, I will only see my aunt and Bentrice," said Katheren, flying to the door.

"Nay give me a second, let me submit my plan to your approval? You must know that my son is arrived with his friend Morgan, whose stay is limited; expedition therefore is the order of the day: they purpose visiting the Gap this morning: fortunately, and unfortunately, I am summoned to a patient in that direction. George and his friend, with the trusty Tade, are already on their way, and I have flown hither, diligent and loyal, with a remote hope of being rewarded by your society in my otherwise solitary drive."

"A hint," said Katheren, "that I should have been more difficult in granting such a favour."

"Hear me out, and then judge whether I should not have shown myself an old coxcomb had I anticipated prompt acquiescence; my visit is to the Earl of Dunane; it would be little less than misprision of treason to introduce that countenance at the castle, I mean," he added, slightly colouring, "those radiant smiles might lead the gloomy ascetics of that melancholy mansion to deplore the extinction of feelings which can create such dazzling animation."

"Enough, enough, you may now reveal your motive for this hyperbole; what am I to be flattered into?"

The Doctor laughed. "Is it thus," he exclaimed, "you interpret my embarrassment? now I dare say you will pique yourself on profundity of penetration, when I inform you that the object of my proemium was to explain my motive for condemning you to solitary confinement."

"In the carriage," interrupted Katheren; "while you visit the castle."

"Even so, if you be propitious, unless indeed you can persuade your sister——"

"At all risks, I incur the penalty," exclaimed Katheren, quitting the room. She quickly returned, equipped for the expedition, bringing the excuses of Beatrice, and announcing her aunt.

Mrs. Jermyn entered; she was advancing with brightened countenance and extended hand towards her esteemed friend, when his ceremonious, "I am glad to see you looking so much better Madam," chilled her. She stopped suddenly; the gloom of disappointment quickly gave place to a glowing suffusion, there was more of entreaty than expostulation in the glance of her speaking eye. The good physician could scarcely withstand it. "I am indeed glad to see you so well Madam," he cried, hurriedly, and taking the hand of Katheren, who had been busily employed in arranging a bouquet for Emma, "come my young friend, to view all the wonders of Dunloch will require a long day."

"Go Katheren," said Mrs. Jermyn; "a detail of your day's amusement will enliven my evening." She returned with quiet resignation the Doctor's stiff and formal parting salutation, while the unobservant Katheren was already in the carriage, where she soon gathered from Doctor Elwin's conversation that the cause of Emma's illness, at least the cause to which she imputed it, was not even suspected by him. He spoke of Moreland's absence (which he secretly attributed to disappointed love) with deep regret, warmly expressing his esteem and admiration for his self-exiled friend, and the carriage stopped ere he had done dilating on this inexhaustible subject. "Now

then," he continued, placing a book in the hand of Katheren, "you will amuse yourself with this Essay on the Sublime, and forget in the exquisite taste of my gifted countryman your temporary incarceration. George and his friend have promised to meet me near the castle, which is still at no inconsiderable distance, but as this is the most convenient point from which we can start to view the gloomy wonders of the Gap, I have fixed upon it for our rendezvous, in the event of not meeting elsewhere, my son and his companion. Adieu ! in an hour my fair friend, you may expect to be emancipated by three Errant Knights." He kissed his hand, and walked towards a wooded height, which he began slowly to ascend.

"If the good man proceed at that pace," thought Katheren, "I shall indeed lose patience ; but why remain here immured, when I might enjoy delicious air and exercise?" She threw aside her book, ordered the door to be opened, sprang from the carriage, and, rejecting the offered attendance of Patrick, bounded up the acclivity, intending to saunter in the shade during the absence of the Doctor, who was already out of sight. With her accustomed giddiness, she rambled on, heedless of fatigue, now stopping to admire the scenery, now hurrying forward in pursuit of fresh novelties. At length the encroaching, overpowering heat induced her to turn from

the direct track into a narrow and shaded path ; she pursued it for awhile, until somewhat weary, she threw off her hat, and seating herself on the stump of a tree, fell into a fit of musing. The bark of a dog startled her ; for the first time she felt a sensation of alarm at having lost sight of the road which the Doctor had taken ; tufted trees prevented her distinguishing any thing beyond their boundary. A louder and more angry bark made her spring from her seat, and forgetting, in her terror, to retrace the path, she involved herself in the intricacies of the wood. At length perceiving an opening by which she hoped to extricate herself from this tangled maze, she entered it, and nimbly threading the rough copse, hurried onwards, until she found herself before a dilapidated cottage. " This miserable dwelling is I fear untenanted," thought Katheren ; she knocked gently, and again louder—no sound replied—a deep hoarse growl proceeded from the path she had quitted—hastily pushing open the ill closed shattered door, she entered the ruin—the sounds approached—she precipitately drew a rusty bolt, as a loud whistle called off the animal which had so much alarmed her—Katheren paused and listened. " My foolish panic has made me fly from one who might have protected me," thought she, " let me now at least be more firm, and consider how I may best remedy this indiscretion."—

She looked around. A slanting sunbeam, darting through a broken shutter helped her to survey the desolate apartment, which contained little other furniture than a blackened block of wood, a few crazy chairs, and a table; she tapped at two doors, which evidently opened into inner apartments—all was profoundly still, and she would have quitted the cottage, but with increased perplexity she discovered that her strength was now totally inadequate to withdraw the bolt. Almost tempted to smile at this whimsical adventure, she had recourse to the window, pushed back the shutter, and the decaying frame work crumbling beneath her touch, an aperture was formed quite sufficient for her purpose; she hastily rolled the block to the casement, in order to ascend with greater facility, then again surveyed the apartment, hoping to discover some more feasible mode of egress—a door opposite to that by which she had entered attracted her attention, she tried its fastenings, but found it secured by a padlock—disappointed and fatigued by her fruitless efforts, she once more turned to the window as her last resource. Did her imagination conjure up some frightful vision, or did a human figure really intercept her passage? She passed her trembling hands before her eyes—again she gazed. A gaunt and witch-like form stood in her way, erect, immovable; raised by the wand of

some powerful enchanter, she seemed to have sprung from the earth, and looked like the famished Vampire watching for the loathsome food which was to replenish its shrunk veins and animate it into fearful motion. Her tattered and filthy garments hung round, rather than fitted her squalid form, her gray and grisly hair was stubbed and straight, her feet and arms were bare, her visage, sharp, ghost-like, wrinkled, while her dark and brilliant eyes gleamed with the fire of youth, their rapid and tremulous motion horribly contrasting with the chilling immobility of her apparently torpid limbs—the figure spoke not, moved not; it even looked unconscious, for the unceasing vibration of the flashing orbs seemed effected rather by some curious and concealed mechanism than by the power or will of their possessor. Katheren's heart throbbed as she marked their singular expression. After an interval of fearful suspense, she advanced with slow and stealthy step, hoping to pass the figure unnoticed, or at least unmolested, but as she moved, the flickering glance grew into consciousness, and followed the form of the shrinking girl, who wound to a pitch of uncontrollable terror, stopped parallel with her mysterious companion, fascinated by the basilisk eye, which (rolling in its liquid circle while the head was fixed and motionless,) now glared obliquely on her. Katheren, sinking

on her knees, raised her clasped hands to heaven. She looked like the sweet creation of the fabled sculptor, awaiting the Promethean spark. That spark however seemed caught by her companion, who started into sudden motion, and bending towards the kneeling girl, slowly and tremblingly advanced her meagre hand. Katheren shrunk from, but could not evade the torpido touch—a gleam of wild delight overspread the haggard features of the woman—she grasped the arm of Katheren. “Still in thy carnal covering Beatrice!” she shrieked. Her triumphant yell was horrible. “I am not Beatrice,” gasped the shuddering girl, vainly struggling to free herself from the maniac; “indeed I am not Beatrice.” “And which of thy master’s minions hath crept into this boding form to mock me?—liar! hypocrite! who would wear thy hated semblance? wast thou not promised to me Beatrice?—listen!”—Her voice sank to a portentous whisper.—“On my mangled knees I pressed the flinty rock—I prayed for mercy—I scourged my quivering flesh, and asked—is this atonement? I felt it was not; at last a voice whispered, ’twas saint or demon, ‘blood! blood will expiate!’ ‘Mine?’ I demanded. ‘No,’ said the angry spirit, ‘the blood of Beatrice!’ Horror had now nearly deprived Katheren of reason, a confused idea arose that her sister’s life was

sought, and she internally thanked heaven that Beatrice was safe.

"I would have pursued thee," continued the maniac, "to the haunts of thy power and thy splendour; but the busy spirit whispered, 'No! in thine own land shalt thou make expiation! thy victim shall appear!' The promise is fulfilled—thou shalt die!"

"And what has Beatrice done to deserve a death so dreadful?" murmured Katheren.

"Done!" cried the maniac, spurning the nearly senseless girl, "would'st thou recall the memory of thy crimes to sooth thy dying hour, lost one? Oh! well may'st thou be called the avenger of blood, the serpent whose pestilential breath should blast the fairest scions of a noble house—fair!—they were good—were beautiful—the one so gentle, so enduring, he made the proud heart almost love humility. The other, high minded, splendid, my pride, my idol!—both, both destroyed by thy foul deceit—the good lies low, the cold clod upon his heart. Oh! 'tis too bitter for thought to rest on—have I still tears left?" She sobbed convulsively. Katheren, released from the maniac's torturing grasp, shook off the numbing influence of terror; restored to sense and energy, she at once perceived the woman's madness, and the necessity of seizing with promptitude the first

opportunity of escape; if none presented itself there might be safety in delay; her friends would seek and save her. She therefore resolved not to interrupt what she considered to be the wild and fictitious ravings of insanity, gradually, in despite of her terror, she became interested in the mournful rhapsody. "Hark!" said the woman, "hark! She bent forward, raised her bony fingers, closed her eyes, and stood for a moment in a listening attitude—" 'tis the warning voice.—'Ileen!' it said, 'quail not;' nor will I! the sacrifice shall be made upon this spot, and by that knife which shed his blood."

"As I hope for succour in this hour of peril, I know not of whom you speak," said Katheren—A smile of derision flitted over the face of Ileen. "In my dark hour I have forgotten my father's name, my own!—but that name, that face, that night, that horrid night!—Surely Heaven foresaw the damning deed and spoke its wrath in thunder,—lightning lit the sky, the air, the earth—then came the rattling torrent—the lake threw up its foam to meet the pelting storm.—Demons, roused by the horrid din, rushed to the mountain tops, and dashed the crags in mockery below—'mid the howling of the blast, I heard the Banshee's boding scream—I knew the death cry—my heart stopped—whilst thou, as now, quailing with terror, shrank from the fearful portent of thy crimes. The poor

deluded victim of thy lie would have soothed and fondled his betrothed, when stung by jealousy to madness, the second victim of thy double promise, thy dark treachery, seized this knife and—'twas done! the heart's blood sprung to mark the murderer!"—Ileen gasped for breath, she drew from the folds of her garment a rusty knife, and held it to the view of Katheren—"And thou hast forgotten all!" A scoffing laugh chilled the awestruck girl, who in her wonder had almost lost her apprehension—"I have worn that weapon Beatrice," resumed Ileen, "ever since thou wast doomed to the death stroke—hast thou heard enough?—art thou prepared?—or shall I whisper too, thy darkest and most secret sin?"—Her voice scarcely interrupted silence.—"Thy child, the dumb denouncer of thy perjury, whose very life was part of thine; 'twas smiling in thy face—and yet—Oh! art thou not a monster?—I snatched the infant from thy deadly grasp—'twas saved—that babe will plead for me above!—ha! not yet confounded—not abashed—devil!" She gazed in astonishment on Katheren, who, incapable of comprehending her dreadful allusion, stood in mute terror—"Oh, Beatrice," resumed Ileen, "we are sisters in crime, but not in penitence; I too,—shall I taunt thee with thy guilt and not confess my own? They shut me in a darksome prison, they left me to myself; I thought of thee—the deed thou wouldst

have done—and memory, torturing avenger of crime, awoke; the scene was present in my narrow cell—that scene which sears my brain, which brands me with the mark of reprobation—the spacious room, the fretted roof, the cradle with the crimson canopy—I shut my eyes, and wondered still to see so much in such contracted space.—Conscience thou hast a faithful pencil—I watched the sleeping babe—his guard was gone—I looked around—the boy who came between my idol and his throne was in my power—one daring effort and that idol reigned!—I paused.—What killed the child? Quick witted falsehood came to aid the dark incitement of my evil spirit—‘Convulsion seized the babe, it died’—I triumphed in the sure invention—my hand was on the infant’s throat—it woke, and stretched its little arms, and crowed—I faltered—the dew of death was on my forehead, the chill of death was on my heart—with one wild bound I sprang to call the nurse—my hand, unnerved by guilt, was powerless—the door resisted—I looked around—there was the spot where once my beauteous Charles lay stunned and bruised—felled by a coward hand—felled by the parent of that puny babe!—revenge and fury maddened me—again I grasped the infant’s throat—my clutch was stronger—I would have turned my head away, but could not—the faint struggle—the starting eye—the stiffening fingers—the

quivering mouth—still, still I gazed!—The face grew black—horror! horror! I loosed my hold—I fled.”

As she muttered the last words her voice was scarcely audible; she cast herself on the earth and gasped convulsively.

“Murderess!” exclaimed Katheren, forgetting her danger in her indignation.

“No,” shrieked Ileen, starting to her feet, “the boy was saved, he lived, he was my stay, my joy, my blessing; ’twas Conwaye—’twas that martyr—murd’ress!—true, in will—heaven makes no distinction—to what purpose did I risk my soul—he in whom I gloried, for whom I sinned, blighted—the stamp his Maker gave defaced—foul—deformed—hideous—the scoff and stare of children—what is he now?—Where?—aye where? Answer me! speak! What hast thou done with my child? I know thou hast enthralled him—witchcraft—how else couldst thou have kept him from me? I sought him in his dungeon; I knelt; I supplicated; he would not fly—he would risk all—would brave a dreadful death, rather than desert thee! In my agony I spoke a tale of falsehood—thou wast dead—I swore it by offended heaven!—I cared not what I outraged—life—salvation—what were they in comparison with his safety?—the lie succeeded, my tale was credited—he fled—again he came—a wreck—a ruin—he sought thy grave! not

poor Ileen—he won from me the secret of thy life; and left me—left her who had rescued, for her who had betrayed him—I knew he was with thee, and I knew him lost—my heart was broken. I brooded on my wrongs, the blight of all my hopes the cause of all my crimes—still, still I loved him—at last thought died, memory slept, all was dark—I pierced the earth, and went among the tombs, and spoke with sightless skeletons, and heard the fearful wonders of futurity—and learned my doom—and thine. I sought to know his fate—but gibing fiends mocked and drove me back to earth—my sister thought me mad—I let her think so; she little knew the secrets I had learned—she urged me to confess, and brought the holy man; he heard my crimes and thine, and shrieking fled—again he came, and would have soothed my angry spirit; but I spurned his tame advice, and sought my own absolvment—I gave myself to torture, and then the voice proclaimed thou wast to perish by my hand—and I am forced to slay thee.”

“A dreadful punishment will avenge my death,” said Katheren, now losing all hope of succour.

“The flesh for the spirit—the body for the soul,” muttered Ileen, “atonement alone can cleanse.”

“It is already made,” said Katheren, solemnly,

"the Mediator will plead thy penitence; seek not to atone by other means."

Ileen gazed on the seraphic countenance of the young admonisher. "Thou wouldst put thy spells on me too Beatrice, but I will strive against them—if thou livest thou art doomed to added crime—did not the monk's prophetic warning say?

'When blood's aveng'd, the crafty serpent kill,
'Else, e'en than sacrilege or murder, will
'A darker deed our crimeful annals fill.'

She seized the arm of Katheren—suddenly her gripe relaxed—her eyes were riveted on the portrait of Beatrice, which hung from her sister's neck.

"You will have pity on yourself and me—you cannot kill," gasped the trembling girl: but Ileen heard not—her limbs had relapsed into frightful immobility, her eyes resumed their quivering motion, consciousness again was gone, she stood as if 'by angel's spear transfixed.'

Katheren moved breathlessly, like one whose tread might rouse the slumbering snake; she watched the flashes of those brilliant eyes; as yet they seemed devoid of perception, nor marked her gliding form—with throbbing heart she reached the casement—cautiously stepped on the unsteady block—a moment and she was safe—one fatal

glance she cast behind—her frail support rolled backward, and she fell—swift as the stoop of the falcon, Ileen darted on her victim.

“Sorceress,” she cried, “thy cunning charm shall not protect thee.” She seized the portrait, and dashed it to the ground—her ravings now became more incoherent, her countenance more unearthly, and Katheren saw with horror that the glimmering of reason at first evinced, was gone.—“Must I then die?” she cried, piteously, “Almighty Judge——” “Judge!” interrupted Ileen, “true I am thy judge, and I can hang thee Beatrice.”—She tossed her meagre arms, and cried, “bring in the prisoner—I arraign thee Beatrice of sorcery—guilty or not guilty?” She paused as if for reply; “Thou liest; didst thou not by magic steal Conway’s heart from Mary? poor Mary, she loved her cousin—her heart was withered early—crosses—all crosses—stir not!” she continued, as Katheren slowly arose, “stir not!—who was the cause of all?—Beatrice!—there—there—the spirit points and threatens—must I shed blood?—I will—I will—O goad me not, I will!” She raised the knife, which, amid all her ravings, she had firmly clutched.

“Help—help!” cried Katheren, wildly: she closed her eyes—a bark was heard—a rush at the cottage door—Ileen started—and, in a moment, Don, darting through the broken casement,

sprang against the uplifted arm, and turned aside the blow—Katheren, revived by this un hoped for interposition, which seemed the harbinger of more effective aid, looked around, and now first perceived that a door leading to an inner apartment stood open ; she rushed into the room, the maniac instantly pursued—the excited girl called to her protector—and Don again sprang between her and destruction—Ileen, furious at this opposition, glared on her prey, whilst the despairing Katheren cowered behind her guard, and shrieked for succour.—“Down hell-hound!” cried the maniac, stabbing the faithful animal, who howling fell.—Katheren, with the wild impulse of despair, flew to the outer apartment, reached the casement and called aloud—her voice sank to a murmur as Ileen caught her arm—she fainted.—At this instant the entrance door was burst open, Tade followed by Doctor Elwin and two strangers entered. “Ye hadn’t the heart to harm her had ye!” gasped Tade, catching the arm of Ileen, who with the instinctive cunning of insanity quickly concealed the weapon, and stood sullenly silent.

“Katheren! Miss Mornington!” exclaimed Doctor Elwin; “merciful heaven she is dead!”

“Katheren Mornington!” repeated one of the strangers darting forward.

The doctor, with trembling finger, pressed the faint pulse, while the stranger with looks of deep

interest, supported the inanimate form—Katheren unclosed her eyes, looked wildly round, and relapsed.

“We must remove her quickly from this miserable place,” exclaimed Doctor Elwin; “George, assist me to bear her to the castle; there is no alternative; I will explain to Miss St. Elmour—this is no time for ceremony—Morgan, guard that unhappy woman until my return—confinement must prevent further mischief.”

The last direction was totally unheeded by a slight pale young man to whom it was addressed; he caught the senseless girl in his arms, and the doctor, too much agitated to feel astonished, turned to his son, rapidly reiterated his injunctions respecting Ileen, then hurried from the cottage, to assist the stranger in supporting Katheren.

“Bravo Morgan!” exclaimed young Elwin, “a living sybil for a dying seraph—most fair exchange and foul;” he turned to Tade—“say, how must I address yon grisly Pythoness? Is she seeking the solution of her own fate that she looks thus rapt? I fear me ’twill be read between bare walls ere set of sun.”

“A dungeon’s very dark,” muttered Tade, glancing at Ileen, “there’s no filanderin’ of a summer’s day for a poor prisoner,”—Ileen started—“what’s this?” continued the rustic, picking up the miniature; “poor Miss Katheren left her hat in one place, her little relic in another; ’twas well we met with that same hat tho’—it told us where

to find her—see here your honor; a head and no arms, nor hands, nor feet, nor—” George was now examining the picture—“what were feet made for, I wonder,” cried Tade, abruptly.—Ileen took the hint, and darting through the now unguarded entrance, disappeared, ere young Elwin had recovered from his astonishment. “Don’t ye be tirin’ yourself runnin’ after her,” said Tade, catching the arm of his companion; “old as she is, she’d give ye odds of a mile, and kiss the winnin’ post afore ye’d see the shadow of it.”

“She’s mad, is she not?” said Elwin.

“Only a little crack’d, ever since that one-eyed, liver-faced spalpeen came athurt us—a hard hiccup to his dying speech!”

“What one-eyed, liver-faced spalpeen do you mean?” asked Elwin.

“Did I say them words then, your honor?” said Tade, “’cause if I did, I must be dreamin’, for divil sich a parson I ever see, since my mother weaned me.”

“You made use of the words, notwithstanding.”

“Then I suppose I’m mad too,” observed Tade.

“In such case I had better give you a clear birth, my quizzical friend.”

“Ye know the way to the castle, don’t you?” said Tade; “ye can’t go wrong if ye take the right road, an’ ye’ll excuse my company; the Earl is no fav’rite of mine, so I’d rather not increase my acquaintance.”

When his companion had left him, Tade threw himself on the ground, half lazily, half sulkily.—“A purty kittle of fish ye ha’ made of it Gran,” said he, soliloquizing; “first skeering that jewel o’ the world out of her seventeen senses, then setting up the hue and cry after yourself. You’ll be hunted like the wild deer, ye misfortunate omudhaun;—well, an idle brain is the divil’s workshop.—There’s Mrs. Shusan, quite another guess sort of body, minds her business, earns her bread, has no mulligrubs, isn’t cantankerous, nor set up above herself—she that sows brambles shouldn’t go bare-foot—I often tould ye how ’twould be with your madness—but ye wouldn’t lave it off—however there’s nothin’ to be got by abusing one’s own—so I’ll go an’ look after ye; you poor crazy thing, and keep ye company till the search is over.”

A low moan interrupted Tade’s soliloquy,—“Eh!” he cried, starting up, “what’s that now?” he raised himself on his elbows, and looked fearfully around,—“from the haunted room, Lort save us!”—another moan—Tade crossed himself and performed his genuflexion,—“Pater noster qui es in Cœlo—Ave Maria—Salvator—Spiritus sanctus—Dominus redemptor mundi—salve—” he muttered with surprising rapidity,—“there—if that don’t quiet ye I’m done—dickons another word of foreign lingo left in my jaw.”—A continuance of the appalling sounds mocked the skill of the exorcist; drops of fear exuded from his fore-

head, his hair bristled, his mouth expanded, his eyes blared in bewilderment of terror, at the spot from whence he momentarily expected to see a form issue, whose very sight would blast him; a horrid interval of suspense succeeded;—" 'Tis the poor cracked thing herself may be," at length he whispered, "crept in at the window sure,"—his pent breath exhaled at this consolatory supposition,—he rose noiselessly, stole towards the room, and gradually protruded his head within its harrowing precincts. The object his eye lighted upon, instantly banished all superstitious fears,—“My Prince! my poor Prince! my dear, dear, darlin’ Donny!” he shouted, in tones of piercing grief,—“Who has done this?” he threw himself beside his bleeding favourite, and with shaking hand endeavoured to staunch the wound,—the faithful animal, roused by the well known voice, opened his glazing eye—tried to rise—struggled—licked his master’s hand—and died.—

True grief is silent, the garrulity of Tade was effectually stopped; a word would have choked him—he took his murdered comrade in his arms, rushed from the cottage, descended the steep—and for many days poor Tade was sought in vain amid his usual haunts.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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